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THE NAVY ON SHORE

AT WORK IN GUN-SHOPS AND NAVY-YARDS

Drawings made on the spot by

VERNON HOWE BAILEY*

Authorized by the U. S. Government. Passed by the Naval Censor and the Committee on Public Information

WITH the country at war, great steel-mills and ammunition plants are turning out armor-plate, firearms, shells, and explosives, and the government is rushing work for the support of its two chief arms of service. The unusual condition of war seemed to present a rare opportunity for picture subjects, and I wished to see and sketch something of this work for the government that is going on behind barred gates and heavily guarded walls.

As I had been arrested as an enemy suspect for making a sketch of a simple street scene in New York, I could not but wonder what would befall me should I express a wish to see the inner workings of government plants. Comparatively, this seemed a grave offense, so I started for Washington. To Mr. George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, I applied for the necessary permission. Mr. Creel took a broad view of the matter, as did Secretary of the Navy Daniels, whom I met through him. Mr. Daniels said that he was glad to have the public know what the navy was doing, and saw no objection to permitting me to make drawings.

The letters with which Secretary Daniels favored me were addressed to the commandants of various navy-yards and asked that they permit me to sketch all such operations as they deemed proper.

"No cameras allowed" was the sign that greeted me on my arrival at a navy-yard gate, but, reflecting that I was neither a camera nor a photographer, I took heart. Here I was struck by the thoroughness of the guard arrangements. Marine guards and plain-clothes men intercepted every arrival and investigated every package lest it contain a possible infernal machine. To the guard officer at the gate each day I made long explanations, and finally, under escort of an armed guard, would be taken to the shop where my subject was and turned over to its head, who accepted responsibility for me. Getting out of the yard was quite as difficult as getting in.

Everything is on the move, and picture compositions make and unmake themselves in a moment's time. Observing, one evening, the splendid pictorial arrangement of a destroyer in dry dock and a great battleship nearing completion near by, I arrived early next morning to draw it, and found the dock empty and learned that the destroyer was at sea.

Every one is efficiently active, and the navy on shore will see to it that the navy at sea is backed up in every particular.

* Mr. Bailey is the first artist to be accorded the privilege by the government of making drawings of government plants since war was declared. The drawings are the first to have been presented for action before the Naval Censor and the Committee on Public Information and passed by them, and to have been stamped with the official seal.

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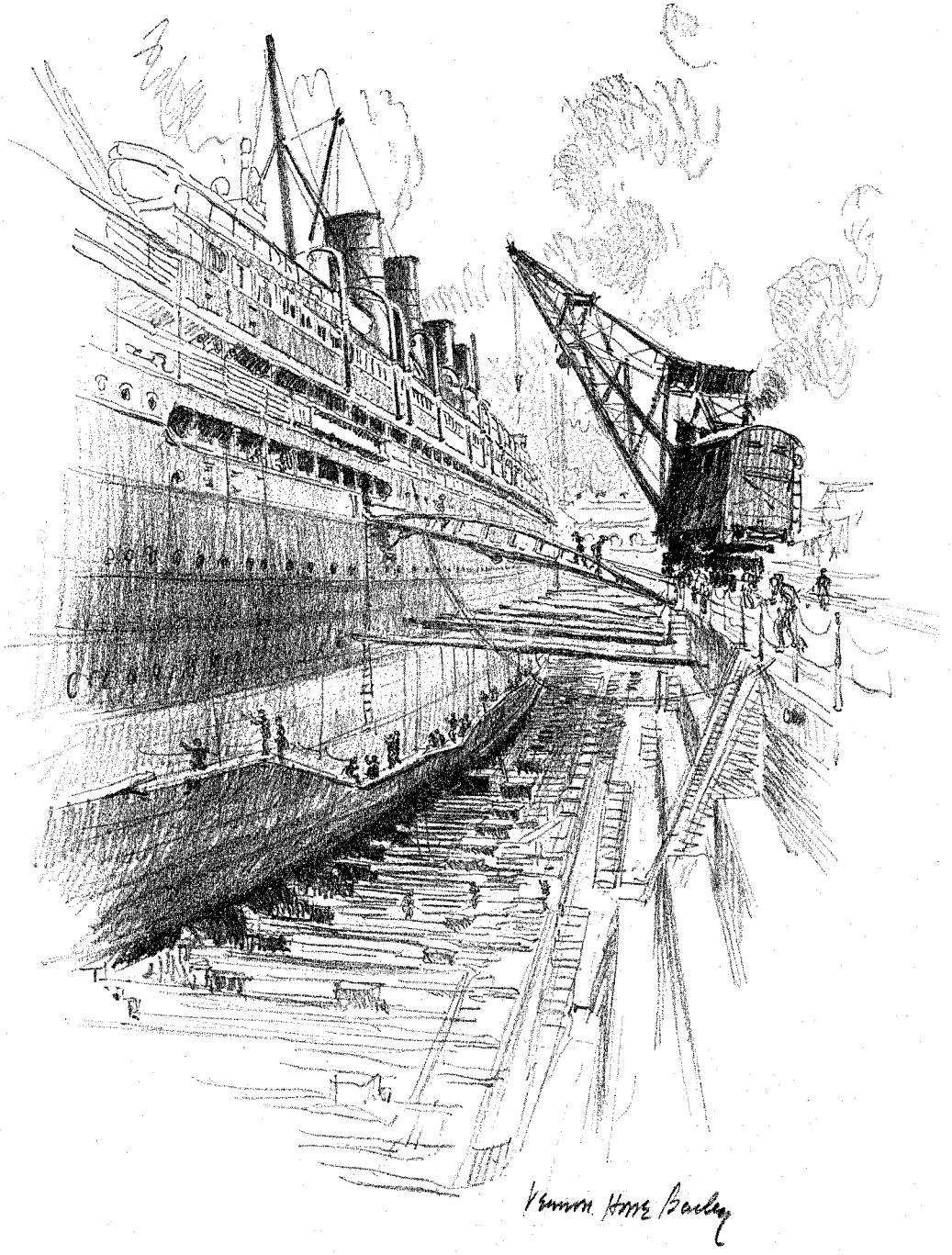

A famous German transatlantic liner.

Having been taken over for government purposes, it is here shown in dry dock undergoing a general overhauling. Naval "Rookies" are seen scraping the marine growths from the ship's bottom.

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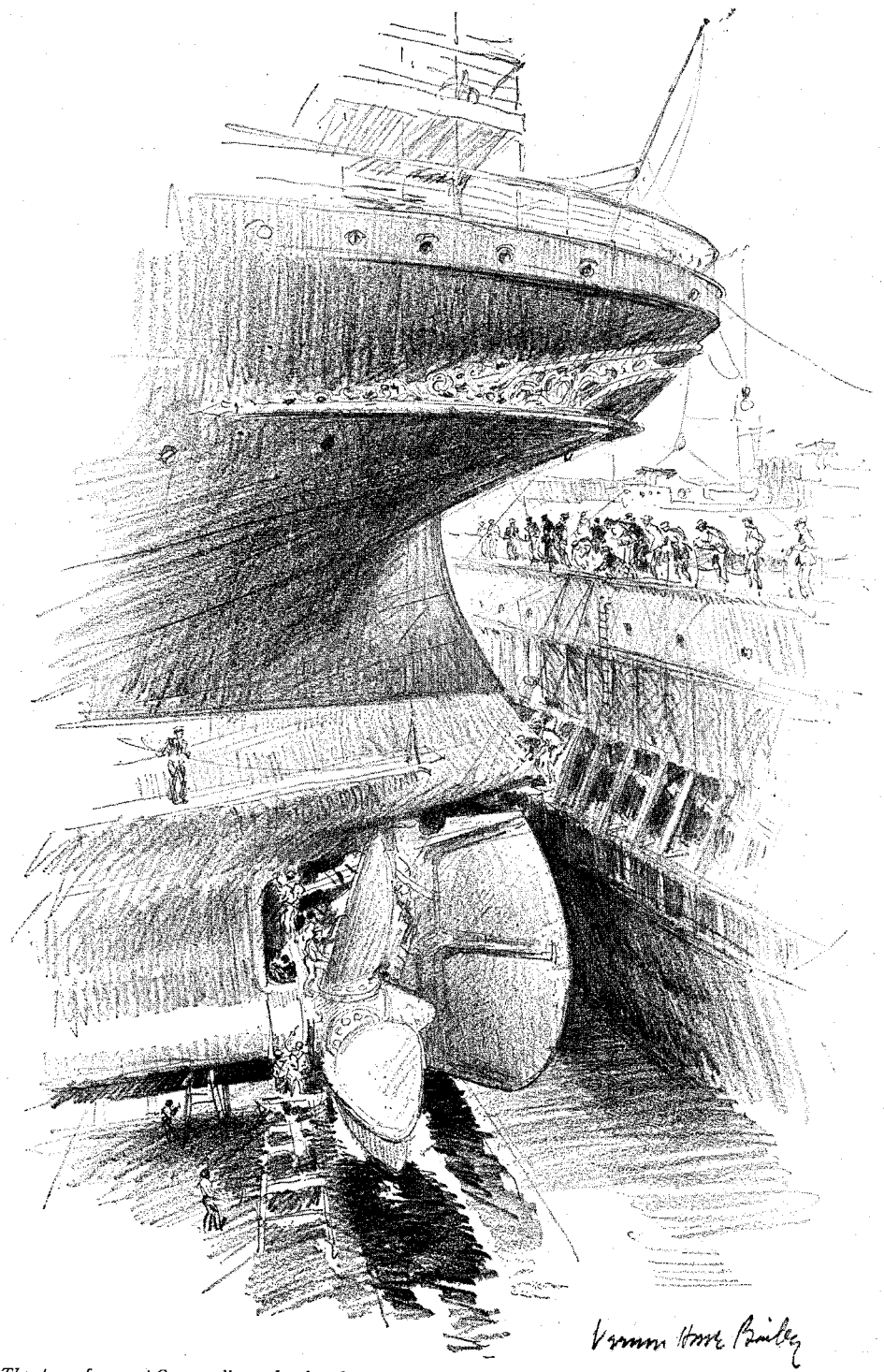

The stern of a great German liner, showing the magnitude of her stern post, rudder, and propellers.

Putting her into dry dock was an engineering feat, as the ship was actually longer than the dock, but the construction of the dry-dock gate provided apertures between its braces, into one of which the projecting end of the stern piece fitted snugly, leaving a clearance of only a few inches.

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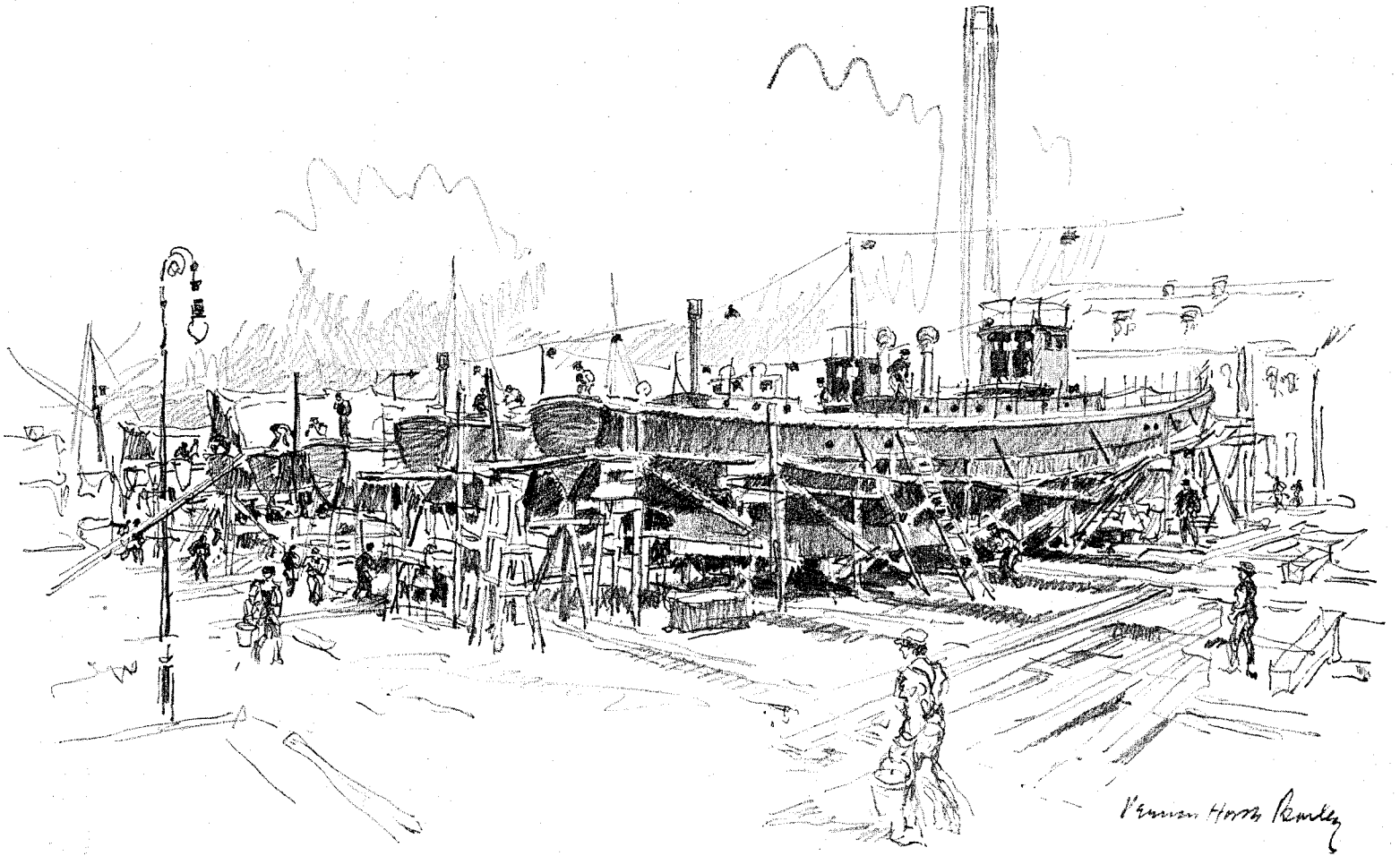

The new one-hundred-and-ten-foot submarine-chasers under construction.
These boats, of which so much is expected in repelling submarine attacks, are being built in great numbers in long rows, dozens at a time.

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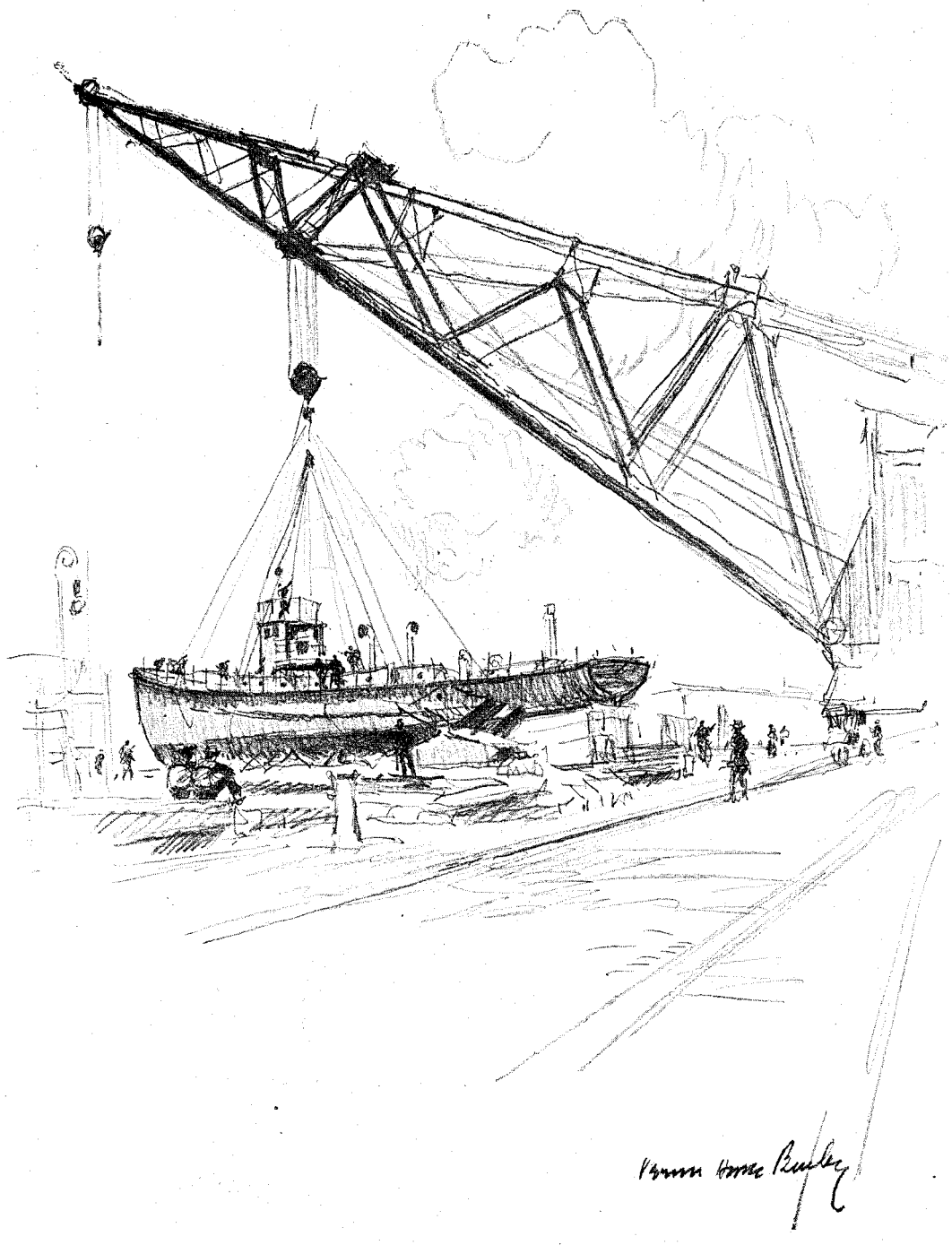

The launching of the first government-built submarine-chaser.

No ceremony or christening with the usual champagne attended it. The boat already had a number, and a huge self-propelling crane came along, lifted it from the stocks, carried it a distance of several city blocks, and placed it in the water. On official trial it met the severest tests most successfully.

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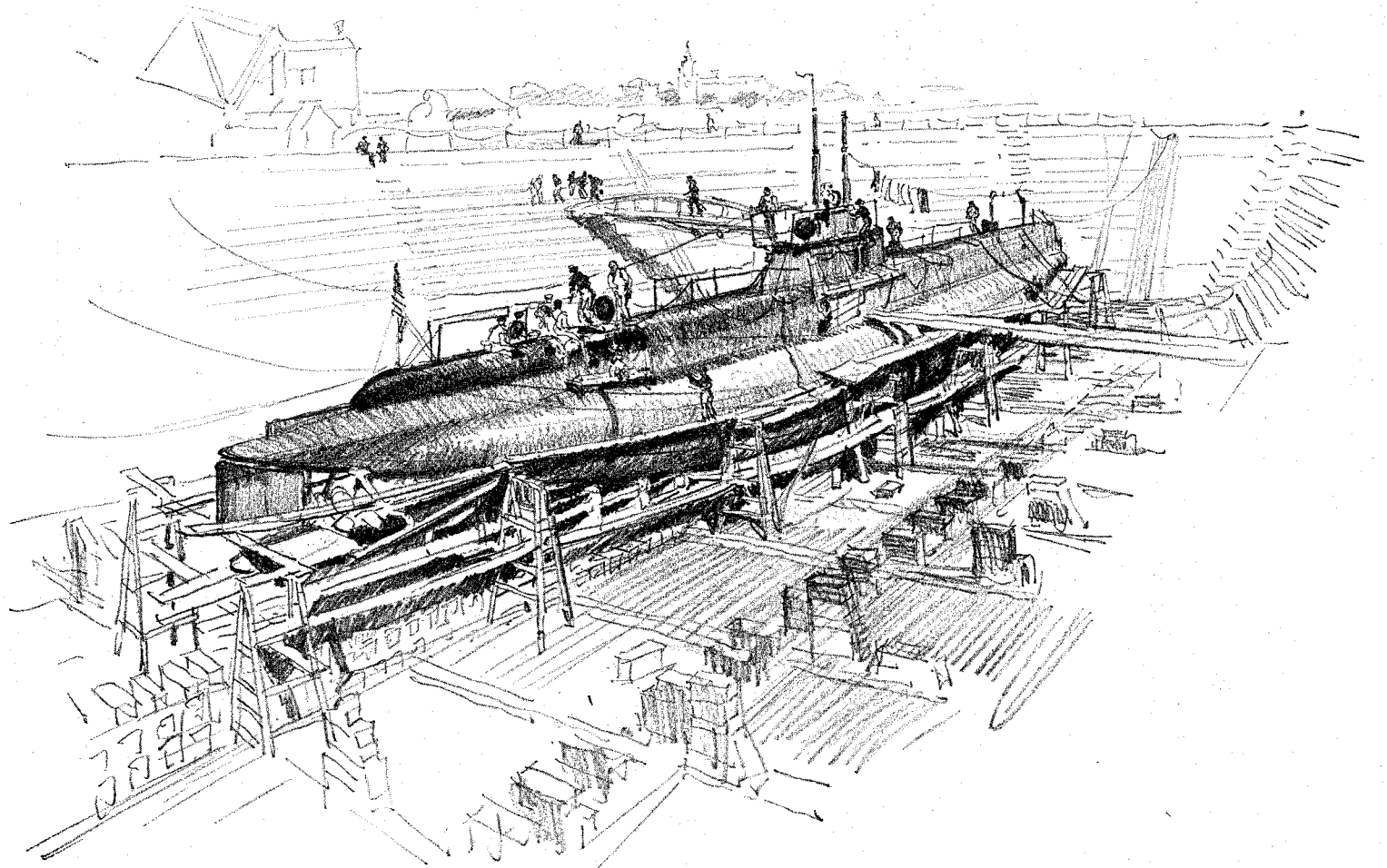

A United States submarine in dry dock, undergoing repairs.

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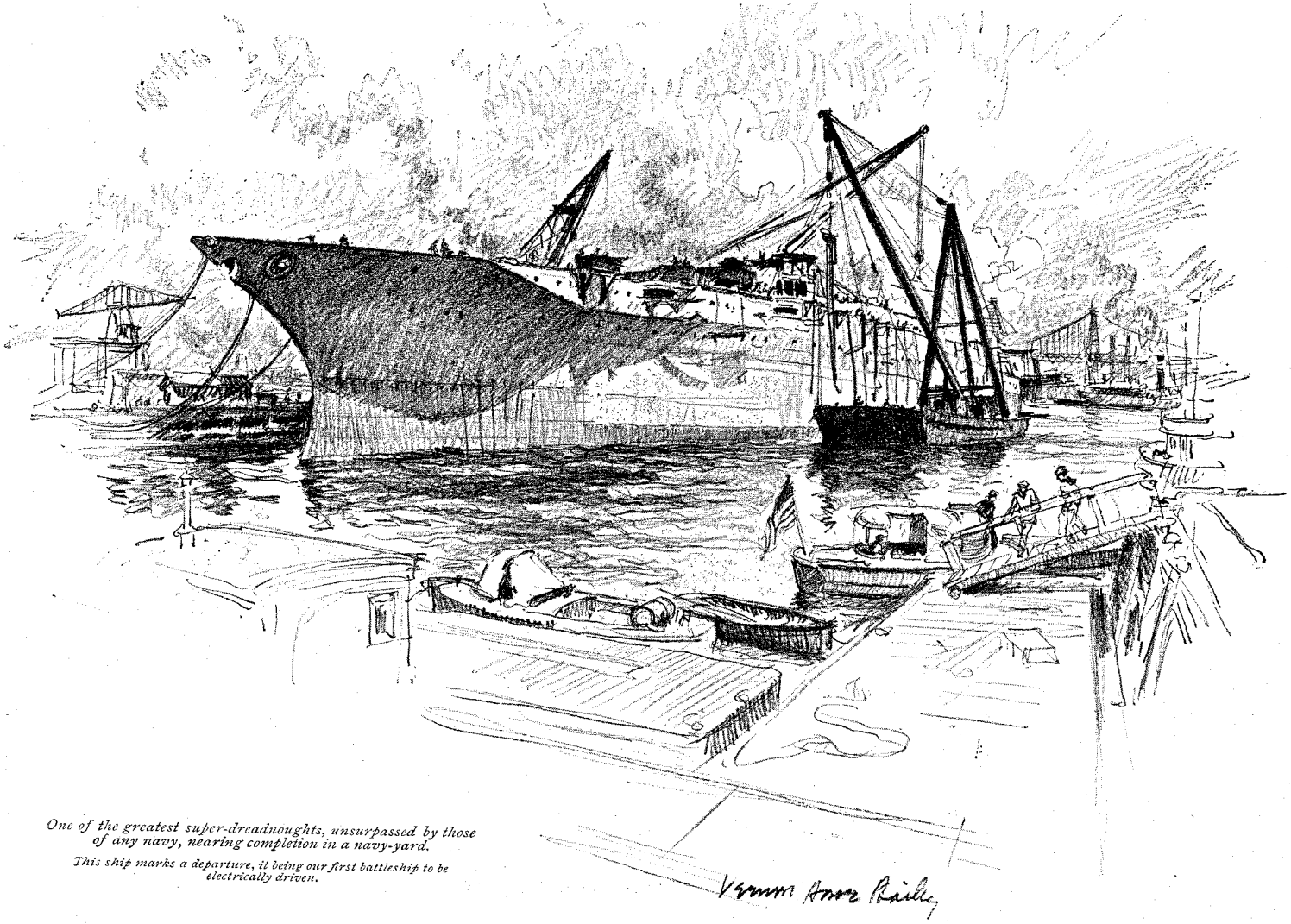

One of the greatest super-dreadnoughts, unsurpassed by those of any navy, nearing completion in a navy-yard.

This ship marks a departure, it being our first battleship to be electrically driven.

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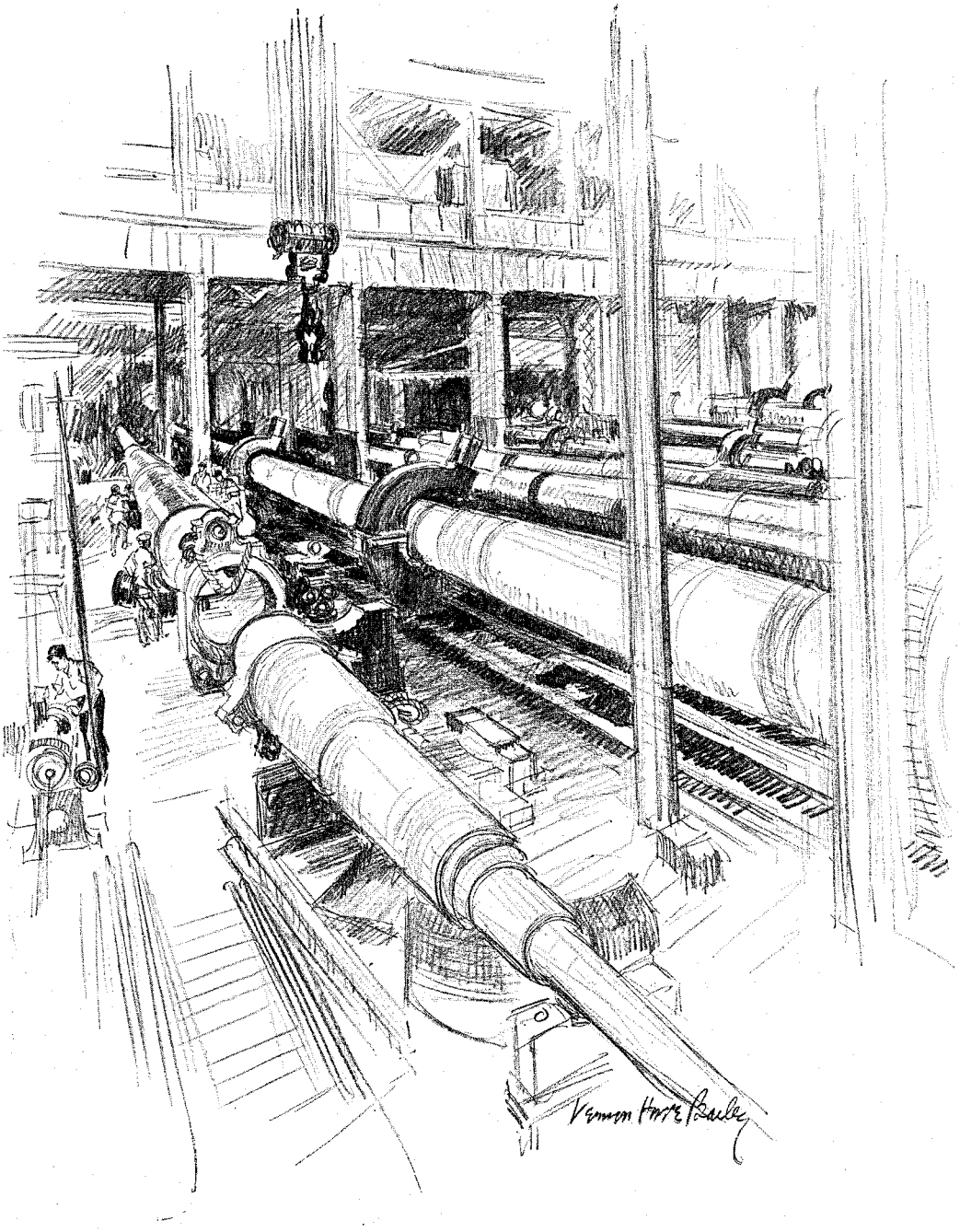

A corner of a naval gun-shop.

The gun at the right, held in the great teeth of the lathe, is in length, caliber, and range one of the biggest ever built.

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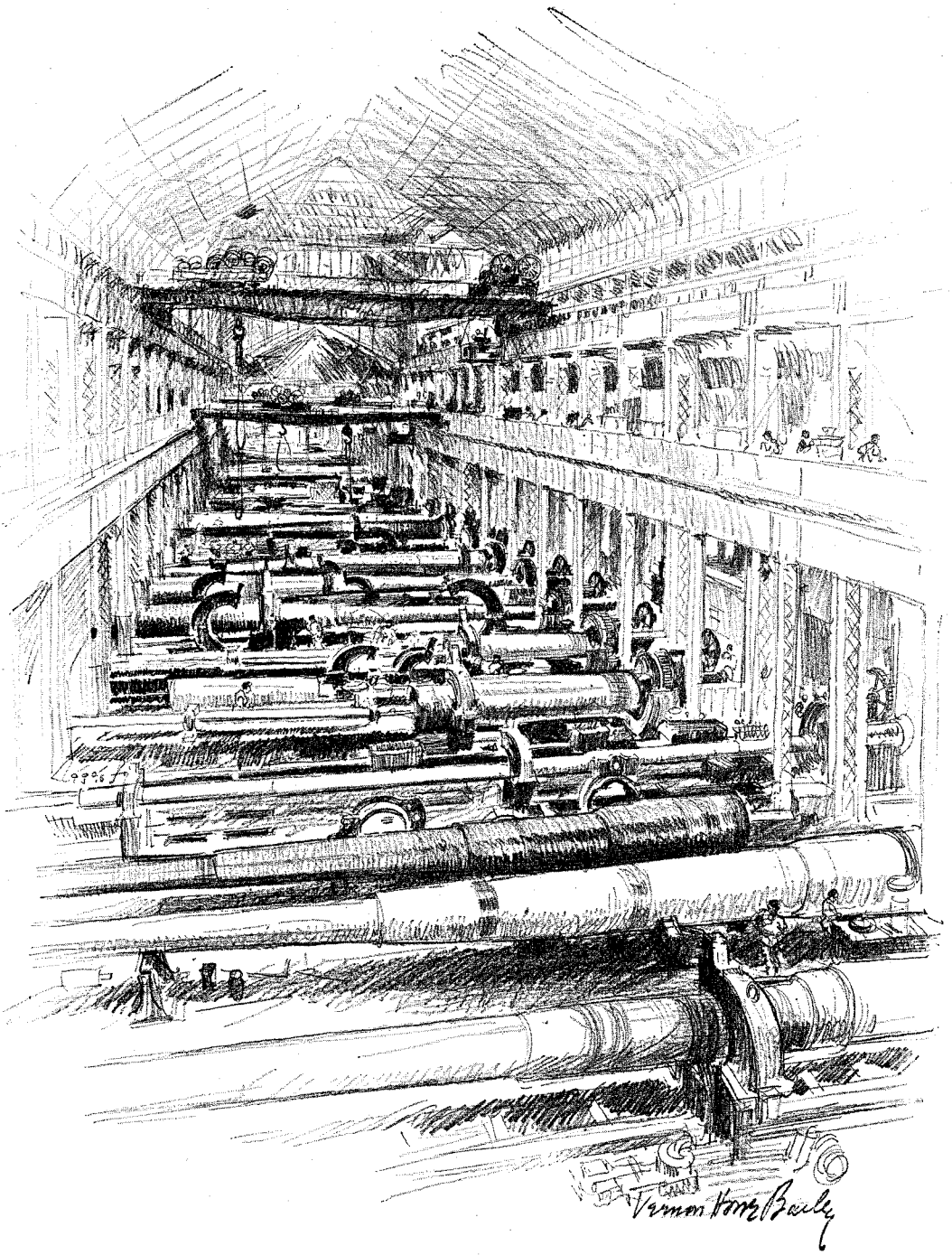

Interior of a naval gun-shop, where some of the biggest guns in the world are built.

Showing the guns on giant lathes, on which they are turned, bored, and rifled.

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A forge-shop, where white-hot steel ingots are taken from the furnaces and pounded by great hammers into various shapes for gun parts.

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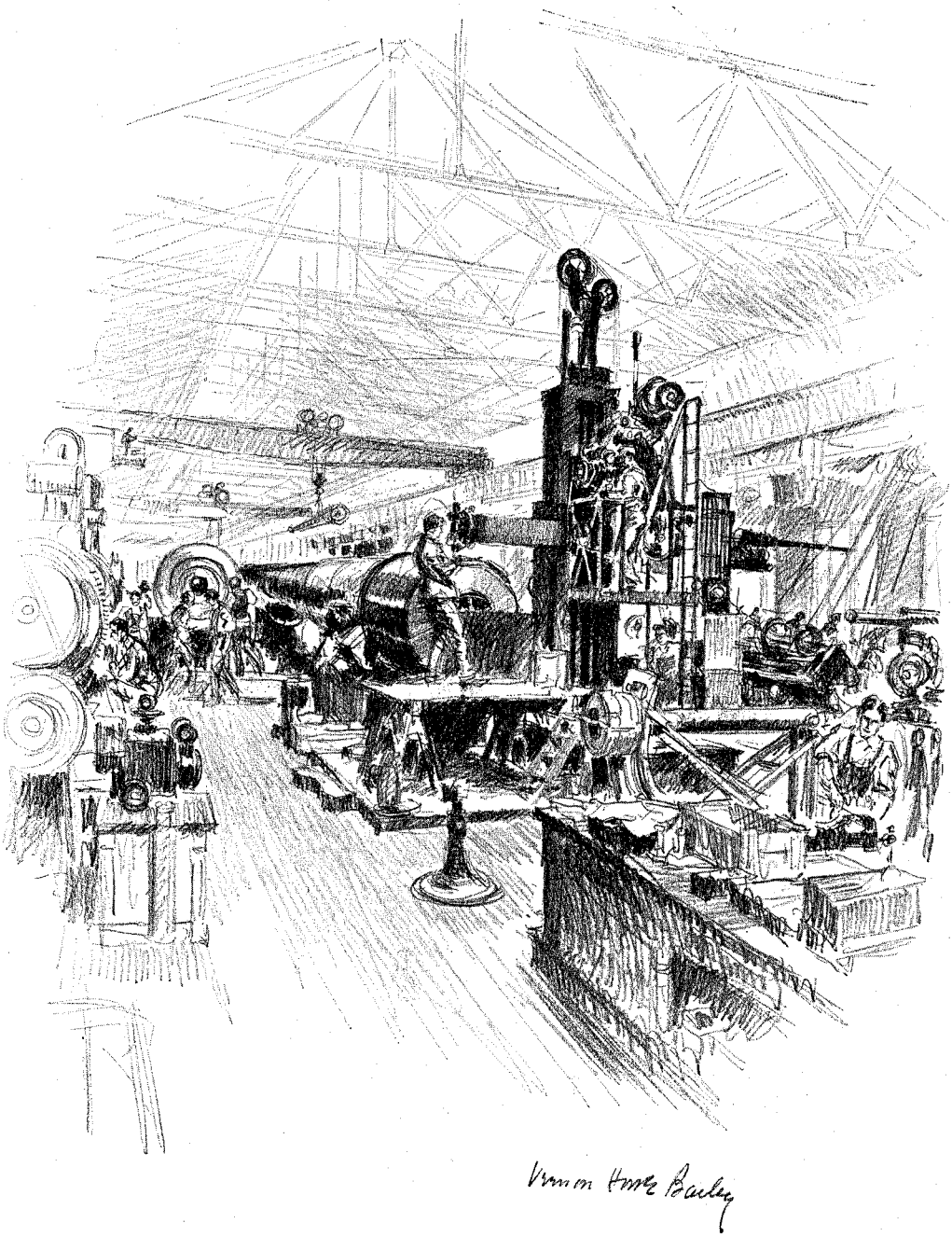

In the breech-shop.

Where specially designed machinery is employed in fitting the breech mechanism to the guns.

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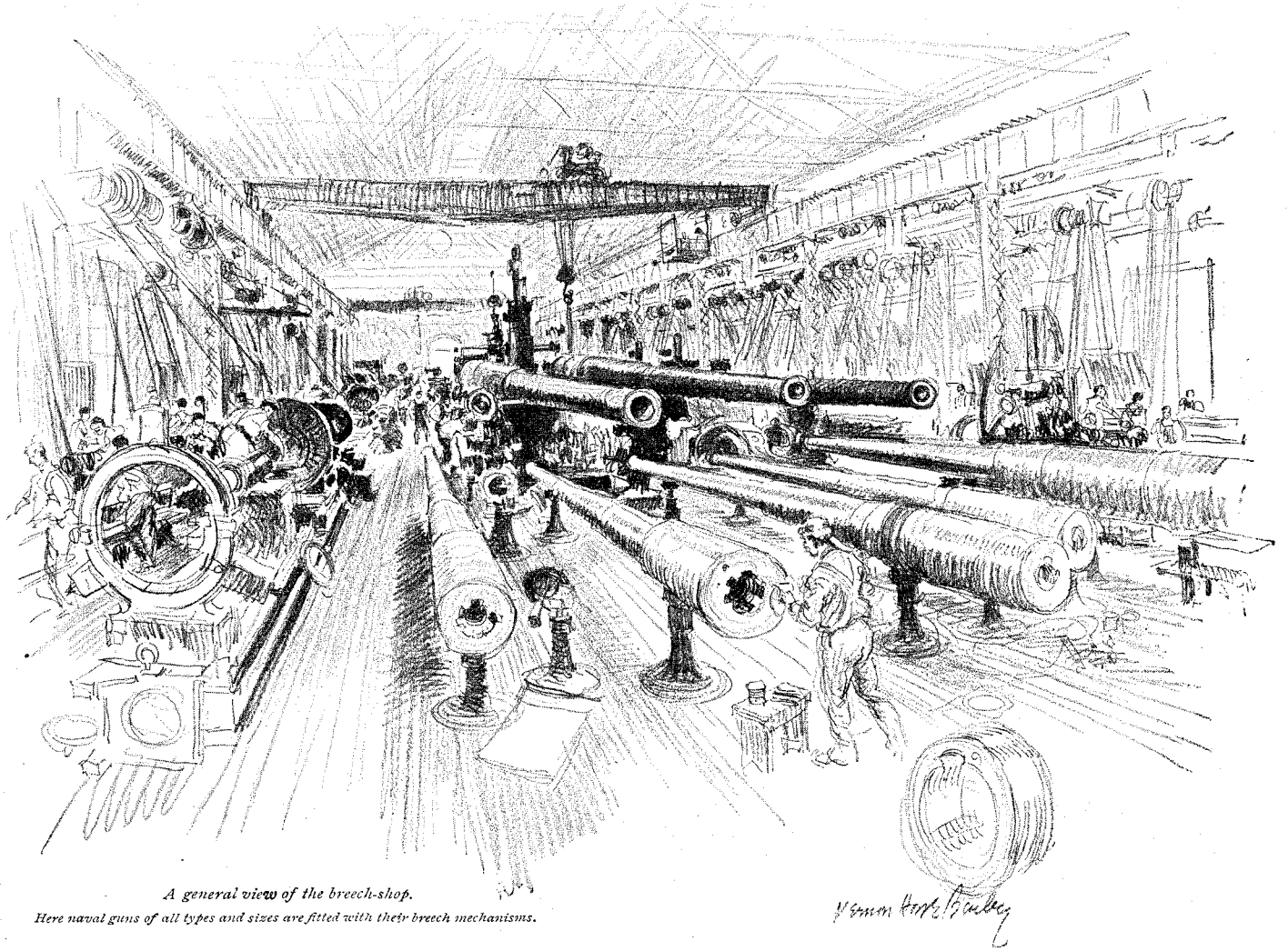

A general view of the breech-shop.
Here naval guns of all types and sizes are fitted with their breech mechanisms.

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THE MARQUISE OF QUEENSBERRY

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THUS it had happened. Pleasant Troubie was drunk one day and a fly lit on his knee. He whipped his forty-four from its holster.

"I'll show ye who *you* air lightin' on!" he swore, and blazed away. Of course he killed the fly, but incidentally he shattered its lighting-place. Had he been in a trench anywhere in France, his leg would have been saved, but he was away out in the Kentucky hills. If he minded the loss of it, however, no one could see, for with chin up and steady, daredevil eyes he swung along about as well on his crutch as if it had been a good leg. Down the road, close to the river's brim, he was swinging now—his voice lifted in song. Ahead of him and just around the curve of the road, with the sun of Happy Valley raining its last gold on her golden bare head, walked the Marquise; but neither Pleasant nor she herself knew she was the Marquise. A few minutes later the girl heard the crunch of the crutch in the sandy road behind her, and she turned with a smile:

"How-dye, Pleaz!" The man caught the flapping brim of his slouch hat and lifted it—an act of courtesy that he had learned only after Happy Valley was blessed by the advent of the Mission school: making it, he was always embarrassed no little.

"How-dye, Miss Mary!"

"Going down to the dance?"

"No'm," he said with vigorous severity, and then with unctuous virtue—"I hain't nuver run a set or played a play in my life."

The word "dance" is taboo among these Calvinists of the hills. They "run sets" and "play plays"—and these are against the sterner morals that prevail—but they do not *dance*. The Mission teacher smiled. This was a side-light on the complex character of Pleasant Trouble that she had not known before, and she knew it had nothing to do with his absent leg. A hundred yards ahead of them a boy and a girl emerged from a ravine—young King Camp and Polly Sizemore—and plainly they were quarrelling. The girl's head was high with indignation; the boy's was low with anger, and now and then he would viciously dig the toe of his boot in the sand as he strode along. Pleasant grinned.

"I won't holler to 'em," he said; "I reckon they'd ruther be alone."

"Pleasant," said Miss Mary, "you drink moonshine, don't you?"

"Yes'm."

"You sometimes *make* it, don't you?"

"I've been s'picioned."

"You were turned out of church once, weren't you, for shooting up a meeting?"

"Yes," was the indignant defense, "but I proved to 'em that I was drunk, an' they tuk me back." The girl had to laugh.

"And yet you think dancing wrong."

"Yes'm."

The girl gave it up—so perfunctory and final was his reply. Indeed, he seemed to have lost interest. Twice he had looked back, and now he turned again. She saw the fulfilment of some prophecy in his face as he grunted and frowned.

"Thar comes Ham Cage," he said. Turning, the girl saw an awkward youth stepping into the road from the same ravine whence Polly and young King had come, but she did not, as did Pleasant, see Ham shifting a revolver from his hip to an inside pocket.

"Those two boys worry the life out of me," she said, and again Pleasant grunted. They were the two biggest boys in the school, and in running, jumping, lifting weights, shooting at marks, and even in working—in everything, indeed, except in books—they were tireless rivals. And

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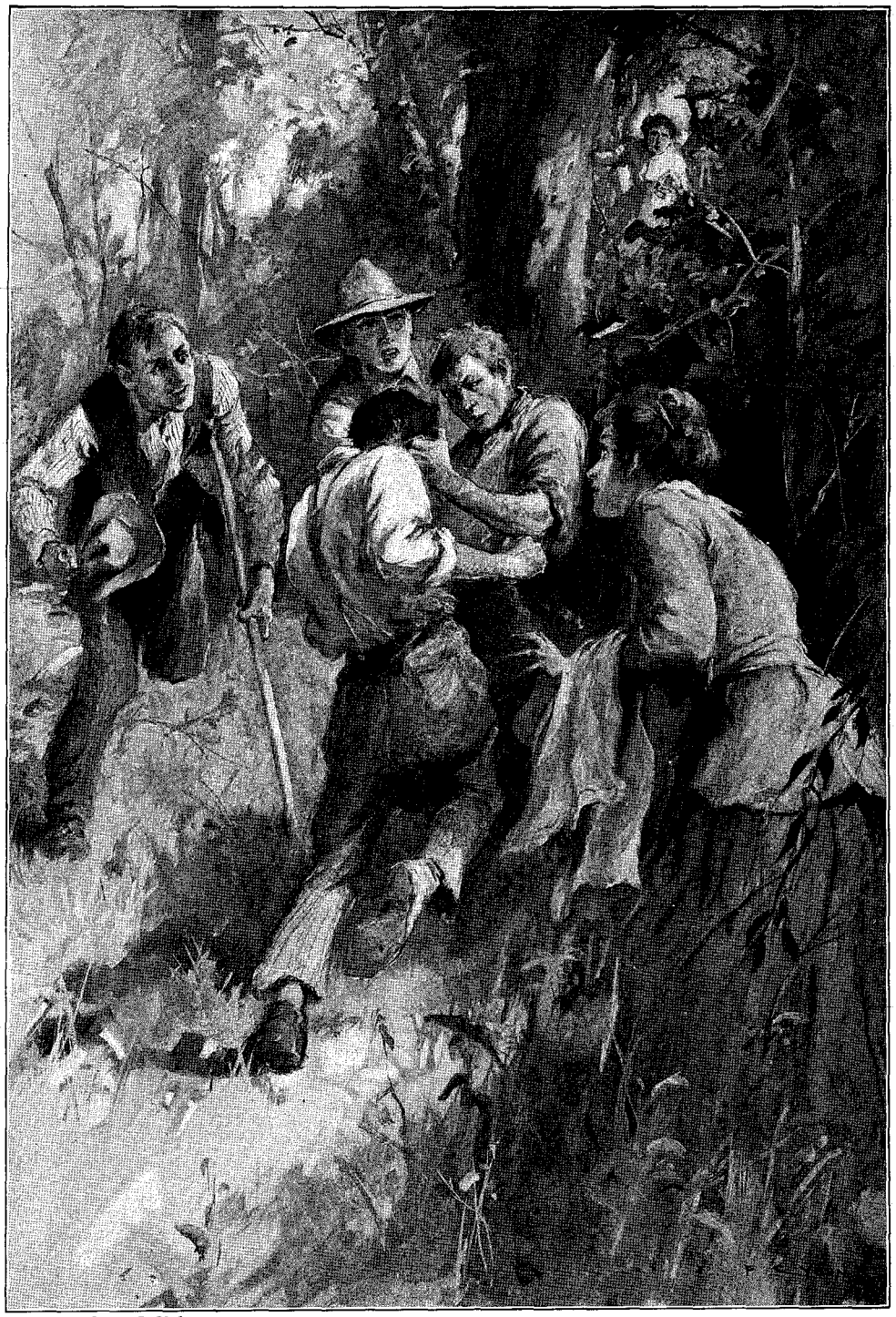

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Let 'em loose!" he yelled. "Git at it, boys! Go fer him, Ham—whoop—ee—ee!"—Page 278.

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now they were bitter contestants for the favor of Polly Sizemore—a fact that Pleasant knew better than the Mission girl.

Flirts are rare in the hills. "If two boys meets at the same house," Pleasant once had told her, "they jes' makes the gal say which one she likes best, and t'other one gits!" But with the growth of the Mission school had come a certain tolerance which Polly had used to the limit. Indeed, St. Hilda had discovered a queer reason for a sudden quickening of interest on Polly's part in her studies. Polly had to have the letters she got read for her, and the letters she sent written for her, and thus St. Hilda found that at least three young men, who had gone into the army and had learned to write, thought—each of them—that he was first in her heart. Polly now wanted to learn to read and write so that she could keep such secrets to herself. She had been "settin' up" with Ham Cage for a long time, and now she was "talkin' to" young King Camp. King was taking her to the dance, and it was plain to Pleasant that trouble was near. He looked worried.

"Well," he said, "I reckon thar hain't so much harm the way you school folks run sets because you don't 'low drinkin' or totin' pistols, an' you make 'em go home early. I heerd Miss Hildy is away—do you think you can manage the bad uns?"

"I think so," smiled Miss Mary.

"Well, mebbe I will come around to-night."

"Come right along now," said the girl heartily, but Pleasant had left his own gun at home, so he shook his head and started up the mountain.

II

Happy Valley was darkening now. The evening star shone white in the last rosy western flush, and already lanterns glowed on the porch of the "big house," where the dancing was to be. From high in the shadows a voice came down to the girl:

"I hain't got a gun an' I hain't had a drink to-day. Hit's a shame when Miss Hildy's always a-tryin' to give us a good time she has to *beg* us to behave."

The young folks were gathering in. On the porch she saw Polly Sizemore in a chair and young King Camp slipping into the darkness on the other side of the house. A few minutes later Ham Cage strolled into sight, saw Polly, and sullenly dropped on the stone steps as far away from her as possible. The little teacher planned a course of action.

"Ham," she said, as she passed, "I want you to run the first set with me." Ham stared and she was rather startled by his flush.

"Yes'm," he stammered. A moment later young King reappeared at the other end of the porch.

"King," she said, "I want you to run the second set with me," and King too stared, flushed, and stammered assent, while Polly flashed indignation at the little teacher's back. It had been Miss Mary's plan to break up the hill custom of one boy and one girl dancing together all the time—and she had another idea as well.

Pleasant Trouble swung into the circle of light from the porch just as the first set started, and he sat down on the stone steps to look on. It was a jolly dance. Some elderly folks, too, were there to look on, and a few married couples who, in spite of Miss Mary's persuasions, yet refused to take part. It was soon plain that Polly Sizemore and the little teacher were the belles of the ball, though of the two Polly alone seemed to realize it. Pleasant could hardly keep his eyes off the Mission girl. She was light as a feather, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks grew rosy, her laugh rang out, and the flaming spirit of her was kindling fires of which she never dreamed. Pleasant saw her dance first with Ham and then with King, and he grinned with swift recognition of her purpose. And he grinned the more when he saw that she was succeeding beyond her realization—saw it by the rage in Polly's black eyes, which burned now at Ham and now at King, for Miss Mary soon had no further need to ask either of them to dance—one or the other was always at her side. Indeed the Marquise, without knowing it, was making a pretty triangular mess of things, and Pleasant chuckled unholily—chuckled until he saw things were getting serious, and then his

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inner laughing ceased and his sharp eyes got wary and watchful. For first Ham and then King would disappear in the darkness, and each time they came back their faces were more flushed and their dancing was more furious.

Now, Polly was winging arrows of anger at the little teacher, and presently Pleasant rose lightly and with incredible swiftness swung across the floor just as the climax came. From the other side Polly too darted forward. Ham and King were glaring at each other over the teacher's pretty head—each claiming the next dance. Miss Mary was opening her mouth for a mild rebuke when the two boys sprang back, the right hand of each flashing to his hip. King drew first, and Pleasant's crutch swished down on his wrist, striking his pistol to the floor. Polly had caught Ham's hand with both her own, and Ham felt the muzzle of Pleasant's forty-four against his stomach.

"Stop it!" said Pleasant sternly. "Miss Mary don't like sech doin's."

So quickly was it on and over that the teacher hardly realized that it had come on and was over. Her bewildered face paled, but the color came back with a rush, and when her indignant eyes began their deadly work Pleasant knew there was no further need of him, and he stepped back as though to escape penalty even for playing peacemaker in a way so rude.

"You—you—you two!" breathed Miss Mary helplessly, but only for a moment.

"Give me that gun, Ham. Pick that one up, King." Both she handed to Pleasant, and then—no torrent came. She turned with a wave of her hand.

"You can all go home now." There had been a moment of deadly quiet, but in the mountains even boys and girls do not take such events very seriously; the hubbub and tittering that had started again ceased again, and all left quickly and quietly—all but the teacher, Pleasant, and the two boys, for Polly too was moving away. King turned to go after her.

"Wait a moment, King," said Miss Mary, and Polly cried fiercely: "He can stay till doomsday fer all o' me. I hain't goin' with ary one uv 'em." And she flirted away.

"I am not going to talk to you two boys until to-morrow," said Miss Mary firmly, "and then I'm going to put a stop to all this. I want both of you to be here when school closes. I want you too, Pleasant, and I want you to bring Lum Chapman."

Pleasant Trouble was as bewildered as the two shamefaced boys—did she mean to have him hold a gun on the two boys while Lum, the blacksmith, whaled them?

"Me?—Lum?—why, whut——"

"Never mind—wait till to-morrow. Will you all be here?"

"Yes'm," said all.

"Go with them up the river, Pleasant. Don't let them quarrel, and see that each one goes up his own creek."

The two boys moved away like yoked oxen. At the bottom step Pleasant turned to look back. Very rigid and straight the little teacher stood under the lantern, and the pallor and distress of her face had given way to a look of stern determination.

"Whew!" he breathed, and he turned a half-circle on his crutch into the dark.

III

Miss Mary Holden was a daughter of the Old Dominion, on the other side of the Cumberland Range, and she came, of course, from fighting stock. She had gone North to school and had come home horrified by—to put it mildly—the Southern tendency to an occasional homicide. There had been a great change, to be sure, within her young lifetime. Except under circumstances that were peculiarly aggravating, gentlemen no longer peppered each other on sight. The duel was quite gone. Indeed, the last one at the old university was in her father's time, and had been, he told her, a fake. A Texan had challenged another student, and the seconds had loaded the pistols with blank cartridges. After firing three times at his enemy the Texan threw his weapon down, swore that he could hit a quarter every time at that distance, pulled forth two guns of his own and demanded that they be used; and they had a terrible time appeasing the Westerner, who, failing in humor, challenged then and there every member of his enemy's fraternity and every member of his own. Thereafter it became the custom there and at other institutions of learning in the State

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to settle all disputes fist and skull; and of this Miss Holden, who was no pacifist, thoroughly approved. Now she was in a community where the tendency to kill seemed well-nigh universal. St. Hilda was a gentle soul, who would never even whip a pupil. She might not approve—but Miss Holden had the spirit of the pioneer and she must lead these people into the light. So she told her plan next day to Pleasant Trouble and Lum Chapman, who were first to come. Stolid Lum would have shown no surprise had she proposed that the two boys dive from a cliff, and if one survived he won; but the wonder and the succeeding joy in Pleasant's face disturbed Miss Holden. And when Pleasant swung his hat from his head and let out a fox-hunting yelp of pure ecstasy she rebuked him severely, whereat the man with the crutch lapsed into solemnity.

"Will they fight this way?" she asked.

"Them two boys will fight a bee-gum o' sucklin' wildcats—tooth and toe-nail."

"They aren't going to fight that way," protested Miss Holden. "They will fight by the Marquis of—er—Somebody's rules." She explained the best she could the intervals of action and of rest, and her hearers were vastly interested.

"They can't kick?" asked Pleasant.

"No."

"Ner bite?"

"No!"

"Ner gouge?"

"What do you mean by 'gouge'?" Pleasant pantomimed with a thumb-nail crooked on the outer edge of each eye-socket.

"No!" was the horrified cry.

"Jest a square, stand-up and knock-down fight?"

"Yes," she said reluctantly but bravely.

"Lum will be timekeeper and referee to make them break away when they clinch." When she explained that Pleasant scratched his head.

"They can't even *wrassle?*" Miss Holden understood and did not correct.

"They can't even *wrassle.* And you and I will be the seconds."

"Seconds—whut do we do?"

"Oh, we—we fan them and—and wash off the blood," she shivered a little in spite of herself. Pleasant smiled broadly.

"Which one you goin' to wash off?"

"I—I don't know." Pleasant grinned.

"Well, we better toss up fer it an' *atter they git hyeh.*" She did not understand his emphasis.

"Very well," she assented carelessly.

Up the road came Ham Cage now, and down the road came King Camp—both with a rapid stride. Though both had sworn to shoot on sight, they had kept away from each other as they had promised, and now without speaking they glowered unwinking into each other's eyes. Nor did either ask a question when the little teacher, with two towels over one arm, led the way down the road, up over a little ridge, and down to a grassy hollow by the side of a tinkling creek. It was hard for the girl to believe that these two boys meant to shoot each other as they had threatened, but Pleasant had told her they surely would, and that fact held her purpose firm. Without a word they listened while she explained, and without a word both nodded assent—nor did they show any surprise when the girl repeated what she had told Pleasant Trouble and Lum Chapman.

"Jes' a plain ole square, stand-up an' knock-down fight," murmured Pleasant consolingly, pulling forth a silver quarter. "Heads—you wipe Ham; tails—you wipe King." Miss Holden nodded, and for the first time the two lads turned their angry eyes from each other to the girl and yet neither asked a question. Tails it was, and the girl motioned King to a log on one side of the hollow, and Pleasant and Ham to another log on the other side. She handed Pleasant one of the towels, dropped her little watch into Lum's huge palm, and on second thought took it back again: it might get broken, and Lum might be too busy to keep time. Only Pleasant saw the gritting of Ham's teeth when she took her stand by King's side.

"Take off your coats!" she said sharply. The two obeyed swiftly.

"Time!" she called, and the two leaped for each other.

"Stop!" she cried, and they halted. "I forgot—shake hands!"

Both shook their heads instead, like maddened bulls, and even Lum looked amazed; he even spoke:

"Whut's the use o' fightin', if they shakes hands?"

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Miss Holden had no argument ready, and etiquette was waived. "Time!" she repeated, and then the two battering-rams, revolving their fists country-fashion, engaged. Half-forgotten Homeric phrases began to flit from a far-away schoolroom back into the little teacher's mind and she began to be consoled for the absence of gloves—those tough old ancients had used gauges of iron and steel. The two boys were evenly matched. After a few thundering body blows they grew wary, and when the round closed their faces were unmarked, they had done each other no damage, and Miss Holden was thrilled—it wasn't so bad after all. Each boy grabbed his own towel and wiped the sweat off his own face.

"Git at it, Ham—git at it!" encouraged Pleasant, and Ham got at it. He gave King a wallop on the jaw; King came back with a jolt on the chin, and the two embraced untenderly.

"Break away!" cried the girl. "Lum, make them break!" Lum thrust one mighty arm between them and, as they flailed unavailingly over it, threw them both back with a right-and-left sweep. Both were panting when the girl called time, and the first blood showed streaming from King's nose. Miss Holden looked a little pale, but gallantly she dipped the towel in the brook and went about her work. Again Pleasant saw his principal's jaw work in a gritting movement, and he chuckled encouragement so loudly that the girl heard him and looked around indignantly. It was inevitable that the seconds, even unconsciously, should take sides, and that point was coming fast. The girl did not hear herself say:

"Shift your head and come back from underneath!" And that was what King proceeded to do, and Ham got an uppercut on the chin that snapped his head up and sprinkled the blue sky with stars for him just as the bell of the girl's voice sounded time. Meanwhile, up the road below them came a khaki-clad youth and a girl—Polly Sizemore and one of her soldier lovers who was just home on a furlough. Polly heard the noises in the hollow, cocked an ear, put her finger on her lips, and led the way to the top of the little ridge whence she could peak over. Her amazed eyes grew hot seeing the Mission girl, and she turned and whispered:

"That fotched-on woman's got 'em fightin'."

The soldier's face radiated joy indeed, and as unseen spectators the two noiselessly settled down.

"Whur'd they learn to fight this way?" whispered the soldier—the army had taught him. Polly whispered back:

"*She's* a-larnin' 'em." The khaki boy gurgled his joy and craned his neck.

"Whut they fightin' about?" Polly flushed and turned her face.

"I—er—I don't know." The soldier observed neither her flush nor her hesitation, for King and Ham were springing forward for another round; he only muttered his disgust at their awkwardness and their ignorance of the ring in terms that were strange to the girl by his side.

"The mutts, the cheeses, the pore dawgs—they don't know how to guard an' they ain't *got* no lefts."

Pleasant was advising and encouraging his principal now openly and in a loud voice, and Ham's face began to twist with fury when he heard the Mission girl begin to spur on King. With bared teeth he rushed forward and through the wild blows aimed at him, got both underholds, and King gave a gasping grunt as the breath was squeezed quite out of him.

"Break!" cried the girl. Lum tugged at the locked hand and wrist behind King's back and King's hands flew to Ham's throat. "Break! Break!" And Lum had literally to tear them apart.

"Time!" gasped the girl. She was on the point of tears now, but she held them back and her mouth tightened—she would give them one more round anyhow. When the battling pair rose Pleasant lost his head. He let loose a fox-hunting yell. He forgot his duty and the rules; he forgot the girl—he forgot all but the fight.

"Let 'em loose!" he yelled. "Git at it, boys! Go fer him, Ham—whoop—ee—ee!" The girl was electrified. Lum began cracking the knuckles of his huge fingers. Polly and the soldier rose to their feet. That little dell turned eons back. The people there wore skins and two cavemen who had left their clubs at home fought with all the other weapons they had. The Mission girl could never afterward piece out the psychology of

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that moment of world darkness, but when she saw Ham's crooked thumbs close to King's eyes a weird and thrilling something swept her out of herself. Her watch dropped to the ground. She rushed forward, seized two handfuls of Ham's red hair, and felt Polly's two sinewy hands seizing hers. Like a tigress she flashed about; just in time then came the call of civilization, and she answered it with a joyous cry. Bounding across the creek below came a tall young man, who stopped suddenly in sheer amaze at the scene and as suddenly dashed on. With hair and eyes streaming the girl went to meet him and rushed into his arms. From that haven she turned.

"It's a draw!" she said faintly. "Shake—" She did not finish the sentence. Ham and King had risen and were staring at her and the stranger. They looked at each other, and then saw Polly sidling back to the soldier. Again they looked at each other, grinned at each other, and, as each turned for his coat—clasped hands.

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I'm so glad."

"This is not my brother," she explained, leading the stranger forward. If she expected to surprise them, she didn't, for in the hills brothers and sisters do not rush into each other's arms. "It's my sweetheart, and he's come to take me home. And you won't shoot each other—you won't fight any more?" And Ham said:

"Not jes' at present," and King laughed.

"I'm so glad."

Pleasant swung back to the Mission House with the two foreigners, and on the way Miss Holden explained. The stranger was a merry person, and that part of Happy Valley rang with his laughter.

"My! I wish I had got there earlier—what were they fighting about?"

"Why, Polly Sizemore, that pretty girl with black hair who lost her head when—when—I caught hold of Ham." The shoulder of Pleasant Trouble that was not working up and down over his crutch began to work up and down over something else.

"What's the matter, Pleasant?" asked the girl.

"Nothin'." But he was grinning when they reached the steps of the Mission, and he turned on Miss Holden a dancing eye.

"Polly nothin'—them two boys was a-fightin' about *you*." And he left her aghast and wheeled chuckling away.

Next afternoon the Marquise bade her little brood a tearful good-by and rode with her lover up Happy Valley to go over the mountain, on to the railroad, and back into the world. At the mouth of Wolf Run Pleasant Trouble was waiting to shake hands.

"Tell Polly good-by for me, Pleasant," said Miss Holden. "She wasn't there."

"Polly and the soldier boy rid up to the Leetle Jedge o' Happy Valley last night to git married."

"Oh," said Miss Holden, and she flushed a little. "And Ham and King weren't there—where do you suppose they are?" Pleasant pointed to a green little hollow high up a ravine.

"They're up thar."

"Alone?" Pleasant nodded and Miss Holden looked anxious.

"They aren't fighting again?"

"Oh, no!"

"Do you suppose they are *really* friends now?"

"Ham an' King air as lovin' as a pair o' twins," said Pleasant decidedly, and Miss Holden looked much pleased.

"What on earth are they doing up there?"

"Well," drawled Pleasant, "when they ain't huggin' an' shakin' hands they're wrasslin' with a jug o' moonshine."

The Mission girl looked disturbed, and the merry stranger let loose his ringing laugh.

"Oh, dear! Now, where do you suppose they got moonshine?"

"I tol' you," repeated Pleasant, "that I didn't know nobody who couldn't git moonshine." Miss Holden sighed, her lover laughed again, and they rode away, Pleasant watching them till they were out of sight.

"Whut I aimed to say was," corrected Pleasant mentally, "I didn't know nobody who *knowed me* that couldn't git it." And he jingled the coins in his pockets that at daybreak that morning had been in the pockets of Ham and King.

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FIGHTING FOR PEACE

THE FIRST OF THREE ARTICLES

BY THE HON. HENRY VAN DYKE, D.C.L.

Recently United States Minister to Holland

FOREWORD

This brief series of articles is not a tale

> "Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Some dangers I have passed through during the last three years, but nothing to speak of.

Nor is it a romance in the style of those thrilling novels of secret diplomacy which I peruse with wonder and delight in hours of relaxation, chiefly because they move about in worlds regarding which I have no experience and little faith.

There is nothing secret or mysterious about the American diplomatic service, so far as I have known it. Of course there are times when, like every other honestly and properly conducted affair, it does not seek publicity in the newspapers. That, I should suppose, must always be a fundamental condition of frank and free conversation between governments as between gentlemen. There is a certain kind of reserve which is essential to candor.

But American diplomacy has no picturesque meetings at midnight in the gloom of lonely forests; no confabulations in black cellars with bands of hireling desperadoes waiting to carry out its decrees; no disguises, no masks, no dark lanterns—nothing half so exciting and melodramatic. On the contrary, it is amazingly plain and straightforward, with plenty of hard work, but always open and aboveboard. That is the rule for the diplomatic service of the United States.

Its chief and constant aims are known to all men. First, to maintain American principles and interests, and to get a fair showing for them in the world. Second, to preserve and advance friendly relations and intercourse with the particular nation to which the diplomat is sent. Third, to promote a just and firm and free peace throughout the world, so that democracy everywhere may live without fear.

It was the last of these three aims that acted as the main motive in my acceptance of President Wilson's invitation to go out as American minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg in the summer of 1913. It was pleasant, of course, to return for a while to the land from which my ancestors came so long ago. It seemed also that some useful and interesting work might be done to forward the common interests and ideals of the United States and the Netherlands—that brave, liberty-loving nation from which our country learned and received so much in its beginnings—and in particular that there might be opportunity for co-operation in the Far East, where the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines are next-door neighbors. But the chief thing that drew me to Holland was the desire to promote the great work of peace which had been begun by the International Peace Conferences at The Hague. This indeed was what the President especially charged me to do.

Two conferences had already been held and had accomplished much. But their work was incomplete. It lacked firm attachments and sanctions. It was left to a certain extent "hangin' in the air." It needed just those things which the American delegates to the Conference of 1907 had advocated—the establishment of a Permanent Court of Arbitral Justice; an International Prize Court; an agreement for the protection of private property at sea in time of war; the further study and discussion of the question of the reduction of armaments by the nations;

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and so on. A third International Peace Conference was necessary to secure and carry on the work of the first two. The President told me to do all that I properly could to forward the assembling of that conference in the Palace of Peace at the earliest possible date.

So I went to Holland as an envoy of the world-peace founded on justice which is America's great desire. For that cause I worked and strove. Of that cause I am still a devoted follower and servant. I am working for it now, but with a difference. It is evident that we cannot maintain that cause, as the world stands to-day, without fighting for it. And after it is won, it will need protection. It must be Peace with Righteousness and Power.

The following articles are simply informal notes of some of the experiences—things seen and heard and studied during my years of service abroad—which have forced me to this conclusion. I hope they may throw light upon it.

The third peace conference is more needed, more desirable, than ever. But we shall never get it until the military forces of Germany are broken, and the predatory Potsdam gang which rules them is brought low.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

FAIR WEATHER AND STORM-SIGNS

I

IT takes a New England farmer to note and interpret the signs of coming storm on a beautiful and sunny day. Perhaps his power is due in part to natural sharpness, and in part to the innate pessimism of the Yankee mind, which considers the fact that the hay is cut but not yet in the barn a sufficient reason for believing that "it'll prob'ly rain t'morrow."

I must confess that I had not enough of either of these qualities to be observant and fearful of the presages of the oncoming tempest which lurked in the beautiful autumn and winter of 1913–14 in Europe. Looking back at them now, I can see that the signs were ominous. But anybody can be wise after the event, and the rôle of a reminiscent prophet is too easy to be worth playing.

Certainly all was bright and tranquil when we rolled through the pleasant land of France and the rich cities of Belgium, and came by ship-thronged Rotterdam to The Hague in the first week of October, 1913. Holland was at her autumnal best. Wide pastures wonderfully green were full of drowsy, contented cattle. The level brown fields and gardens were smoothly ploughed and harrowed for next year's harvest, and the vast tulip-beds were ready to receive the little gray bulbs which would overflow April with a flood-tide of flowers. On the broad canals innumerable barges and sloops and motor-boats were leisurely passing, and on the little side-canals and ditches which drained the fields the duck-weed spread its pale-emerald carpet undisturbed. In the woods—the tall woods of Holland—the elms and the lindens were putting on frosted gold, and the massy beeches glowed with ruddy bronze in the sunlight. The quaint towns and villages looked at themselves in the waters at their feet and were content. Slowly the long arms of the windmills turned in the suave and shimmering air. Everybody, in city and country, seemed to be busy without haste. And overhead, the luminous cloud mountains—the poor man's Alps—marched placidly with the wind from horizon to horizon.

The Hague—that "largest village in Europe," that city of three hundred thousand inhabitants set in the midst of a park, that seat of government which does not dare to call itself the capital because Amsterdam is jealous—was in especially good form and humor, looking forward to a winter of unhurried gayety and feasting such as the Hollanders love. The new Palace of Peace, given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the use of the Permanent Court of Arbitration and its auxiliary bodies, had been opened with much ceremony in September. Situated before the entrance of that long, tree-embowered avenue which is called the Old Scheveningen Road, the edifice has an imposing exterior although a mixture of architects

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in the process of building has given it something the look of a glorified railway station. But the interior is altogether dignified and splendid, more palatial, in fact, than any of the royal residences. It is lined with costly marbles, rare Eastern woods, wonderful Japanese tapestries, and adorned with gifts from all the nations, except the United States, which had promised to give a marble statue representing "Peace through Justice," to be placed on the central landing of the great Stairway of Honor, the most conspicuous position in the whole building. The promise had been standing for some years, but not the statue. One of my first minor tasks at The Hague was to see to it that active steps were taken at Washington to fulfil this promise, and to fill this empty place which waits for the American sculpture.

Meantime the rich collection of books on international law was being arranged and classified in the library under the learned direction of M. Albéric Rolin. The late roses were blooming abundantly in the broad gardens of the palace. Thousands of visitors were coming every day to see this new wonder of the world, the royal house of "*Vrede door Recht.*"

Queen Wilhelmina was still at her country palace, *Het Loo*, in Gelderland. It was about the middle of October that I was invited there to lunch and to have my first audience with Her Majesty, and to present my letter of credence as American minister.

The journey of three or four hours was made in company with the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, Jonkheer Loudon, who represented the Netherlands at Washington for several years and is an intelligent and warm friend of the United States, and the Japanese Minister, Mr. Aimaro Sato, a very agreeable gentleman (and by the way an ardent angler), who now represents Japan at Washington. He talked a little, and with great good sense and feeling, of the desirability of a better understanding and closer relations between the United States and Japan. I liked what he said and the way he said it. But most of our conversation on that pleasant journey, it must be confessed, was personal and anecdotic—fish-stories not excluded.

The ceremony of presenting the letter of credence, which I had rather dreaded, was in fact quite simple and easy. I handed to Her Majesty the commendatory epistle of the President (beginning, as usual, "Great and good friend") and made a short speech in English, according to the regulations. The Queen, accepting the letter, made a brief friendly reply in French, which is the language of the court, and passed at once into an informal conversation in English. She speaks both languages fluently and well. Her first inquiry, according to royal custom, was about family matters; the number of the children; the health of the household; the finding of a comfortable house to live in at The Hague, and so on. There is something very homely and human in the good manners of a real court. Then the Queen asked about the Dutch immigrants in America, especially in recent times—were they good citizens? I answered that we counted them among the best, especially strong in agriculture and in furniture-making, where I had seen many of them in the famous shops of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Queen smiled, and said that the Netherlands, being a small country, did not want to lose too many of her good people.

The impression left upon me by this first interview, and deepened by all that followed, was that Queen Wilhelmina is a woman admirably fit for her task. Her natural shyness of temperament is sometimes misinterpreted as a haughty reserve. But that is not correct. She is, in fact, most sincere and straightforward, devoted to her duty and very intelligent in doing it, perhaps the ablest and sanest crowned head in Europe, an altogether good ruler for the very democratic country of the Netherlands.

We had settled down in our new home at The Hague. It was a big, dignified house on the principal street, the Lange Voorhout, which is almost like a park, with four rows of trees down the middle. Our house had once been the palace of the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, a princess of the Orange-Nassau family. But it was not at all showy, only comfortable and large. This was fortunate for our country when the rush of fugitive American tourists came at the beginning of the war, for every room on the first floor, and the biggest room on the second floor, were

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crowded with the work that we had to do for them.

But during the first winter everything went smoothly; there was no hurry and no crowding. The Queen came back to her town palace. The rounds of ceremonial visits were ground out. The Hague people and our diplomatic colleagues were most cordial and friendly. There were dinners and dances and court receptions and fancy-dress balls—all of a discreet and moderate joyousness which New York and Newport, perhaps even Chicago and Hot Springs, would have called tame and rustic. The weather, for the first time in several years, was clear, cold, and full of sunshine. The canals were frozen. Everybody, from grandparents to grandchildren, including the Crown Princess Juliana, went on skates, which greatly added to the gayety of the nation.

At the same time there was plenty of work to do. The affairs of the legation had to be straightened out; the sending of despatches and the carrying out of instructions speeded up; the arrangements for a proposed international congress on education in the autumn of 1914, forwarded; the Bryan treaty for a year of investigation before the beginning of hostilities—the so-called "Stop-Look-Listen" treaty—modified and helped through; and the thousand and one minor, unforeseen jobs that fall on a diplomatic chief carefully attended to.

II

Through all this time the barometer stood at "Set Fair." The new Dutch Ministry, which Mr. Cort van der Linden, a wise and eloquent philosophic liberal, had formed on the mandate of the Queen, seemed to have the confidence of the Parliament. Although it had no pledged majority of any party or *bloc* behind it, the announcement of its simple programme of "carrying out the wishes of the majority of the voters as expressed in the last election," met with approval on every side. The "Anti-Revolutionary" lion lay down with the "Christian-Historical" lamb; the "Liberal" bear and the "Clerical" cow fed together; and the sucking "Social-Democrat" laid his hand on the "Reactionary" adder's den. It was idyllic. Real progress looked nearly possible.

The international sky was clear except for the one big cloud, which had been there so long that the world had grown used to it. The Great Powers kept up the mad race of armaments, purchasing mutual terror at the price of billions of dollars every year.

Now the pace was quickened, but the race remained the same, with Germany still in the lead. Her new army bill of 1912 provided for a peace strength of 870,000 men, and a war strength of 5,400,000 men. Russia followed with a bill raising the term of military service from three to three and a half years; France with a bill raising the term of service from two to three years (but this was not until in June, 1913). Great Britain, with voluntary service, still had a comparatively small army: in size "contemptible," as Kaiser William called it later, but in *morale* and spirit unsurpassed. Evidently the military force of Germany, which lay like a glittering sword in her ruler's hand, was larger, better organized and equipped, than any other in the world.

But might it not still be used as a make-weight in the scales of negotiation rather than as a weapon of actual offense? Might not the Kaiser still be pleased with his dramatic rôle of "the war-lord who kept the peace"? Might he not do again as he did successfully in 1909, when Austria violated the provisions of the Congress of Berlin (1878) by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina and Germany protected the theft; and with partial success at Algeciras in 1906, and after the Agadir incident in 1911, when Germany gained something she wanted though less than she claimed? Might he not still be content with showing and shaking the sword, without fleshing it in the body of Europe? It seemed wiser, because safer for Germany, that the Kaiser should follow that line. The methodical madness of a forced war looked incredible.

Thus all of us who were interested in the continuance and solidification of the work of the peace conferences at The Hague reasoned ourselves into a peaceful hope. We knew that no other power except Germany was really prepared for war. We knew that the effort to draw

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Great Britain into an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany had failed, although London was willing to promise help to Berlin if attacked. We remembered Bismarck's warning that a war against Russia and Great Britain at the same time would be fatal, and we trusted that it had not been forgotten in Berlin. We knew that Germany, under her policy of industrial development and pacific penetration, was prospering more than ever, and we thought she might enjoy that enough to continue it. We hoped that a third peace conference would be assembled before a general conflict of arms could be launched, and that some things might be done there which would make wilful and aggressive war vastly more dangerous and difficult, if not impossible. So we were at ease in Zion and worked in the way which seemed most promising for the peace of the world.

But that way was not included in the German plan. It was remote from the *Berlin-Baghdad-Bahn*. It did not lead toward a dominant imperial state of *Mittel-Europa*, with tentacles reaching out to ports on every sea and strait. The plan for another Hague conference failed to interest the ruling clique at Berlin and Potsdam because they had made "other arrangements."

Very gradually slight indications of this fact began to appear, though they were not clearly understood at the time. It was like watching a stage-curtain which rises very slowly a little way and then stops. Through the crack one could see feet moving about and hear rumbling noises. Evidently a drama was in preparation. But what it was to be could hardly be guessed. Then, after a long wait, the curtain rose swiftly. The tragedy was revealed. Flames burst forth from the stage and wrapped the whole house in fire. The spectators were the first victims. The conflagration still rages. It will not be put out until the flame-lust is smothered in the hearts of those who kindled and spread the great fire in Europe.

III

I must get back from this expression of my present feelings and views to the plain story of the experiences which gradually made me aware of the actual condition of affairs in Europe and the great obstacle to a durable peace in the world.

The first thing that disquieted me a little was the strange difficulty encountered in making the preliminary arrangements for the third peace conference. The final resolution of the second conference in 1907, unanimously recommended, first, that the next conference should be held *within a period of eight years*, and second, that a preparatory committee should be appointed *two years beforehand*, to consider the subjects which were ripe for discussion, and to draw up a programme which could be examined in advance by the countries interested. That, of course, was necessary. No sensible government will go into a conference blindfold, without knowing what is to be talked about.

But in 1914, when the matter came into my hands, the lapse of time and the negligence of the nations (the United States included) had made it too late to fulfil both of these recommendations. If one was carried out the other must be modified or disregarded. The then Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, instructed me to endeavor to have the conference called in 1915, that is, within the period of eight years. After careful investigation and earnest effort, I reported that it could not be done at that date. The first thing was to get the preparatory committee, which would require at least two years for its formation and work. Toward this point, then, with the approval of the President, I steered and rowed hard, receiving the warmest sympathy and most effective cooperation from Jonkheer Loudon, the Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs. Indeed the entire Dutch Government, with the Queen at the head, were favorable. Holland naturally likes to have the peace conferences at The Hague. They add to the dignity of the country. The honor is well-deserved, for Holland may fairly be called the fountainhead of modern international law, and has produced many of its best expounders, from Grotius and Bynkershoek to Asser. Moreover, as a side consideration, these meetings bring a multitude of visitors to the country, some famous and many profitable, and this is not bad for business. So the movement is generally popular.

My own particular suggestion toward

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getting the required "preparatory committee" seemed to its author to have the double advantage of practical speed and representative quality. It was to make use, at least for the first steps, of a body already in existence and in which all the nations were represented. But there is no need of describing it, because it did not go through. I was not so much stuck upon it that any other fair and speedy plan would not have received my hearty backing.

But the trouble was that, push as hard as we would, there was no plan that would move beyond a certain point. There it stood still. Washington and The Hague were earnest and enthusiastic. St. Petersburg was warmly interested, but showed a strong preference for its own plan, and a sense of its right to a leading place as the proposer of the first conference. London and Paris seemed favorable to the general idea, and took an expectant attitude toward any proposal of organization that would be on the level and fair for everybody. Berlin was singularly reserved and vague. It said little or nothing. It did not seem to care about the matter.

I talked informally with my German friends at The Hague. They were polite and attentive. They may have had a real interest in the subject, but it was not shown so that you could notice it. They expressed opinions on the value of peace conferences in general which I am not at liberty to repeat. The idea of a third conference at The Hague may have seemed beautiful to them, but it looked as if they felt that it was lacking in actuality. Possibly I did not understand them. That was just the trouble—I could not. It was all puzzling, baffling, mysterious.

It seemed as if all our efforts to forward the calling of the next conference in the interest of permanent peace brought up dead against an invisible barrier, an impassable wall like the secret line drawn in the air by magic, thinner than a cobweb, more impenetrable than steel. What was it? Indifference? General scepticism? Preoccupation with other designs which made the discussion of peace plans premature and futile? I did not know. But certainly there was something in the way, and the undiscovered nature of that something was food for thought.

The next jolt that was given to my comfortable hope that the fair weather in Europe was likely to last for some time was a very slight incident that happened in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, to which small sovereign state I was also accredited as American minister.

The existence and status of Luxembourg in Europe before the war are not universally understood in America, and it may be useful to say a few words about it. The grand duchy is a tiny independent country, about 1,000 square miles of lovely hills and dales and table-lands, clothed with noble woods, watered by clear streams, and inhabited by about 250,000 people of undoubted German stock and of equally undoubted French sympathies. The land lies in the form of a northward-pointing triangle between Germany, Belgium, and France. The sovereign is the Grand Duchess Marie Adelheid (of Nassau), a beautiful, sincere, high-spirited girl who succeeded to the crown on her father's death. The practical governor for twenty-five years was the Minister-President Paul Eyschen, an astute statesman and a devoted patriot, who nursed his little country in his arms like a baby and brought it to a high degree of prosperity and contentment.

Like Belgium, Luxembourg was a neutralized country—the former by the Treaty of 1831; the latter by the Treaty of 1867; both treaties were signed and guaranteed by the Great Powers. But there was a distinct difference between the two neutralities. That of Belgium was an armed neutrality; her forts and her military forces were left to her. That of Luxembourg was a disarmed neutrality; her only fortress was dismantled and razed to the ground, and her army was reduced and limited to one company of gendarmes and one company of infantry. Thus Belgium had the right, the duty, and the power to resist if her territory were violated by the armed forces of a belligerent. But Luxembourg was made powerless to resist; she could only protest. Remember this when you consider the fates which fell on the two countries. Remember how the proud and independent little duchy must have felt beforehand, standing without a weapon between two strong, jealous neighbors.

It was in February or early in March,

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1914, that the Grand Duchess sent out an invitation to the diplomatic corps to attend a court function. We all went gladly because of the pleasantness of the land and the good hospitality of the palace. There were separate audiences with Her Royal Highness in the morning, a big luncheon given by the cabinet and the city authorities at noon, a state dinner in the old Spanish palace at night, and after that a gala concert. It was then that the incident occurred. I had heard in the town that thirty military officers from the German garrison at Trier, a few miles away on the border, were coming, invited or self-invited, to the concert, and the Luxembourgers did not like the idea at all. Well, the Germans came in a body, some of them courteous and affable, the others stiff, wooden, high-chinned, and staring—distinctly a foreign group. They were tactless enough to propose staying over the next day. A big crowd of excited Luxembourgers filled the streets in the morning and gave every sign of extreme dissatisfaction. "What were these Prussian soldiers doing there? Had they come to spy out the land and the city in preparation for an invasion? Was there a stray Prince or Duke among them who wanted to marry the Grand Duchess? The music was over. These *Kriegs-Herren* had better go home at once—at once, did they understand?" Yes, they understood, and they went by the next train, which took them to Trier in an hour.

It was a very trivial affair. But it seemed to throw some light on the mentality of the German army. It also made me reflect upon the state of mind of this little unarmed country living next door to the big military machine and directly on the open way to France. Yet we all laughed and joked about the incident on the way back to Holland in the train. Only the French, German, Italian, and Belgian ministers were not with us, for these countries have separate missions in Luxembourg.

At The Hague everything pursued its tranquil course as usual. Golf set in. The tulips bloomed in a sea of splendor. I strove at the footless task of promoting the third peace conference. It was not until the season of Pentecost, 1914, that I went to Luxembourg again, intending to gather material for a report on the flourishing steel industry there, which had developed some new processes, and to get a little trout-fishing on the side. During that pleasant journey two things happened which opened my eyes.

The first was at a luncheon which Prime Minister Eyschen gave me. It was a friendly foursome: our genial host; the German Minister, Von B.; the French Minister, M.; and myself. Mr. Eyschen's wine-cellar was famous, and his old Luxembourg cook was a wonder; she served a repast which made us linger at table for three hours. The conversation rambled everywhere, and there were no chains or padlocks on it. It was in French, English, and German, but mostly in French. One remark has stuck in my memory ever since. Mr. Eyschen said to me: "You have heard of the famous '*Luxembourger Loch*'? It is the easiest military road between Germany and France." Then he continued with great good humor to the two gentlemen at the ends of the table: "Perhaps one of your two countries may march an army through it before long, and we certainly cannot stop you." Then he turned to Herr von B., still smiling: "Most likely it will be your country, *Excellenz!* But please remember, for the last ten years we have made our mining concessions and contracts so that they will hold, whatever happens. And we have spent the greatest part of our national income on our roads. You can't roll them up and carry them off in your pocket!" Of course we all laughed. But it was serious. Two months later the French minister had to make a quick and quiet flight along one of those very roads.

A couple of days after the luncheon, at the beginning of June, I saw a curious confirmation of Eyschen's hint. Having gone just over the German border for a bit of angling, I was following a very lovely little river full of trout and grayling. With me were two or three Luxembourgers and as many Germans, to whom fishing with the fly—fine and far off—was a new and curious sight. Along the east bank of the stream ran one of the strategic railways of Germany, from Köln to Trier. All day long innumerable

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trains rolled southward along that line, and every train was packed with soldiers in field-gray—their cheerful, stolid bullet-heads stuck out of all the windows. "Why so many soldiers," I asked, "and where are they all going?" "Ach!" replied my German companions, "it is *Pfingstferien* (Pentecost vacation), and they are sent a changing of scene and air to get." My Luxembourg friends laughed. "Yes, yes," they said. "That is it. Trier has a splendid climate for soldiers. The situation is *kollossal* for that!"

When we passed through the hot and dusty little city it was simply swarming with the field-gray ones—thousands upon thousands of them—new barracks everywhere; parks of artillery; mountains of munitions and military stores. It was a veritable base of operation, ready for war.

Now the point is that Trier is just seven miles from Wasserbillig on the Luxembourg frontier, the place where the armed German forces entered the neutral land on August 2, 1914.

The government and the "grande armée" of the Grand Duchess protested. But—well, did you ever see a wren resist an eagle? The motor-van (not the private car of Her Royal Highness, as rumor has said, but just an ordinary *panier-à-salade*), which was drawn up across the road to the capital, was rolled into the ditch. The mighty host of invaders, having long been ready, marched triumphantly into the dismantled fortress, and along their smooth, unlawful way to France. I had caught, in June, angling along the little river, a passing glimpse of the preparation for that march.

But what about things on the French side of the border in that same week of June, 1914? Well, I can only tell what I saw. Returning to Holland by way of Paris, I saw no soldiers in the trains, only a few scattered members of the local garrisons at the railway stations, not a man in arms within ten kilometres of the frontier. It seemed as if France slept quietly at the southern edge of Luxembourg, believing that the solemn treaty, which had made Germany respect the neutrality of that little land even in the war of 1870, still held good to safeguard her from a treacherous attack in the rear, through a peaceful neighbor's garden. Longwy—the poor, old-fashioned fortress in the northeast corner of France—had hardly enough guns for a big rabbit-shoot, and hardly enough garrison to man the guns. The conquering Crown Prince afterward took it almost as easily as a boy steals an apple from an unprotected orchard. It was the first star in his diadem of glory. But Verdun, though near by, was not the second.

From this little journey I went home to The Hague with the clear conviction that one nation in Europe was ready for war, and wanted war, and intended war on the first convenient opportunity. But when would that be? Not even the most truculent government could well venture a bald declaration of hostilities without some plausible pretext, some ostensible ground of quarrel. Where was it? There was none in sight. Of course the danger of a homicidal crisis in the insanity of armaments was always there. And of course the ambition of Germany for "a place in the sun" was as coldly fierce as ever. The Pan-Germanists were impatient. But they could hardly proclaim war without saying what place and *whose* place they wanted. Nor was there any particular grievance on which they could stand as a colorable ground of armed conflict. The Kaiser had prepared for war, no doubt. The argument and justification of war as the means of spreading the German *Kultur* were in the Potsdam mind. But the concrete and definite occasion of war was lacking. How long would that lack hold off the storm? Could the precarious peace be maintained until measures to enforce and protect it by common consent could be taken?

These questions were answered with dreadful suddenness. The curtain which had half-concealed the scene went up with a rush, and the missing occasion of war was revealed in the flash of a pistol.

IV

On June 28, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir apparent to the Austro-Hungarian crowns, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenburg, were shot to

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death in the street at Serajevo, the capital of the annexed provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, to which they were paying a visit of ceremony. The news of this murder filled all thoughtful people in Europe with horror and dismay. It was a dark and sinister crime. The Crown Prince and his wife had not been *personæ gratæ* with the Viennese court, but the brutal manner of their taking off aroused the anger of the people. Vengeance was called for. The two wretched murderers were Austrian subjects, but they were Servian sympathizers, and in some kind of connection with a society called *Narodna Obrana*, whose avowed object was to work for a "Greater Servia," including the southern Slavic provinces of Austria. The government of Austria-Hungary, having conducted a secret inquiry, declared that it had proofs that the instructions and the weapons for the crime came from Servia. On the other hand, it has not been denied that the Servian Minister at Vienna had conveyed a warning to the government there, a week before the ceremonial visit to Serajevo, to the effect that it would be wise to give the visit up, as there were grounds for believing that an assassination had been planned. We knew little or nothing of all this at the time, in The Hague. Anxiously we waited for light under the black cloud. It came like lightning in the Austro-Hungarian note to Servia of July 23, 1914.

It was made public the next day. I remember coming home that evening from a motor-drive through the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee. Taking up the newspaper in the quiet library, I read the note. The paper dropped from my hand, and I said to my son: "That means an immense war. God knows how far it will go and how long it will last."

This Austrian ultimatum was so severe in matter and in manner as to justify the comment of Sir Edward Grey: "Never have I seen one state address to another independent state a document of so formidable a character." It not only dictated a public confession of guilt; it also made a series of ten sweeping demands on Servia, one of which (No. 5) seemed to imply a surrender of independent sovereignty; and it allowed only forty-eight hours for an unqualified, complete acceptance.

Russia promptly declared that she would not object to the punishment of Servians for any proved offense, but that she must defend the territorial integrity and independence of Servia. Italy and France suggested an extension of time for the answer. France and Russia advised Servia to make a *general* acceptance of the ultimatum. She did so in her reply of the 25th, reserving demand No. 5, which she said she did not understand, and offering to submit that point, or the whole matter, to the tribunal at The Hague. Austria had instructed her minister at Belgrade to reject anything but a categorical submission to the ultimatum. When the Servian reply was handed to him he said that it was not good enough, demanded his passports, and left the capital within half an hour. Germany, vowing that she had no knowledge of the text of the Austrian note before it was presented and had not influenced its contents (which seems incredible, as I shall show later), nevertheless announced that she approved and would support it.

Verily this was "miching mallecho," as Hamlet says. It meant mischief. Austria was inflexible in her purpose to make war on Servia. Russia's warning that in such a case she could not stand aside and see a kindred small nation subjugated, and her appeals for arbitration or four-power mediation, which Great Britain, France, and Italy supported, were disregarded. Behind Austria stood Germany, proud, menacing, armed to the teeth, ready for attack, supporting if not instigating the relentless Austrian purpose. Something vast and very evil was impending over the world.

That was our conviction at The Hague in the fateful week from July 24 to August 1, 1914. We who stood outside the secret councils of the Central Powers were both bewildered and dismayed. Could it be that Europe of the twentieth century was to be thrust back into the ancient barbarism of a general war? It was like a dreadful nightmare. There was the head of the huge dragon, crested, fanged, clad in glittering scales, poised above the world and ready to strike. We were benumbed and terrified. There was noth-

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ing that we could do. The monstrous thing advanced, but even while we shuddered we could not make ourselves feel that it was real. It had the vagueness and the horrid pressure of a bad dream.

If it seemed dreamlike to us, so near at hand, how could the people in America, three thousand miles away, feel its reality or grasp its meaning? They could not do it then, and many of them have not done it yet.

But we who were on the other side of the sea were suddenly and rudely awakened to know that the bad dream was all too real. On July 28 Austria declared war on Servia. On the 29th Russia ordered a partial mobilization of troops on the Austrian frontier. On the 30th the Austrian troops entered Servia and bombarded Belgrade. On the 31st Austria and Russia ordered a general mobilization.

Then Germany, already coiled, struck. On August 1 Germany declared war on Russia. On the 2d Germany invaded Luxembourg and France. On the 3d Germany declared war on France. On the 4th Germany invaded Belgium, in violation of her solemn treaty. On the 6th Great Britain, having given warning to the Kaiser that she meant to keep her promise to protect the neutrality of Belgium, formally accepted a state of war with Germany, the invader.

So the storm-signs, foreshadowed in fair weather, were fulfilled in tempest, more vast and cruel than the world had ever known.

The Barabbas of war was preferred to the Christ of righteous judgment.

The hope of an enduring peace through justice receded and grew dim. We knew that it could not be rekindled until the ruthless military power of Germany, that had denied and rejected it, was defeated and brought to repentance.

Thus those who loved true peace—peace with equal security for small and great nations, peace with law protecting the liberties of the people, peace with power to defend itself against assault—were forced to fight for it or give it up forever.

SYLVANORA,
July 19, 1917.

[Dr. van Dyke's second article, "The Were-Wolf is Out," in the October number.]

TO THE BELOVED OF ONE DEAD

By Arthur Davison Ficke

THE sunlight shall not easily seem fair
To you again,
Knowing the hand that once amid your hair
Did stray so maddeningly
Now listlessly
Is beaten into mire by summer rain.

The spirit has its sanctities in death—
But the bright clay
Knows naught of recompense. And the swift breath
That in some darkened place
Once swept your face—
What shall sublime that memory away?

He died amid the thunders of great war;
His glory cries
Even now across the lands; perhaps his star
Shall shine forever. . . .
But for you, never
His wild white body and his thirsting eyes.

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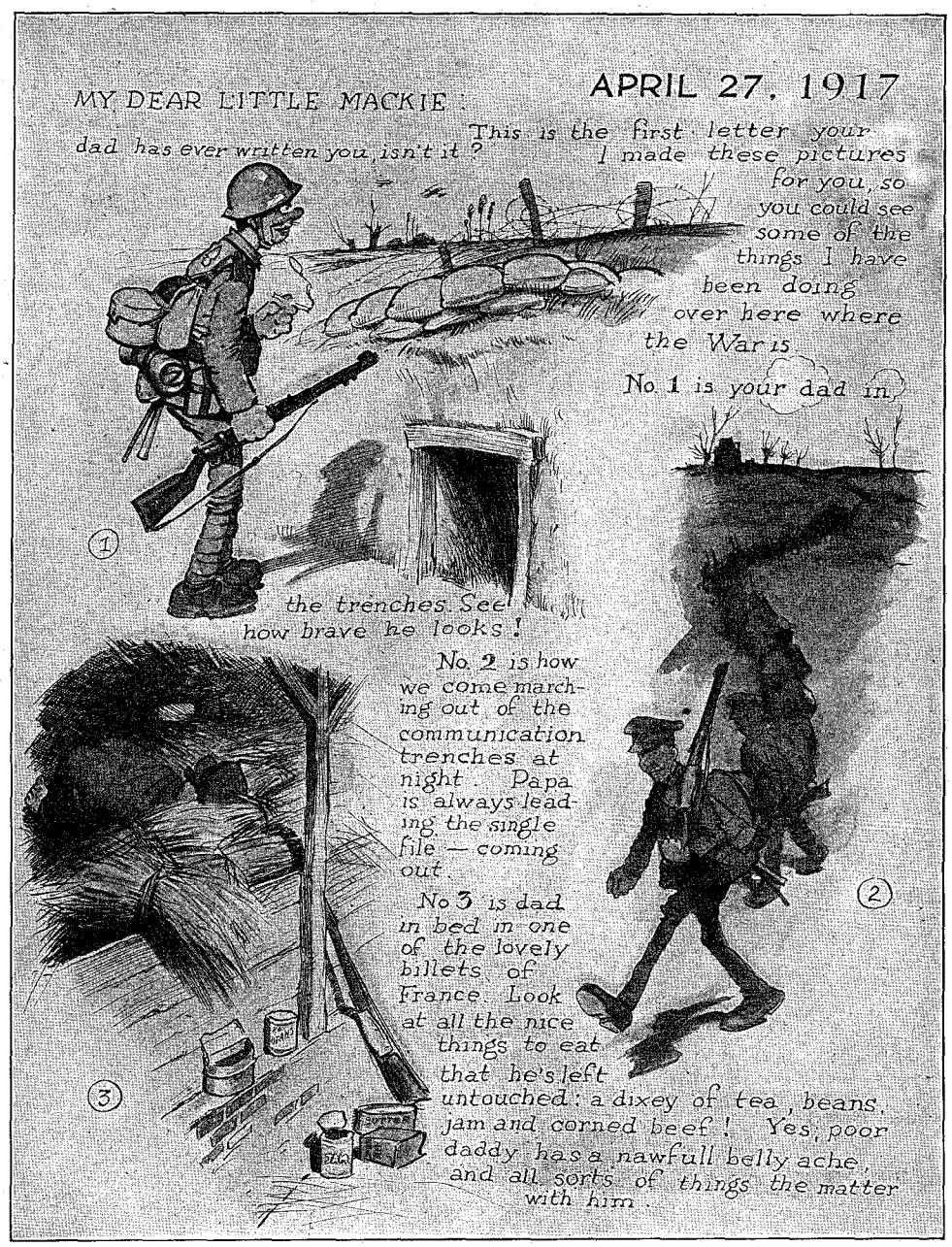
MY DEAR LITTLE MACKIE :
APRIL 27. 1917
This is the first letter your dad has ever written you, isn't it ? I made these pictures for you, so you could see some of the things I have been doing over here where the War is
No 1 is your dad in the trenches. See! how brave he looks!
No 2 is how we come marching out of the communication trenches at night. Papa is always leading the single file — coming out.
No 3 is dad in bed in one of the lovely billets of France. Look at all the nice things to eat that he's left untouched: a dixey of tea, beans, jam and corned beef! Yes, poor daddy has a nawfull belly ache, and all sorts of things the matter with him
1
2
3

THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATED LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY A SOLDIER-ARTIST WHO WORKED HIS PASSAGE

The following letter was written just before the artist was wounded and sent back to the base hospital:

". . . Just a bit of a note to tell you where I am. I have been 'up the Line' for the past few days; and its rather nice, too. There's a thundering big battle raging not far from here, and last night and three nights ago, we were within less than a mile of it, on a working party.

"I am sure that when the World was Created, the spectacle was nothing compared to what I saw, and heard, these two nights.

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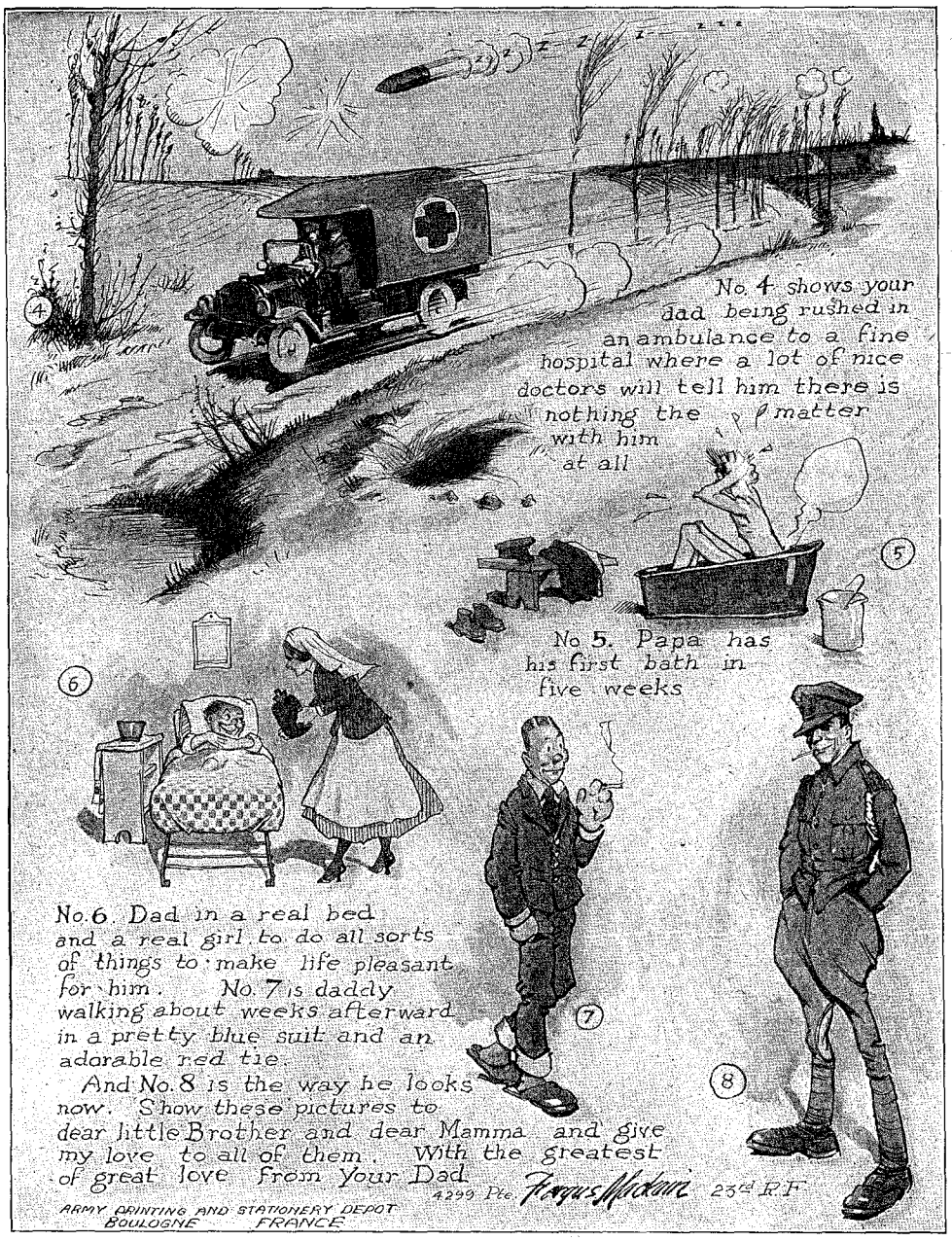
No. 4 shows your dad being rushed in an ambulance to a fine hospital where a lot of nice doctors will tell him there is nothing the matter with him at all
No. 5. Papa has his first bath in five weeks
No. 6. Dad in a real bed and a real girl to do all sorts of things to make life pleasant for him. No. 7 is daddy walking about weeks afterward in a pretty blue suit and an adorable red tie.
And No. 8 is the way he looks now. Show these pictures to dear little Brother and dear Mamma and give my love to all of them. With the greatest of great love from your Dad
4299 Pte. Angus Mackay 25th R.F.
ARMY PRINTING AND STATIONERY DEPOT BOULOGNE FRANCE

TO ENGLAND ON A HORSE-TRANSPORT AND ENLISTED IN LONDON AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

"There's nothing to frighten a fellow—it's all far too big and splendid for that. I wish you could experience it for a few minutes. This Man-made storm surpasses Nature's feeble efforts to such an extent you would laugh at anything she does in the way of a disturbance afterward, I fancy.

"As I mentioned in my last letter, I expect to return to England shortly—if I don't go to Heaven, or some other place, before.

"How are you and the boys? Write me at the following address.....

"You see, of course, I'm now out of the 30th and in the 23rd. 'B. E. F.' means, as I suppose you know, British Expeditionary Force. . . ."

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GOLDEN FRAGMENTS

By George E. Woodberry

"THOU CREATIVE SILENCE STRANGE!"

HATH the lily breathed to the root
  What stars from it shall shoot?
What bloom life hath in its fragrant hour,
  Hath the seed told the flower?
Hath the dark whispered to the sun
  What heaven shall be when day is done?—
Thou Creative Silence strange,
  Dumbly bear us, change through change!

THE EBB

Like echoing cliffs above my blood
My senses are; with passion roars
The ear, eyes darken,—life's abud!
But when love ebbs,—Ægean shores
Sorrow not so when the sea's flood
Back on the sea's heart pours.

THE CHEAT

When my tiny hands would hold
Sticks and straw, they turned to gold.
Life reverses fairy law,
The wealth I hold turns sticks and straw.
'Tis a cheat, whichever way,
Boy or man, with gold we play.

VALE!

Rear who will a marble pile!
  Of death I know but this:
No rising sun gives back thy smile,
  No darkness yields thy kiss.

THE STATUE

All flawed in beauty, shorn of fate,
  Deep droops yon statue, sad at heart;
Some Greek isle hides his lovely mate,
  And robs his form of perfect art.

THE ONYX

Love, the sexton, from the sod
  Gave me this onyx; prize it, you;
A carven Eros, graved "Adieu!"—
  Who breaks the image, finds the god.

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HARPOONING DEVILFISH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL J. COLES

AT the end of July, 1908, Mr. Russell Jordan Coles, by vocation a tobacco-dealer of Danville, Virginia, and by avocation a sportsman and field naturalist—especially an ichthyologist—was at Cape Lookout, North Carolina. A heavy gale blew up and several vessels were partly wrecked. The life-saving crew of the Cape Lookout Station, although hampered by an antiquated and outworn equipment, did everything possible to save them. However, despite their gallantry and efforts, one of the vessels—the *John Swann*—would have been abandoned and have become a wreck had not Coles been in the harbor. He was aboard his hired boat, and he called for volunteers and put out to the rescue. The captain and owner of the boat, Charles Willis, and five other men accompanied him. They were able to rescue the vessel after a very exhausting and dangerous struggle.

Coles was much impressed by the poorness of the equipment of the life-saving station and the neglect with which it had been treated by the government—unfortunately the life-saving service, of which there is nothing an American should feel more proud, has little political influence and is sometimes shamefully overlooked. Coles found that the senators and congressmen of the neighborhood had been either indifferent to, or unable to help in, the matter. He announced that he would write to the President direct. Everybody assured him that his letter would receive no attention; but, having been accustomed to dealing with the dangerous game of the sea, he was not much afraid of politicians on land, and he wrote direct to the President forthwith. Within less than a week he received a communication from the President that he had taken up the matter. In the same mail came a communication from the general superintendent of the life-saving service stating that he had been directed to see that the shortcomings were at once made good. Within sixty days the shortcomings *were* made good; and the devoted, uncomplaining, stalwart men of the life-saving station, who so willingly risked their lives in the performance of their duty, were, thanks to Coles, given the equipment necessary to put their efforts on the highest plane of efficiency.

I was the President in question. The incident passed wholly from my mind. Early in the fall of 1916 I came across Coles's account of his extraordinary experiences in securing with harpoon and lance the big manta, or devilfish, of the Gulf and South Atlantic, for the American Museum. Killing devilfish with the harpoon and the lance had always appealed to me as a fascinating sport, since as a boy I had read Elliott's account of it in his "Field Sports of South Carolina"; but nothing I had ever read approached in excitement and scientific interest Coles's really noteworthy article. He was evidently a man who, in addition to being a successful hunter of the big game of the sea, was also engrossed in their study from the standpoint of the biologist. I entered into correspondence with him. He remembered the life-saving incident which I had forgotten. The result was an invitation to me to come down the following spring for a month's work with the harpoon and the lance off the coast of southwestern Florida.

At the last moment the German submarine campaign stirred our dulled national conscience to the point of rendering necessary a special session of Congress on April 2. I was not willing to be absent when Congress assembled, and as this would cut down the trip to a week I notified Coles that it was not worth while going. But Coles telegraphed in response that his arrangements were such that he was confident that we could make our trip successful in a week. Later he told me

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that if I would come as agreed—leaving New York on March 23—by "thirty-five minutes of nine" (as he phrased it) on Monday the 26th I would have killed my devilfish. I did not believe that his optimism could be warranted. But it *was* warranted; being based on a first-hand field familiarity with the habits of the big game of the sea which we were after, and by his justified belief in the thoroughgoing nature of the preparations that he had made, and in the efficiency of the trained men upon whom he relied and whom he had brought together for the expedition. It is really an extraordinary thing; but exactly six minutes before the precise minute he had prophesied I struck the death-blow with the spade-lance into my first devilfish, after having harpooned it eleven minutes before. Fifty minutes later I struck, and killed in twenty-six minutes, a larger devilfish—indeed a devilfish of a size which two years before scientists believed to be non-existent, and second only to the largest of which we have authenic record—that killed by Coles two years previously and now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

We reached Punta Gorda, Florida, at midday of March 25, 1917. That afternoon we boarded one of the Punta Gorda Fish Company's small steamboats and went down through bays and sounds to where, off the eastern side of Captiva Island, we found our camp. It was afloat, consisting of a one-room house aboard a flat scow. The boat was about fifty feet by twenty, the house occupying all except a small space at the stern and another small space at the bow. We bunked, cooked, and lived comfortably in the one room. Our party consisted of seven, all told: Coles, myself, Coles's private secretary A. A. Rice from Danville, and the four veteran companions of his previous expeditions who were to help us in actual chase of the devilfish.

These four men, who composed the actual crew, were Americans of a kind that we like to regard as typical—the type welcome to the soul that has become heart-sick over the moral degeneracy implied in the decadent sentimentality of professional pacifism and the revolting and sordid grossness of its ally materialism. All four were professional fishermen, averaging fifty years of age. They were alert, weather-beaten men who all their lives long had wrought their livelihood by hard and hazardous labor on the sea. They were quiet, hard-working, self-reliant, utterly fearless. They had been trained by Coles until they were as letter-perfect in harpooning devilfish as in working their light craft in a gale. Three came from North Carolina, being natives of Morehead City. Of these, tall Captain Charley Willis had been Coles's boat companion for twelve years, was equally at home with sails and a gasolene-engine, and was a natural leader of men. He was a skilled two-handed harpooner. Little Roland Phillips had worked in Charley's crew for nearly thirty years as second in command. He was as hard as iron and as quick as a cat, a skilled two-handed harpooner and an extraordinary lookout. Nothing on the surface of the sea escaped his eyes. He interpreted with instant sureness every swirl or stain on the water and every dim shadow beneath it. Tall, silent Mart Lewis had served under Charley for some fifteen years; he was fisherman, engineer, cook—a first-class all-around man.

Mart had orginally been trained in seamanship under the fourth member of our crew, Captain Jack McCann, who was born on the south Florida keys. He was a little man, quiet-mannered and steel-eyed, whose reputation was that of being gentle with all well-behaved people and dangerous to all others. For over thirty years he has fished along the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts, usually beginning the season with a crew of raw men and boys whom at the end of the season he has turned into finished fishermen. There are hundreds of high-class native fishermen scattered along a thousand miles of coast-line who owe their original training to Captain Jack. At least half of the men whom Coles has had in his crews at Morehead City during the last twenty years were trained by Captain Jack. In addition to being a veteran professional fisherman he possessed an excellent working knowledge of the botany and conchology of south Florida, always mentioning the different plants and shellfish by their scientific names. Fish he

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looked upon as a purely commercial proposition, but he was a keen and accurate observer, and was able to give information of value about the life histories of the creatures of the deep.

It would not have been possible to find four better men for their work, nor four better companions, from every standpoint, for an outing of this character.

The Devilfishers (successors to the Buccaneers).

Standing, left to right: Mart Lewis, Capt. Jack McCann, Capt. Charley Willis, Roland Phillips, Gus Rice.
Seated, left to right: Colonel Roosevelt, Russell J. Coles.

The morning after we arrived the cook was stirring at dawn. Soon after sunrise we started in the heavy launch for the devilfish ground. Roland stood forward as lookout, Captain Jack steered, Charley was working on the harpoons, Mart ran the engine, while Coles and I had nothing to do until we sighted the devilfish. We were all dressed alike, for rough work in warm weather—thin, durable blue shirts and trousers, and broad-brimmed cabbage-palm hats.

We had a half-dozen harpoons with us. (By the way, "harpoon" is a term not used by those who use the weapon itself—it is called the "iron.") The harpoon consists of a wooden handle about eight feet long, the head being of the finest steel, with a long shank of very soft malleable iron. The head, or "shackle-iron," is fastened to the end of the iron shank by a fine steel pin on which it pivots freely; being kept in place during the thrust by a wooden pin the size of a match thrust through a small hole, and fastening the rear of the steel head to the iron shank. When thrust into as huge and tough a creature as the devilfish the harpoon, if properly hurled, drives deep into the body; the plunge of the stricken monster puts such a strain on the barbed head as to break the wooden pin; and the whole head, which is eight inches long, pivots

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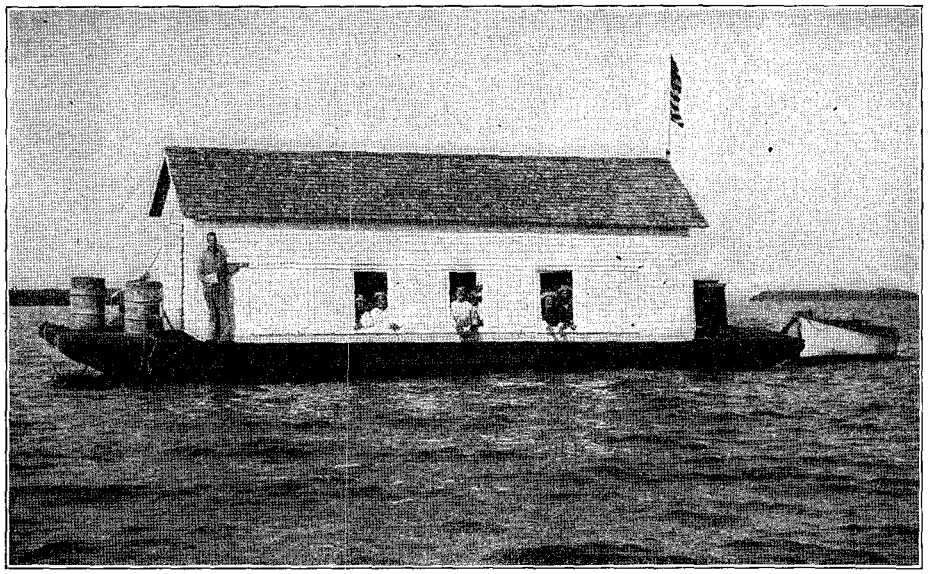

Our floating camp.

until it is transverse to the shank, when, of course, it will endure a tremendous strain before drawing out. The rush of the fish bends the tough, malleable iron shank, which is loosely fixed to the handle by a rope. The handle usually comes loose during the fight and as a matter of fact is often smashed. The rope may be run through a groove (or with a thoroughly trained crew through the bow-ring), or it may have at its end a drogue, which is tossed overboard. This drogue consists of a thick, square board, with a stick through the middle, to one end of which the rope is attached, so that the flat board offers the maximum resistance to the water. Dragged at the end of a thirty or forty foot rope the drogue so hampers and retards the quarry that after a while it can be picked up. For the killing a lance is the weapon. Of lances we had in the launch three, one of which was an ordinary whale-lance, which we did not use, and the others spade-lances made for Coles, on his design, by a New Bedford whaling-smith, who also made his irons for him.

Excepting myself every man aboard the boat was a veteran, knowing exactly what to do and how to do it, never getting flustered and meeting every emergency with cool readiness. To men of experience it is hardly necessary to say that in this type of expedition there is almost as much need of efficient preparedness in advance as there is in war itself. There is, of course, a big element of luck; but this element is minimized if the organizer of the expedition knows by long field study the habits of the dangerous game of the sea, if he has organized and trained a group of hardy, fearless, and resourceful men for the actual work of the chase and the fight, and if he has provided in advance for those details—in weapons and in management—which it is so easy to overlook.

Our floating camp was moored on the eastern side of long, narrow Captiva Island, directly west of which lies the Mexican Gulf. There is only a little tide here—about eighteen inches or so—but this is quite enough in the shoal waters of the bays to make a real difference in ease of navigation. Our motor-boat chugged southward through a narrow, winding passage between bright-green banks. Palmettos, and graceful cocoanut-palms with fronds which waved ceaselessly, broke the thick growth of the mangroves which came down into the water. The number and tameness of the big birds showed what protection has done for the bird life of Florida of recent years. The plumed

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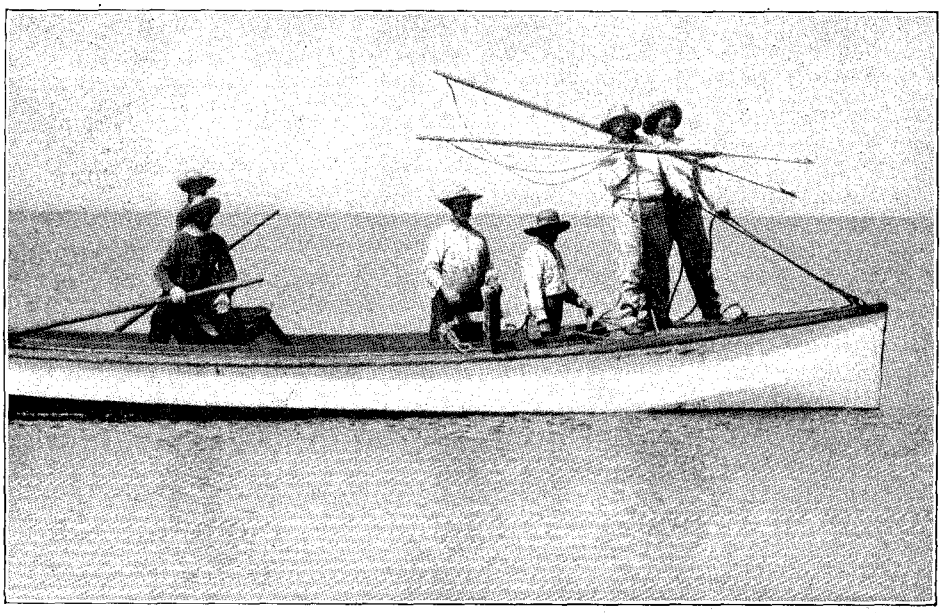
lesser blue herons, and more rarely the great blue heron and the lovely plumed white egret, perched in the trees or flapped across ahead of the boat. Shore birds ran along the beaches. Parties of big terns bleated and creaked as they flew overhead. Once or twice we saw parties of small gulls with black bills. But much the most noticeable birds were the pelicans. They swam in midstream, they stood in flocks on the sand-bars, and they perched on the dead snags. They seemed to be abroad at all hours of the day and night. Parties of them flew by with their necks folded back like herons, not stretched out like cranes; they would all beat their wings regularly for several seconds and then for several seconds glide with their wings motionless. They showed little fear and often swam by the boat within easy gunshot; and their size and quaint ungainliness and distinctive individuality made them features of real attraction in the landscape.

Oysters grew in clusters on the rope-like branch-roots of the mangrove—these queer, water-loving trees send down pendent streamers from the branches which touch the water and then take root in the mud beneath. The mangroves are peculiar in more than one way; for, unlike most water-loving trees, their wood is hard and dense and not only makes excellent fuel but can be left under water for long periods without impairing its usefulness for the fire.

Here and there we passed houses where the forest had been cleared, and the saw-palm—the sabal palm—grubbed out of the soil, and plantations of oranges and grapefruit grown. When we walked through them the air was heavy with the fragrance of their blossoms. Interspersed among them were other fruits even more typically tropical—the sapodilla, the pawpaw, limes, and rough lemons. One house was picturesque. It stood at the water's edge behind a great Florida fig-tree, while to one side stretched a row of the beautiful ever-fruitful cocoanut-palms, the palms that bear all the year round.

Through these scenes, delightful in their strangeness and in their beauty, the boat went forward until we struck the main channel, Boca Ciego, the "hidden mouth." It is thus called because where it enters the Gulf the opening can hardly be made out from a distance of half a mile; for the sandy southern point of Captiva Island overlaps the end of its eastern neighbor Sanibel Island. Locally



Ready for the start.

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this is known as Blind Pass; the name Boca Ciego is a survival from the days of the pirates of the Spanish Main.

Out from Blind Pass went the launch, jumping in the short rollers on the bar and then turning northward into the wind-rippled Mexican Gulf. The breeze was light, the sky was glorious overhead, and as the sun rose higher the white radiance was blinding. The tepid waters teemed with life. The dark shadowlike places on the surface marked where schools of fish swam underneath; and to the trained eyes of the professional fishermen in our boat differences that were to me utterly indistinguishable, differences that I could not see even when pointed out, enabled them to tell the species of the fish beneath. Pompano, the most delicious of all food fishes, skipped like silver flashes through the air. Here and there porpoises rolled by.

Suddenly Roland, standing on the bow, pointed ahead, and immediately afterward the rest of us also saw the devilfish. It was half a mile off, swimming rather slowly through the water, so near the surface that now and then its glistening black mass appeared for a moment above. The huge batlike wings flapped steadily; occasionally the point of one was thrust into the air. Roland slipped back and I clambered up in his place, while Coles stood beside me, each of us with a harpoon. I was to throw the harpoon to which the drogue was attached, he the harpoon to which the rope led out through the bow-ring. We stood on the balls of our feet with our knees flexed, taking the movement of the boat. The harpoon was poised in my right hand, which also held a single loop of the rope. Before making the cast I glanced down to see that the rope was not entangled in my feet and would run overboard freely. I steadied myself by gripping the painter, so that I could exert all my strength when I used the harpoon; for I threw with one hand, although the ordinary practice, and doubtless ordinarily the best practice, is to hurl with both hands.

However, this particular devilfish was not destined to be mine. He was travelling rather fast, about four feet under

Harpoon, drogue, and spade-lance.

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Under the cocoanut-palms, near the Boca Ciego.

water, coming toward us. I missed him—darting behind him—not having allowed for the speed with which the boat and the fish were travelling in opposite directions. Of course, a skilled harpooner would have hit him.

There was scant time to mourn, however, for it soon became evident that we had struck a lucky day. We saw four or five of the great sea brutes on the surface ahead and to one side of us. These were not travelling; they were lying or moving slowly, almost on top of the water, occasionally throwing one wing above it. First rapidly and then slowly the launch surged through the light waves toward one of the strange water monsters—the survivors of a long-vanished elder world, for these devilfish belong among the fishes which at one time, a myriad ages ago, in the dim and shrouded earliest Mesozoic past, were the highest forms of life on the globe.

The black bulk of the manta was a couple of feet below the surface. It was swimming slowly away as the launch, its bow gently rising and falling, came within striking distance. "Iron him, colonel," said Captain Charley. This time I threw true, the iron going deep into the middle of the great body; and instantly afterward Coles fastened it with another iron, calling aloud that the time was just eight minutes past eight. With a tremendous flurry and a great gush of dark blood the devilfish plunged below and ahead, the drogue spinning along behind him, while the rope of the other harpoon ran like lightning through the ring. Our launch was heavy and the drogue by itself was a terribly hampering obstacle; yet the big fish towed us half a mile to windward before we began to haul in on him. Then we got the drogue aboard and with the two ropes we speedily brought him up near enough the bow for me to dart the big spade-headed lance into him; and the death flurry began as I struck him the second time with the lance. Everything had been quiet and businesslike up to this moment, but as the great fish was drawn alongside and securely gaffed we shouted with exultation and Coles called out that the time was "eight nineteen." The fight had only lasted eleven minutes. Yet it was remarkable that it should have lasted as long, for, as we afterward found, my first harpoon had been driven into the body two feet and four inches, through tough hide, flesh, and bone, and had

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passed through the upper part of the heart. The iron had been bent into a complete semicircle by the furious struggles of the mortally wounded fish.

Our prize was an adult male of fair but not extraordinary size. One of the others around while it careened heavily, and towed us briskly out to sea against the wind. Although the blood left a dark wake, it swam very strongly and some minutes elapsed before we got the drogue inboard. It was lucky we did so, for

The dead devilfish, lance, lily-iron, and drogue.

we had seen seemed larger, and we wished to get after it as soon as possible. Accordingly we headed the launch for the beach half a mile away, shoving our dead quarry before us. As soon as we reached the beach we jumped overboard, hauled the devilfish far enough up to be confident that it would not be swept away by the tide, pushed off again, and ten minutes afterward were in sight of another devilfish.

This was a bigger one. It was swimming head on toward the boat, two or three feet below the water. The grotesque black form flapped slowly, the horns were thrust forward; I struck it in the centre of the body almost in the exact spot that I had struck the first, and was drenched by the volume of water cast up by the great wing fins. Coles also made fast and the fish ran off sideways, pulled the boat shortly afterward Coles's iron pulled out. We now had only one iron in; so, bringing the rope home, we brought the boat close enough up to the monstrous creature for me to iron it again. This time the flurry was tremendous and we were drenched with water. We were in a heavy thirty-foot, five-ton launch; yet the devilfish, passing under us and rising, lifted the stern a foot or more upward, and then, sounding, pulled the bow a couple of feet down; and for some little time it actually hauled the launch backward. Then it came to the surface again and towed us in a long three-quarter circle. We began to haul in on both ropes. At last it was near enough for me to dart the lance. As the wicked spade-head drove into its life the huge fish flapped and splashed with such vigor for a few seconds that I drove the lance into it twice again.

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Then its struggles ceased and once more we yelled as we brought the great carcass alongside for the gaff. The fight had lasted twenty-six minutes and the devilfish had towed us over two miles, and had left throughout the entire two miles a broad wake of blood. There had been no hitch in the handling of the ropes, which is one of the danger-points in such a fight.

"Iron him, colonel."—Page 299.

This devilfish was a female, although much larger than the male. We drew both together up on the beach. The first had a breadth of thirteen feet two inches from tip to tip and the second a breadth of sixteen feet eight inches—flat measurements—not taken across the curve of the body. As far as I know, Coles's devilfish, now mounted in the American Museum of Natural History, which was eighteen feet two inches from tip to tip, is the only captured individual of which we have authenic record that was larger. Doubtless larger ones have been captured, and there may be records of which I do not know. There are certainly devilfish with considerably more than twenty feet spread; but we have hitherto no authenic record of the capture of one of these exceptionally large animals.

The stomachs of these devilfish contained such completely digested liquid animal remains that we were unable to determine what they had been feeding on. This was a real disappointment, as there

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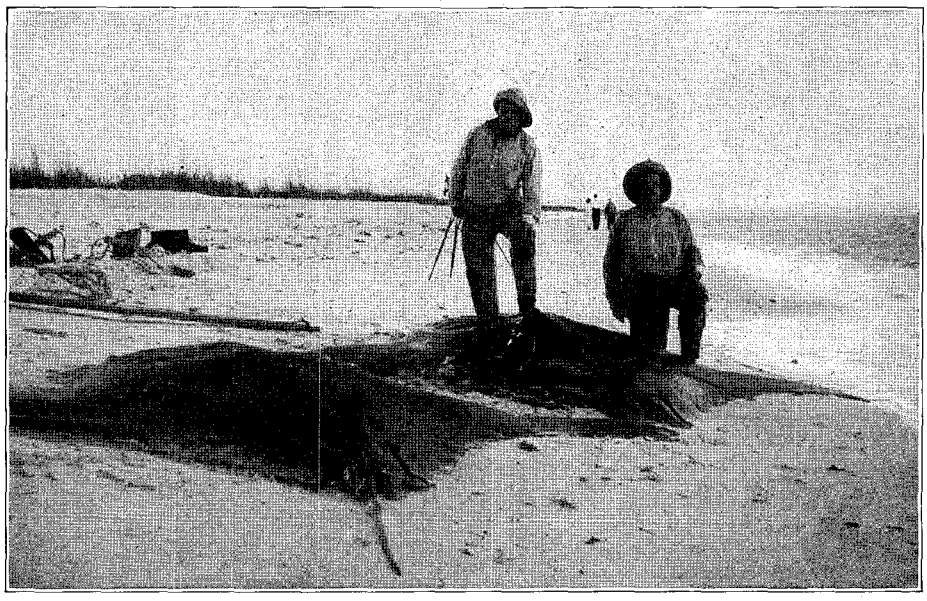
has been much discussion about the food of the big creatures. On the first devilfish were half a dozen small remora, from ten to fourteen inches long. They were slim, striped, active fish, which attached themselves to the body of their huge host by the flat, oval sucking cusp on top of the head. These fish similarly attach themselves to sharks, sawfishes, and turtles, offering as curious an example of parasitism as is found among vertebrates.

There were still devilfish in sight, lying on the surface of the water and offering chances such as Coles said he had never in all his previous experience witnessed. However, I did not care to kill any more of the huge, rare creatures. I much regretted that the two which were drawn up on the beach could not have been saved for scientific purposes, as they were unusually perfect specimens, both male and female, and as there is in the museums of the world but one specimen—the one killed by Coles previously mentioned—which is larger than my largest. We had offered the National Museum at Washington to get them not only specimens of this great devilfish but also of anything else that we obtained on the expedition, if they would send a taxidermist with us. But they notified us that they were unable to accept the offer. Therefore we did not make the full collections we otherwise would have made.

On a subsequent day—to settle some questions which we had been discussing—we decided to kill another manta; but our experiences this day made us realize how fortunate we had been on our first day.



The two devilfish.

We did not decide to attempt the capture of the devilfish until so late that we lacked our full equipment of harpoons in the launch. The water was rather rough. We saw only one rather small devilfish, which was travelling fast; we lost sight of it on two or three occasions, and had a long chase before we finally overtook it. After first missing it I succeeded in ironing it; whereupon it jumped partly out of the water, making an awkward, sidewise, whirling leap, with a tremendous splash. Two-thirds of its body appeared above the surface. After letting it tow us for a quarter of an hour I hauled in on the rope until it was close up to the boat. We ought to have ironed it again; but there were no harpoons ready; and with a sudden twist and jerk my iron tore loose, although it was firmly fixed. The devilfish

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lay for a couple of minutes not far away before it once more started off at speed, its wings flopping so that it looked as if it was flying through the water instead of swimming in conventional fish fashion. On overtaking it again Roland ironed it. He struck two-handed with such force that not only all the iron but a foot of the wooden pole entered the devilfish just back of the brain. The fish made a tremendous flurry, smashing into the boat with sufficient force to have wrecked a smaller launch, and then passed astern. The rope did not play out freely, and as the boat had not lost its headway and was forging onward when the strain came, just as the devilfish was astern of us, this iron also pulled out. When it did so it must have inflicted a mortal wound, probably severing the backbone, for the fish sank. As it never again appeared, it doubtless lay dead at the bottom.

We had paid the proper penalty for not having prepared in advance. This devilfish was considerably smaller than either of the ones we had killed the previous day. But on the previous day we had prepared, and had safeguarded ourselves in advance against every untoward chance; whereas with this smaller devilfish we had shown a lack of forethought in preparation rather painfully suggestive of the national attitude in dealing with more serious enemies than devilfish.

The first two fish had been ironed at the beginning in a vital spot, so that they did not show the formidable fighting powers which these fish so often do show when the first iron does not itself weaken their vital force. If either of them had been ironed farther away from the vitals, and had then been treated as carelessly as we treated the last one, we should doubtless not have obtained either, and might have met with some rather unpleasant incident.

Coles's experiences in the past had been in a somewhat smaller launch than the one we were this time using and had therefore been more exciting. On one occasion, after ironing a big female, her mate hung about and the boat was in some peril because of the rushes of the two great creatures. One of the members of his crew at the time was a Florida fisherman, a hard-bit man, entirely new to the work but possessed of a game soul. The launch listed heavily as one of the devilfish rose under it while they were fast to the other. Thereupon the new man called out with grim jocularity: "Iron the big bull and let us all go to hell in tow of a team of devils!"

The extraordinary shape, huge size, and vast power of the big devilfish, or manta, give him an evil reputation, which is heightened by his black coloring. A queer peculiarity of this coloring is that the black pigment comes off on anything touching it. Kneeling on one of the devilfish when it was drawn up on the sand I arose with my knee completely blackened. The skin is not only very tough, but is also very rough, being covered, like that of an old shark, with dermal denticles which scarify the skin if a naked arm or leg is drawn across it. The big mouth is practically toothless, entirely so as regards the upper jaw, while the lower jaw has a small dental plate which differs in the two sexes. In spite of its size the manta is in no way dangerous to man unless attacked; but when harpooned its furious energy, tenacity of life, and enormous strength render it formidable; for it can easily smash or overturn a boat which is clumsily handled, and if the ropes foul an accident is apt to occur.*

Some months before our visit there had been a strange phenomenon, possibly due to some subterranean volcanic outburst rolling in from the Gulf; the water grew poisonous, killing enormous multitudes of fish and shell-fish. There had been time for only a partial recovery. Whether owing to this or to other causes sharks and skates were rarely seen, the few sharks being little bits of fellows. One skate was grained by Roland. When taken aboard it was found to weigh one hundred pounds. Its tail had been cut off by some previous fisherman so as to get rid of the sting. The fishermen hold the sting-ray in more dread than any other fish, and kill or cut

* In the *American Museum Journal*, of April, 1916, will be found Mr. Coles's account of some of his experiences in harpooning devilfish. The experiences were of extraordinary interest and they are related with extraordinary vividness and accuracy. In addition to harpooning devilfish Mr. Coles has for years harpooned sharks of every size under all kinds of conditions, and has also harpooned sawfish. He is a trained scientific observer who, for example, has determined for the first time the presence on our coasts of more than one species of shark, and of the smaller devilfish—the Mobula. He is also a sportsman whose experience in this kind of sport has been literally unexampled in range and variety. It is very greatly to be wished that he would write a volume of his experiences with "The Dangerous Game of the Sea."

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the tail off of every specimen they catch. The spine is a weapon of defense, employed by the fish when angered or frightened. Coles, Captain Jack, Roland, and Captain Charley have been struck by sting-rays. In the case of Captain Jack, the sting was driven through the rear end of his foot from side to side, pinning the shoe to the flesh and bone. In the case of Roland it was driven through the thickest part of the calf of the leg. Captain Charley had a sting driven clean through his heel. Coles was struck in the thigh, the spine being driven in to the bone. All four men agreed that they never suffered such pain. Apparently this sting or spine is an irritant of the utmost violence, although examination has so far failed to reveal any poison in connection with it. Captain Jack had known one man who died as the result of a blow from the sting-ray. Still more remarkable is what happens in connection with sharks. These fish are singularly callous to pain and indifferent to injuries. They habitually prey on sting-rays, seizing them by the head or side. Yet when sharks and sting-rays, as sometime occurs, are gathered together in a fisherman's net, numbers of the sharks are killed by the sting-rays, which lash right and left; and the sharks show every symptom of great agony.

All of the trained and experienced observers with me agreed in saying that near our coast-line there was but little danger from sharks for a man swimming. Accidents do occur, but they are wholly exceptional—unlike what is true in the Indian Ocean and around Australia. The white shark is undoubtedly a man-eater, and Coles, who is probably more competent to pass judgment on the question than any other man in the United States, believes that the four bathers killed and partly eaten off the New Jersey coast in the summer of 1916 were all victims of one rather small straggler of this formidable species. When this straggler was captured it was found that there were human bones and flesh in it, and with its capture all attacks on swimmers ceased. Coles believes that under exceptional circumstances the leopard or tiger shark may also attack men. None of my companions, however, had personal knowledge of any man being killed by sharks, although Coles had for years made a practice of investigating all stories of fatalities of this kind alleged to have occurred at some near-by point. All of my companions, however, knew of instances where men had been bitten by sharks which they had handled carelessly when caught in nets. Captain Jack had once been bitten by a Moray eel, which is undoubtedly a savage creature. On another occasion, when out at night in his fishing-smack, having made an immense haul of fish, a large number of big sharks attacked the fish with such ravenous ferocity that he grew seriously concerned lest they should actually force their way into the boat, and was finally obliged to cut the net adrift before he had taken half of the fish out of it.

All of my companions agreed that, for some reason, sharks were afraid of porpoises. The killer whale preyed on porpoises, seeming to prefer warm-blooded prey; but one of my companions mentioned an instance where a killer attacked and slew a big shark, and they agreed that sharks gave the killer a wide berth. The adroitness with which sharks prey on formidable creatures like sting-rays, seizing them so as almost invariably to avoid the sting, is paralleled by the mathematical nicety with which porpoises seize "crucifixion cats," so as just to avoid the spines which make these gregarious sea catfish so dangerous to handle. The spines stick out from the pectoral fins, and render it well-nigh fatal for anything that attempts to swallow them whole. But porpoises attack their schools at full speed, and with such precision that every catfish is cut through just behind the pectorals. All of my companions, including Coles, had at various times come across the wake of a party of porpoises which had assailed a school of crucifixion cats, and they described the sea as being, on each occasion, covered with the fore parts of the cats, each fish having lost all of its body back of the pectoral fins. The unerring, the automaton-like accuracy with which the feat was performed resembled the unerring automatism with which a hunting-wasp paralyzes its victims by stinging them in precisely the right nerve ganglion.

One day we visited an island game refuge which had been established as such when I was President, on the initiative

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of the Audubon Society. It was locally known as Hemp Island, but I think on the maps it appears as Cayatuna Island. It is fringed by a dense growth of mangroves, while various trees, including wild figs and native pawpaws and wild, native cotton-bushes, grow on the hillock which forms the centre. The birds were chiefly cormorants, pelicans, and Louisiana herons. All were nesting in the trees, and we found several heron eggs, so they had evidently begun to lay. The pelicans were the most numerous and the most conspicuous. To me they are always interesting and amusing birds, and I never get over the feeling of the unexpected about them; their size, shape, and relationship seem at variance both with their habit of diving headlong into the water like kingfishes and with their habit of perching in trees and nest-building therein. As we stood on the island many of the pelicans, soaring overhead, were carrying branches in their bills, and as they grew accustomed to our presence they lit with awkward flapping and balancing in the tree-tops and added sticks to the nests they were building. I believe that on the east coast of Florida they build on the ground instead of in the trees. They uttered queer hoarse croaks of protest as they left their nesting-sites. When on the fishing-grounds they swung around in circles overhead and came down into the water with a splash, disappearing bodily. When they reappeared their heads were pointing up-wind, although they had dived down-wind. They and the cormorants often sat on the spiles driven here and there in the broad, shallow bay.

Among the mangroves on this island were some small diamond-back terrapin, of which we got three for our supper. A more interesting capture was made on the hillock in the centre of the island. We found a hole obviously made by some living creature which Captain Jack at once pronounced to be one of the big Florida land-turtles. The burrow was shallow and we experienced little difficulty in digging out the turtle—the first of its kind I had ever seen. This specimen weighed over eleven pounds and was a regular land tortoise; although the plastron did not shut up tight, as in the case of the box-turtle. The species is purely a vegetable feeder and its meat is esteemed a great delicacy—we found it very good. In Florida it is called the gopher—a name reserved in the West for the burrowing pouched rat which in Florida is most inappropriately called the salamander. Captain Jack stated that he had once found one of these big land-turtles in the belly of a large diamond-back rattlesnake, which was a surprise to me; as I had supposed that the rattlesnake ate only birds and mammals.

On another island we found colonies of cormorants and of beautiful white ibises, together with Louisiana and little blue herons. The ibises had built nests but had not begun to lay. In some of the cormorant nests there were well-grown young and the old birds made guttural noises of indignation at our approach. Under one tree, on the ground, we found a scraped hollow in the dead leaves, in which were an egg and a newly hatched chick which seemingly belonged to a small black vulture which was perched overhead. The egg was greenish, speckled with brown, and the fluffy feathers of the noisome fledgling harmonized exactly in color with the brown leaves.

We had beautiful weather. From the western side of Captiva Island the sunsets were wonderful, across the Mexican Gulf. There was a growing moon and the nights were very lovely. The soft, warm water lapped against the side of the boat, while the soft, warm night air was radiant in the moonlight.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable trip. My success was, of course, entirely owing to the masterly efficiency of my host and of his four fine sailormen and killers of the big game of the seas. It was a delight to witness the cool, unhurried sureness of decision and power with which they met every labor, every emergency, and every hazard. It was an even keener delight to feel that they were my fellow Americans, and to know that the Americanism which they represented and typified was still a living force in the nation.

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BREATH O' DAWN

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IT was an admiral of a great navy returning a call, and hundreds of bluejackets were peeking out from the superstructure.

"Here he comes—spot me Lord Admiral, fellows!"

"Three ruffles of the drum, three pipes o' the bosun's whistle——"

"—six boys an'——"

"—and he swellin' out like an eight-inch sponson comin' over the side, as if it was himself and not his job the guns are for!"

Young apprentice boys' voices those.

There came an older voice: "You kids talk as if it was in admirals and at sea alone. And ashore any day are bank presidents, head floor-walkers, chairmen of reception committees—yes, and bishops of the church—any of them on their great days stepping high to the salutations, as if 'twas something they had done, and not the uniform or the robe or the job they held."

Carlin had a look at the owner of the voice. He hunted up Trench—Lieutenant Trench—and to him he said: "Glory to the man who can wear his uniform without tempering hot convictions, or coining free speech to the bureaucratic mint! But greater glory to the man who can divest high office of its shining robes and see only the man beneath. What's the history of the gunner's mate with the gray-flecked, thick black hair and what the apprentice boys call go-to-hell eyes?"

"Killorin? When I first knew him—on the China station—he was stroke of the ship's racing crew, the best football player I ever saw, and among the men he had the name of being a twelve-big-gun ship in a fight. A medal-of-honor man, too.

"Later he went in for booze-fighting and hell-raising generally, and, like everything he tackled, made a first-class job of it. I liked him—all the officers did—and when I was having my first dreams of the day when I should be commanding the latest dreadnought, it was Killorin, settled down and steady, who was to be my chief gunner. I told him as much one night on watch.

"'A warrant-officer and wear a sword and be called Mister?' says Killorin. 'And will you tell me, sir, what's being a warrant-officer and wearing a sword and being called Mister to being all alive while my youth is still with me?'

"I couldn't tell him; and many another question he asked me in the quiet of the night-watches I couldn't answer. He could talk the eye out of a Chinese idol."

"Did you ever ask him how—despite the being all alive and having his youth—he comes still to be only a gunner's mate?"

"And have him, in ten perfectly respectful words, put me back in my place? I did not ask him—not that I wouldn't like to know."

"I think I half know," said Carlin.

That was in a tropic port. That same night Carlin found it too hot to sleep below. He rolled off his bunk, had another shower-bath, dressed lightly, and went on deck, where his friend Trench was on watch.

He patrolled the deck with Trench. The men were sleeping everywhere around the top deck. The tall form of Killorin rolled out from under the overhang of a turret and sat up. Trench's walk brought him abreast of Killorin.

"Pretty hot?" asked Trench.

"It is hot—yes, sir."

"These young lads"—Trench waved a hand toward the stretched-out shapes all around—"they don't seem to mind it."

"They're young, sir."

"Young? I didn't think there was a tougher man, young or old, in the navy than you."

"A man's body," said Killorin, "can take comfort atop of a hot galley stove—

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or a cold one. A man's mind—'tis not so simply eased."

"Trench," said Carlin, when they had left Killorin, "when I was a boy there was a great hero in our school. Half the girls I knew carried his picture on their bureaus. And most of the other half were suspected of hiding one away. One of those athletic heroes, a husky Apollo—this Killorin makes me think of him. But suddenly he disappeared from the middle of his glory."

"Any crime?"

"No, no crime. Wild, but straight. His name was Delaney."

"Killorin's right name," said Trench, after a while, "is Delaney."

Carlin left Trench and walked around deck, in and out among the sleeping forms. Here was one in a hammock, here one on a cot, but mostly they slept on the bare deck in their blankets. Every odd corner and open space held them. They were tucked in against hatchways, under turrets, inboard of boats, outboard of boats, next the smoke-pipes, in the lee of gypsies, of winches, cook's galley. Everyhow and everywhere they slept—on their backs, their stomachs, on their sides, curled up and stretched out. Some whistled, some groaned, some snored, but mostly they slept like babes.

It was hot, as sometimes it seems to be hotter in the night than ever it can be in the day, even in the tropics.

A young bluejacket under a cluster of deck-lights tossed, rolled, tossed, sat up. A restless lad near him also sat up. Between them they produced the makings and rolled cigarettes. They lit up, inhaled, began to talk.

"How about Bar Harbor, or Rockport, or some other little place off the New England coast a night like this, with a cool, fresh breeze sweeping in from the Atlantic?" asked the first one.

"What's the matter with the little old North River?" said the other, "or the East River with the Brooklyn trolleys clangin' and the train to Coney and a few dollars in your pocket after a visit to the paymaster? . . . And your best girl, o' course," he added, after a moment.

They snuffed out their cigarettes and rolled back into their blankets. Killorin was still sitting up wide awake.

"And your best girl?" repeated Carlin to Killorin.

"Yes," responded Killorin, "as if that didn't go, like an anchor to a ship, without saying.

"Isn't it always a girl?" he said presently. "Whatever drives the most of us to whatever it is we do, good or bad beyond the ordinary, but a woman stowed away somewhere to see what we do at the time or read of it later?"

The Killorins of the world are not standing and delivering to men they never saw before; and so it was not that night, nor the next; but on another hot night and the ship headed up the Gulf, with the men sleeping anyhow and everywhere about the deck, Killorin sat outboard of the sailing-launch and, looking out over the dark waters, said:

"Progresso astern and Tampico ahead—always a port astern and another ahead, isn't it? And so you knew old Dan Riley that kept the candy store up home? . . . And Mary Riley?" he asked; and, after a while, began to talk of things that had been.

Lovely Mary Riley! No thought ever I had that girls were made for boys to notice till I saw you!

Five blocks out of my way from school her father's store was, but four times I walked past that store window the day after the first time I saw her, and more than four times many a day later—to see her again. It was three months before I got courage to go nearer to her. And then it had to be a night with snow on the ground and sleigh-bells to the horses, and in the faces of men and women a kinder look and in the heart of a boy maybe a higher hope than ordinary.

Christmas eve it was and the store all decorated—candy canes, big and little, hanging among the bright things in the window—when I entered her store that night. There were other people before me, but she nodded and smiled by way of letting me know that she saw I was waiting. She nodded in the same smiling way to a poor child and a rich man of the neighborhood.

"How much for a cane?" I asked, when it came my turn, and I that nervous that I exploded it from me.

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"Canes?" She turned to the window. They were all prices, but I didn't hear what she said. I was listening to her voice and trembling as I listened.

There was a great big brute of a cane, tied with blue ribbons and hanging from a gas-fixture. "How much for that one?" I asked.

"That?" She had violet eyes. She opened them wide at me. "That is two dollars."

"Let me have it," I said.

Her thin red lips opened up and the little teeth inside them shined out at me. "But you don't want to be buying that," she said, "we keep that more for show than to sell."

To this day a thing can come to my mind and be as if it happened before my eyes. "She thinks I'm one who can't afford to spend two dollars for that cane, and she's going to stop me," I says to myself. "She thinks I am a foolish kind who would ruin himself to make a show." If there had been less truth in what she thought, maybe I would have been less upset. "I'll take it," I said, "I want it for a Christmas tree for my little nephew."

There was no nephew, little or big, and no Christmas tree, and that two dollars was every cent I had to spend for Christmas. But her eyes were still wide upon me, and I paid and walked out with the cane—without once turning at the door or peeking through the window in passing, for fear she would be looking after me, and I wouldn't have her think that a two-dollar candy cane wasn't what I could buy every day of my life if it pleased me.

I hoped she would remember me, but took care not to pass the store for a week again, for fear she would see me and think I was courting her notice because I had bought the big cane.

I was going to high school then. One Saturday afternoon there came high-school boys from all that part of the country to compete for prizes in the great hall we had. I wasn't entered. I like to run and jump and put the shot well enough, but to go in training—to have a man tell me what time to go to bed and what time to get up, and what to eat and what not to eat, and after a couple of months of that to have to display yourself before crowds of people! It was like being a gladiator in the Colosseum I used to read about, and performing for the pleasure of the mob—patricians and the proletariat alike.

I would spend hours in the alcove of the school library reading of belted knights in the days of tourneys and crusades—but that was different. I could see myself—addressing the kings of the land and the queens of the court of beauty, the while the heralds all about were proclaiming my feats of valor. A knight on a great charger in armor and helmet, with my lance stuck out before me—never anything less glorious could I be than that.

But all loyal sons of our school took a ticket for the games. I went to them; and there I saw Mary Riley waving her banner and cheering a gangling-legged young fellow that lived in the same street as myself. No special looks did he have, and no more brains than another, but he was winning a hurdle race and she was cheering him. And there came another, the winner of the high jump, and she cheered him, too.

To see a girl you are night and day thinking of—to see and hear her cheering some one else—! I went in for winning prizes. And when the season came around I played football. And my picture used to be in the papers, those same papers saying what a wonder I would be when I went to college. And all the time I wondering was she seeing the pictures and reading the words of me.

My people had no money to send me to any college, but from this college and that came men to explain to me how the money part could be arranged. And so to college I went. I paid enough attention to my studies to get by—no great attention did it take—but I paid special attention to athletics, and before long my picture was sharing space in the papers with presidents and emperors and the last man to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. And is there any surer way to spoil a nineteen-year-old boy's perspective of life than to keep telling him that well-developed muscles—whether they be in his back or his legs or inside his head—will make a great man of him?

I came home from college for the summer. I'd seen Mary a few times since that Christmas eve, but made no attempt

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to get acquainted. Maybe I was too shy. Maybe I was too vain, or overproud—waiting for the day when I would be of some account, when the notice of neither men nor women would I have to seek—they would be coming to me.

But pride is a poor food for heart hunger. I went to have a look into her store on my first night home. I had a wild idea that I would go in and introduce myself and she would know of me, and maybe I would walk home with her.

There was a young fellow in a navy uniform—a chief petty officer's coat and cap—leaning on the counter talking to her, and he had a red rose by a long stem in his hand. By and by, when her father came to close up the store, the young fellow walked home with her. Standing on the opposite corner, I watched them pass. It was something serious they were talking about—no smile to either of them.

I stood on the corner after they had passed for as long as I could stand it. Then I walked up to where I knew she lived. They were standing at the steps of her house. It was a quiet street, and the sound of my footsteps caused them both to turn. The young fellow stood up straight and strong on the lowest step, but she stepped into the shadow of the doorway. I saw her eyes looking out on me as I passed. Her hat was off and there was a red rose in her hair—and none in his hand.

Some pictures fade quickly, some never. The picture of Mary Riley in that doorway, with his rose in her hair—it hasn't faded yet.

They had been talking, but as I drew near they stopped; and as I passed on I could feel the silence between them. For many steps after I passed on I could feel that silence and their eyes following me up the street.

Next day there was an outdoor bazaar for the benefit of some flood sufferers. There was an athletic programme and I was the star of the meet, with my picture on the bill-boards.

I went. Surrounding the athletic field and track were tables for the sale of this thing and that, and behind the tables were women and girls using every female guile to coax money from men's pockets.

There were big tables and little tables. At one of the little tables was Mary Riley. sidewise out of my eyes I saw her, standing atop of a chair behind the table to look out on the games. When the games were over and I was dressed up in my street clothes again, I walked over to her table. My three first-prize cups in their three chamois bags were carried behind me by a multimillionaire's son named Twinney. He was an athletic rooter, with an ambition to be known as the friend of some prize-ring or football or sprinting champion. In my coat pocket were two gold prize watches.

Mary Riley was standing behind her table. The young chief petty officer was there too—in front of the table. They were auctioning off the last of the things. With a smile and a word of thanks Mary would hand over the things as they were bought. But she wasn't taking in too much money. She was the daughter of a man of no great importance in the community, and she didn't have the grand articles that the women at the other tables had. Her little stock was made up of things that she had begged or made herself.

The auctioneer was a whiskered old man with a great flow of gab. He holds up a piece of lace—to put on a bureau or a dresser it was—made, as he put it, by beautiful Miss Riley herself. And she was beautiful! Violet eyes and blue-black hair, and—I've seen Chinese ivory since that her face was the color of, only no Chinese ivory that ever would take on the waves of color as I looked at it.

"How much for this lovely lace cover?" the auctioneer was asking, and "Two dollars," some one said. And right away the chief petty officer said, "Five!"

I looked at him then—for the first time fairly. He was one of those quiet-looking, thoughtful kind—of good height, well made and well set up—maybe twenty-two years old.

There was another chief petty officer with him; and this one began telling a bystander how that young fellow who'd just bid was Jack Meagher the gun-captain—the same Meagher, yes, that the papers had been talking about—who'd dropped from his turret to his handling-room and in through a fire and shut himself up in a magazine and maybe saved

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the ship and the whole crew from being blown up. He'd got burnt pretty bad—yes, but was all right now.

"He's got his medal of honor for it, but he's not one to carry it around and show it," said Meagher's friend.

Meagher was bidding—some one had said six dollars for the lace. Meagher had said ten, and Mary Riley's violet eyes were glowing. I had five dollars—no more—in my pocket. But there was Twinney with his tens-of-thousands allowance in the year. He always carried plenty of money around with him.

"Twinney," I said, "how much money have you?"

"Oh, a couple of hundred or so," and pulled it out and began to count it.

"I'll bid on the lace piece," I said, "and you pay for it."

"Ten dollars I'm offered for this lovely piece of lace," the auctioneer was droning. "Do I hear——?"

"Twenty," I said.

Meagher looks over at me and a light comes into his eyes. "Forty," says Meagher.

"Sixty," I said.

"Eighty," says Meagher.

The fat auctioneer looked from one to the other of us. He had not had a chance to speak since the bidding was at ten dollars. He was about to open his mouth now when——

"One hundred dollars!" I said, and looked over at Meagher.

Meagher turns to his chum. Before he could speak the chum was emptying his pockets to him. When he had it all counted—his chum's and his own——

"Two hundred fifty dollars," he said; "might as well throw in the change—two hundred and sixty-five dollars," he said, and laid it down on the table before Mary Riley.

Gold of angels, but there was class to the way he did it. No millionaire's money, but the savings of an enlisted man's pay.

I turned to Twinney. "He's through—make out your check for three hundred and give it to me."

"Three hundred dollars," he says, "for that piece of lace! Three hundred—why, five dollars would be enough for it!"

"Make out your check for three hundred, Twinney, and those cups you've got and the two watches in my pocket, every medal and cup I've got at home, my gold football—they're yours to keep."

"But three hundred dollars!"

"Yes, and three thousand if I had your money!"

"But what do you want it for?"

"Gr-r-r—!" I snarled, and shoved my spread hand into his face. He landed on his back ten feet away. The C. P. O. friend of Meagher's started to smile at me, but before he could get the smile well under way, I wiped it off. He fell where he stood. Meagher looked at me and I at him.

"That wasn't right," said Meagher.

"I'll make it right," I said, "with you or him or whoever else doesn't like it, now or later."

He went white; and the kind that go white are finish fighters. And he was a good big man with more than muscle under his coat.

"Make it right now," he said. "But not here—some place where the crowd won't be."

We moved over to under the grandstand. That was at half past five o'clock and it was a long summer's day, but it took till the daylight was all but gone before I knocked him down for the last time.

He couldn't talk, he couldn't get to his feet. His C. P. O. friend—a game one, too—shook his fist at me across his body. "Only a week out of the hospital and you had to beat him up. But beaten or not beaten—go ahead, smash me again if you want to, you big brute—he's still a better man than you are or ever will be!"

A score of people had found their way in under the seats. None who cared to know but would hear a word of every blow that was passed in that fight. And on the way home it came to my mind that less than ever was I the hero I was wishful to make myself out to be.

I slept little that night, and in the morning—nothing within the four walls of a house suited me any more—I slipped out into the sun and walked along the docks; and walking the docks, I reached the gates to the navy-yard. I went in.

A ship!—'tis like nothing else in the

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world. Ships! In the romances I'd been reading since ever I could read, there had been tales of ships and of the sea. Phœnician galleys, Roman triremes, the high-prowed boats of the vikings, carved Spanish caravels—they had carried the men who made history. Great ships were they, and yet here were ships that could take—any one of them here—could take a score, a hundred of the ancient craft, with all their shielded men at arms, and stand off—a mile, two miles, ten miles off, and blow them from the face of the waters. Dreams of what had been and what might be—what use were they? Things as they are—that was it!

Lovely Mary Riley!—Page 307.

Common sense was coming to me; and maybe something finer than all the common sense in the world was flying from me. So I've often thought since of that morning.

I enlisted in the navy. And it was good for me. To look out on the wide waters—day or night—'tis to calm a man's soul, to widen his thought.

I had no ambition to rise. The blazing life of the four quarters of the world was soaking into me. My eyes, perhaps, were seeing too much, and my mind pondering on what I saw too much, to be breaking any ship records for efficiency.

But I was getting my rating when it was time and I was forgetting old shore troubles, when there was a warrant-officer came to our ship. His name—no matter his name—he's no longer in the navy. He was the— But you've seen the little man on the big job?—the sure sign of it being generally the pompous manner and the arrogant word. There he was, licking the boots of those above him and setting his own boots on the necks of those below! He strutted like a governor-general. Maybe you know what sort of talk is passed along the gun-decks when such a one is parading by!

The ridiculousness of him was too wide a target for any man with an eye in his head to miss. I was never short of an eye, nor oil for the trunnions of my tongue, and no ship's company ever lacked a messenger to carry the disturbing word. My bold superior had me spotted for target-practice later.

There was a chest of alcohol on the lower flag bridge, and there was a marine sentry standing by it night and day. As much for the devilment as for the drink, four or five of the lads in our gun crew one night rushed the ladder to the bridge, stood the sentry on his head, broke open the chest, grabbed the alcohol, and got away.

My warrant-officer says he saw me among 'em. 'Twas a hot night, like to-night, and in the tropics too, and he couldn't sleep, he said, and had to leave his room and come on deck. And so it was he happened to be where he could see me. He couldn't name the others. Indeed, he would not care to name others when he was not positive, and so do possibly innocent men an injustice, and so on. But he was positive about me.

I was called. The sentry looked me over. He wouldn't swear it was me, but there was one man in the party about my height and build, and, like me, he was a very active man, judging by the way he went down the bridge-ladder.

Now I knew who did it—I had been invited to be of the party, and I wasn't a bit too good for it; but I didn't feel like going and I didn't go. The man the sentry took for me was the man who had been the heavyweight slugger of the ship before I was drafted to her. We had already had the gloves on, and I had beaten

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him at a ship's smoker long before this. I waited to see would he speak up. He didn't, and I took my sentence—disratement and thirty days in the brig, ten of it on bread and water.

I didn't mind the disrating, nor the brig and the bread and water; but I did mind being made out a liar.

There was class to the way he did it. No millionaire's money, but the savings of an enlisted man's pay. —Page 310.

The first liberty I made after that—in Hong Kong—I caught my boxing rival ashore. I gave him a proper beating. He took it as something coming to him, without complaint. The next liberty I made—in Nagasaki it was—I caught my warrant-officer ashore.

He was not on duty and so not in uniform, and, pretending to mistake him for somebody else, I gave him a grand beating. Six or eight of their little ju-jutsu policemen clung to my legs and back, but that didn't stop me from finishing my job on him. I left him in such a ridiculous fix that he was ashamed to complain, but the Japanese authorities weren't satisfied. I spent a night in one of their jails, and aboard ship next day I was masted and once more disrated—this time with a sermon from the captain on my disorderly ways.

I didn't mind the captain's lecture—I had rated that—but I did mind being drafted to another ship with a record as a

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disturber. I had not taken more than four or five drinks in my time up to then, and then more out of curiosity than desire, but on my next liberty—in Manila—I took a drink. I didn't like the taste of it—I don't yet—but there's never any use in half-doing a thing—I took another, and more than another. From then on I began making liberty records.

Officers were good to me. It is only a skunk of an officer who will take pride in crowding an enlisted man, and I've met few skunks among our officers. So long as I could hold my feet coming over the gang-plank, a friendly shipmate buckled to either side of me and I able to answer "Here!" to the roll-call—so long as I could do that, there were deck officers who looked no further. 'Twas a friendly way, but bringing no cure to me.

By and by Meagher was assigned to our ship. He had married Mary, and this was maybe a year later. He was a warrant-officer—had been for five years—a chief gunner, wearing his sword and being called Mister. And wearing it with credit—all the gun crews spoke well of him.

He never let on that he remembered me, until one day the handling-room of the after turret was cleared of all but the two of us, and then it was I who spoke to him. "I'd like to have a word with you, Mr. Meagher," I said, "if you don't bear too much of a grudge."

"Why should I bear you a grudge?" he said. "You licked me, and licked me good. You left no argument as to who won that fight. If I ever bear you any grudge, it will be for the drinking and brawling record you're making, with never a thought of the manhood you're wasting."

"It's easy for you to talk so—you that won what I'd die ten times over to get."

"Die? You die? Give up your life? Why, you haven't even the courage to give up your consuming pride!"

He looked at me and I at him. I was all but leaping for him. "Go ahead," he says, "beat me again!"

"You're an officer," I said.

"Cut the officer stuff!" He threw his cap on the deck. He took off his coat and threw that on the deck. "Now I bear no mark of the officer—come on now and beat me up! And you'll have to beat me till I can't speak or see again—and then you can leave me here, and I'm telling you now no one will ever know who did it. You're many a pound heavier and half as strong again as when you licked me before, but go ahead and turn yourself loose at me. There's no alibi left you now—go ahead, turn yourself loose at me!"

I was all that he said—a brute that felt equal to ripping the three-inch planking off the quarter-deck, and he wasn't himself near the man he had been when I fought him before—he had never got well over the burning in the handling-room fire; but he stood there telling me what some one should have told me long before.

"Jack Meagher," I said, "Mary Riley made no mistake—you're a better man than I am." And I left him and ran up the ladder—up to where winds were blowing and seas singing and the stars rolling their eternal circles. All night long I walked the deck.

It did me good—what he had said to me. But a man doesn't change his ways overnight. I stopped maybe to have a backward look more often than I used to, and friendly deck officers maybe didn't have so often to look hard at the liberty lists, as they called the roll; but being in the same ship with Meagher did me good.

I used to take to watching him, to studying his ways—the ways of the man Mary Riley had married.

He used to come out of the after turret and look out on the sea, when maybe he'd finished up his work for the afternoon. He was there one afternoon late; and we were in the China Sea, a division of us, bound up to Cheefoo for a liberty. A monsoon was blowing and there we were, pitching into it, taking plenty of water over ourselves forward, but so far very little aft.

Meagher was in rain-coat and rubber boots, leaning against a gypsy head, when this big sea rolled up over our quarter-deck. She had a low quarter, our ship, and the solid water of this sea rolled turret-high. When it had passed on, Meagher and four others were gone.

I was in the lee of the superstructure. I ran onto her quarter-deck. I saw an officer's cap and took a running high dive over the rail. While I was still in

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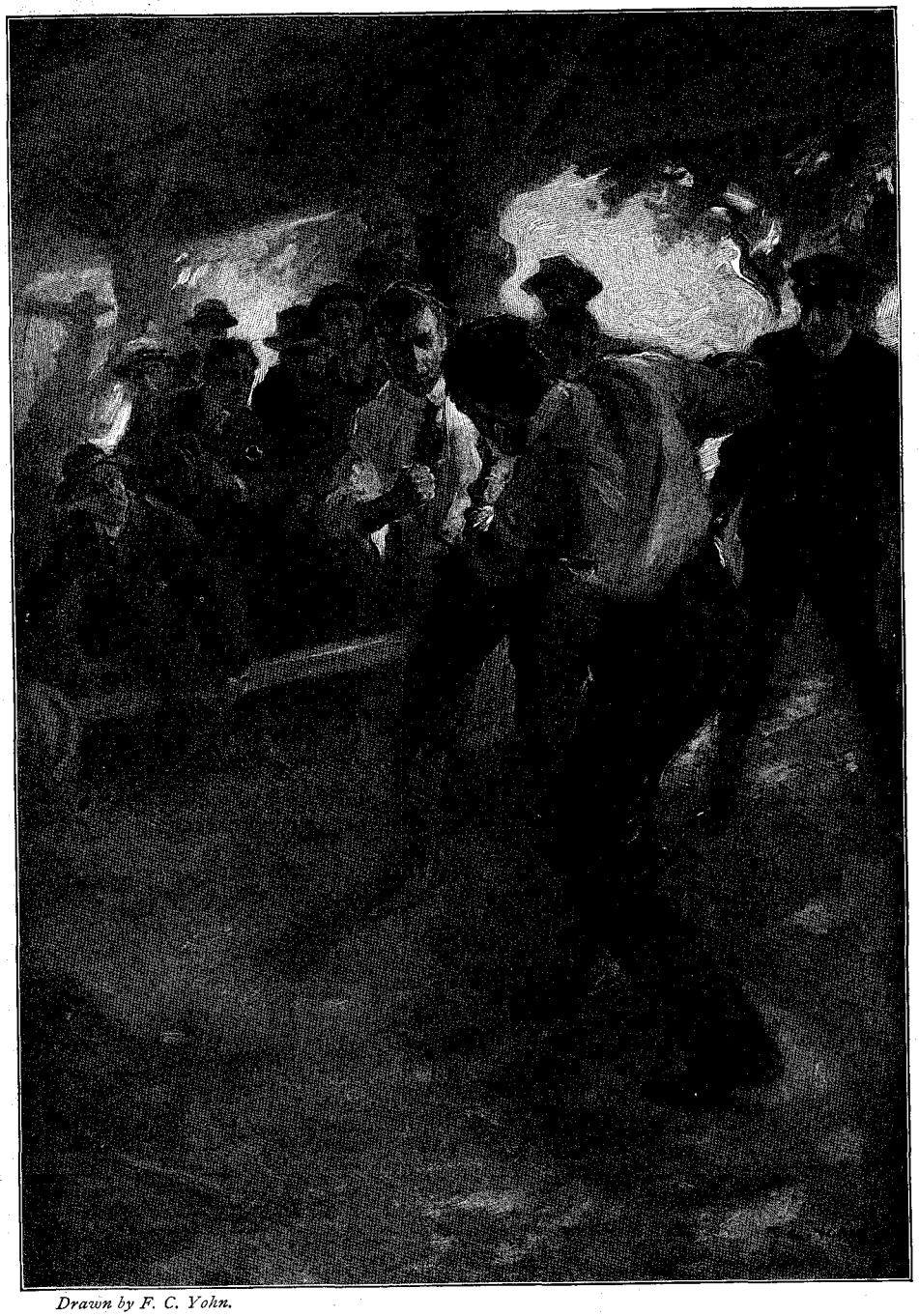

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

It took till the daylight was all but gone before I knocked him down for the last time.—Page 310.

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the air I said to myself: "You're gone! Her starb'd propeller will get you—you're gone, Killorin! . . . But I don't care," I recalled later saying to myself; but before my head was fairly under I was kicking out hard from the ship's side.

Meagher was the only man of the five to come up. When I saw him he was struggling to unhook the metal clasps of his rain-coat. I reached him and kicked out for the life-buoy that the marine sentry had heaved over. We made the buoy and I shoved him up on it—he still trying to clear himself of his heavy rain-coat.

"I kicked off my rubber boots right away, but the buckles of this thing they don't come so easy." That was Meagher's first word, and—heavy-spoken because of weariness—he said it by way of apology for causing so much trouble. "But I'd never got clear in time—you saved me from going, that's sure." Not till then did he have a chance to look at me. When he saw who it was he went quiet.

"You're surprised, Jack Meagher?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"You doubted my courage, maybe?" I asked.

"No," he said to that—"not your courage—never your courage. But your good intentions—yes."

We were lying with our chests across the buoy, and we could easily see the ship, and we knew that the ship could see us so long as our buoy light kept burning—her whistles were blowing regularly to let us know that. But she would have to have a care in manœuvring because of the other ships so near, and it was too rough to lower a boat for us.

Then at last the blue light of our buoy burned itself out, for which we were almost thankful—it smelled so. And then night came, and darkness.

Tossing high up and then down, like a swing in the sea, we went, lying on our chests across the buoy one time and hanging on by a grip of our fingers another time. And when the sea wasn't washing over my head I would shout; though I doubt if, in the hissing of the sea and the roaring of the wind, my voice carried ten feet beyond the buoy.

By and by a search-light burned through the dark onto us. Meagher was by then in tough shape. For the last half-hour I'd been holding him onto the buoy, and it was another half-hour before they could launch a boat. We had been three hours in the water, and I was glad to be back aboard. It is one thing not to mind dying; it is another thing to fight and fight and have to keep on fighting after your strength is gone. When a man's strength goes a lot of his courage goes with it.

Meagher's courage was still with him. He protested against being taken to the sick bay, but there they took him; and when he left the sick bay, it was to take a ship for home. I went to see him the last day. Leaving him, he said: "I'm taking back a lot I said to you. If you had been washed over I doubt if I'd gone after you."

He would have gone after me—or anybody else. And I told him so, my heart thumping as I said it, for I'd come to have a great liking for him.

"I still doubt it," he said. "Anyway, I owe my life—what there is left of it—to you."

"If you think you owe me anything," I said, "then don't tell Mary Riley anything about me. Don't tell her where I am or what my name is now."

"I won't tell her or anybody else where you are or what your name is, but I will tell her how you saved my life."

I never saw him again. I heard they gave him a shore billet when he was discharged from the hospital; but I never heard that he was never any good again, and that within a year he was retired on a pension. That, and that he was dead, I never knew till you told me to-night.

Killorin had come to a full stop.

Carlin recalled the last time he had seen Meagher—when they both knew he had not long to live. "'She has been a wonderful wife to me. Not much happiness I have had that she has not made for me,' Meagher said."

"I don't doubt he told her of my going over the side after him in the gale—he wasn't a man to lie," said Killorin.

"He told her," said Carlin. "And he told me something more. That night you passed them on the steps he had proposed to her. He thought she was going to say

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"You doubted my courage, maybe?"—Page 315

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yes. She had placed his rose in her hair and about to say the word—so he thought—and then you came by. And it was six years again before she said the word. If you had not left home——"

"Thank God," said Killorin, "I left home! The consuming pride—it had to burn itself out in me."

It was still dark night, but ahead of the ship a cluster of pale yellow lights could be seen.

"Vera Cruz?" asked Carlin.

"Vera Cruz, yes—the port ahead. And how was she when you saw her last?"

"A lonesome woman—more lonesome and weary than a good woman should be at her age. Her eyes are still violet and her cheeks like ivory, but the color doesn't come and go in them now."

"I had to leave home to learn," said Killorin, "that the bright color coming and going like a flood means the blood running high in the heart. Men should have a care for such. They feel terribly—either joy or sorrow."

It had been night. In a moment the red sun rose up from the oily sea, and it was day. There was a moment of haze and vapor, and then emerged a city ahead—a pink and white city, with here and there a touch of cream and blue.

"Beautiful!" murmured Carlin.

"They're all beautiful," said Killorin, "in the dawn."

A faint breeze was stealing over the Gulf. Through the black sea little crests of white were breaking—pure white they were, and a whiff of pure air was coming from them. The sleepers around deck began to stir, to roll over, to sit up, and, with thankful sighs, to inhale the fresh sweet air.

"The breath o' dawn!" murmured Killorin—"like a breath o' heaven after the hot tropic night. . . . As you say, that port ahead is beautiful. But when that port is astern and some other one ahead? That will be the sight, man—New York Harbor after all these years! The breath and the color o' dawn then—'twill be like a bride's blush and her whisper stealing over the waters o' New York Bay."

THE WAR BRIDE

By Maurice Francis Egan

SHE ploughed before her neighbor's door—
Her neighbor's man had died in war;
Though she had never ploughed before,
It seemed the action brought her grace,
And made the weary waiting less—
Oh, waiting! And, oh, loneliness!
Above the field the bombs had swept,
And 'neath its furrows cold men slept—
"The kindly spring will soon efface
The wounds that war's unsparing hand
Has given this poor widow's land.
When my man comes, he'll find no trace
Of blood and death; so be it, God!"
And, praying thus, she turned a sod,
And saw her husband's face.

March, 1917.

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Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

In a few words, nervous but clear, he put the situation before them.—Page 326.

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A CHANGE OF AIR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

V

MR. REID sat in his elaborate office, at two removes from the outer world. His confidential clerk, Mr. Boomer, was made to inhabit the next room but one. The room between was pure waste space; an interval of emptiness that gave Mr. Reid the sense of privacy so necessary to him. Beyond the clerk's little room the business of the firm was allowed to go on according to the traditions of his partners. Mr. Reid stipulated only for the empty room between himself and the nearest possibility of noise. It held a table and a few chairs; sometimes, by Mr. Reid's permission, people sat there waiting. But nothing necessary to the transaction of business was allowed to accumulate therein: not even files or lawbooks.

Thence resulted confidence—and confidences. It is impossible to say how much, in the course of years, the empty room had contributed to Mr. Reid's knowledge of his clients' affairs. Space and time are so intimately connected that to possess one can easily seem like possessing the other. Mr. Reid's clients not only had elbow-room: they felt, by the same token, unhurried. Mr. Reid himself, with a little more space than he needed, always seemed also to have a little surplus time. The result was often to enable him to grasp shades and distinctions in a human situation, which bore not insignificantly on a possible compromise. The firm, to be sure, kept free, on principle, of lurid business; but money has always a potentially lurid aspect, and even Mr. Reid's firm had been known to deal —by way of a will—in melodrama; since settling an estate can be as vulgar as holding an inquest.

Mr. Reid's spacious leisure—such, as I have said, was the effect, though he was a very busy man, with only a narrow chamber between him and a most professional bustle—was divinely fitted to accommodate itself to Cordelia Wheaton's affairs. Miss Wheaton herself could not have borne noise or hurry; and after Miss Wheaton's own retirement from wealth and America, a good many odd consultations were held in Mr. Reid's office that might not have been held at all on other legal premises. By a year or so after the meeting in Miss Wheaton's house, Stephen Reid could see her benevolence and its results in almost dramatic form. Cordelia Wheaton, in suppressing herself, had let loose a very varied lot of activities upon the world. Walter Leaven, Bessie John, old Mrs. Williston, Julie Fort, even, knew something of the plot; but no one began to see it as a whole except the quiet and distinguished lawyer. Each beneficiary had necessarily abated some of his or her secrecy for this one man. He knew about the Johns' investments; he knew the size of the cheque that had started Jim Huntingdon on the longest trail of all; he wasted a good deal of time over Mrs. Williston's demands for a thumping interest on a safe investment; he strongly suspected that old Miss Bean had somewhere a veritable stocking stuffed with veritable bank-notes; and he was almost sure that Julie Fort's capital would not last out two years. He had also information enough for shrewd guesses about a dozen others. Certain families had gone west on the strength of Miss Wheaton's gifts; one or two people had frankly disappeared; several automobiles had been acquired, as well as at least one pronounced taste for strong drink. One aged woman had been removed from an old ladies' home to be domineered over by almost forgotten relatives. It was natural that many effects should escape Mr. Reid. But there were

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Change of Air" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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threads enough to fill his fingers, and he sometimes felt that Cordelia Wheaton's beneficiaries would constitute a microcosm quite adequate to all experimental purposes.

Some acquaintance, almost amounting to tacit friendship, with Walter Leaven, was the only thing Reid had got out of it for himself. It had become sheer duty to look after Leaven's windfall for him, and Leaven's personality had won on the lawyer. Leaven, too, had excited Mr. Reid's curiosity. He was so eager to have the money safe, and he seemed so little to want anything new or wonderful or sky-defying from it. There was a touch of the miser there, without a hint of greed. Yet at Walter Leaven's age he might so safely have thrown in the clutch! Mr. Reid shrewdly suspected that his arteries would not last much longer. But Leaven rejected the suggestion of an annuity with almost pious horror. Nor was he in haste to make a will. He had no one, he averred, to leave his money to. Yet the question of a will came up occasionally between them; and it was evident that something irked Leaven. Mr. Reid gave him time. He liked the multitudinous delicacies of the older man, shining here and there amid his reticence like flowers in a forest. Moreover, Walter Leaven was the only one of them all who asked, a little wistfully, for news of Miss Wheaton. He was formal; he was quiet; and there was no eagerness in his eyes. The rest of them—even Mrs. John—had seemed to clutch a little. Reid liked him.

On this particular day the lawyer was expecting Leaven. A note—in spite of his telephone Leaven still kept the more dignified habit of notes—had warned him. Mr. Reid was very busy; but he had had, for some weeks, a revived interest in Miss Wheaton's affairs. He was glad Leaven was coming, and he gave orders that they should not be disturbed.

Walter Leaven was always shy to begin with. He hesitated as though the spacious leisure of that office were not a fiction. But at last he made a vague approach.

"About my will. I've been thinking. I should like to get it off my mind."

"I think you have never told me whether you had ever made one."

"No. Not really. A little paper, stating that one or two objects were to go to the Metropolitan. No one would have contested it. But now that I am a man of some property"—he smiled sadly—"I fancy it is a duty."

"We will draw it up for you with pleasure. You might send me full notes of what you want to do, and then I will have it properly executed. Little papers, you know, are apt to be no good at all. Third cousins spring up—third cousins who care nothing at all about the Metropolitan." He explained whimsically, as he would have done to a child.

"Quite so. Yes." Leaven's wintry smile was pure manners; he was evidently pondering a larger matter.

"I ought to have done it before," he said, a little anxiously—as people will be anxious for the final accomplishment of something they have postponed for months. "But I was uncertain in my mind. I had thought of leaving my share to young Huntingdon. But I had a long letter from him this morning—a very jolly letter—and I am not sure that I can bring myself to it. I respect him, but I do not understand his tastes. And it seems to me," he finished irritably, "that perhaps enough of Miss Wheaton's money has been spent already on the continent of Asia."

Mr. Reid shifted his gaze a little and listened intently to his companion's tone. A less experienced man would have examined Leaven's countenance. "I am almost inclined to agree with you," he said quietly. "But I should be much interested to know your reasons. Is young Huntingdon making an ass of himself?"

"Not at all, not at all." Leaven's voice was almost apologetic. "But his letter rather put me off, jolly as it was. I dare say I am narrow. My life has been chiefly Italy—and then memories of Italy—and then more memories. I can't, at my age, take an interest in Sikkim, can I? Nor yet in the people he seems to have fallen in love with. Lepchas, I think he calls them. Certainly not Tuscans. I think he wants to enrich a whole village of them. Set them up agriculturally. Buy land outright for them. It seems they've been oppressed. *I* don't know. The virtues of the present generation are

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as incomprehensible to me, I'm afraid, as their vices. No, not Jim Huntingdon; though I respect him."

"Well, send me the notes, and I will have the will drawn up," repeated Mr. Reid. If this was all—much as he tended to like Leaven, he remembered that there was business beyond the empty room that he ought to attend to. Then Leaven pulled him up short.

"I want to consult you first. My object is to leave everything I have to Cordelia Wheaton. But if I leave it to her outright—well, you see what she has done with it already. It would be battledore and shuttlecock. If I don't consider young Huntingdon good enough for her money, certainly I don't consider any of the others so—though the Johns seem to me nice people in a smug way. . . . So," he resumed after a pause, "I can't will it straight to her. I couldn't depend on her using it herself. That is where you must help me out. Couldn't I leave it to you, in trust for her—so that she couldn't possibly spend the principal, yet couldn't get away from the income?"

Mr. Reid placed his finger-tips together. "Would you mind telling me how recently this occurred to you? I take it, from what you said about young Huntingdon, that it has not always been your idea."

Leaven hesitated. His grayish-brown face wrinkled with the obvious endeavor to choose his words.

"No, I did not think of it at first. Perhaps I was a little bitter. Perhaps I was a little proud." He did not explain his words, and Mr. Reid was forced to get from them such light as he could. "And of course it seemed rather absurd just to give it back, when she had been at such pains to get rid of it. But all that has passed away. I particularly want her to have it—in spite of herself."

Mr. Reid was a tactful man, but he felt curiosity sharp as youth's own, and he could not refrain.

"I hope you will not think me impertinent. . . . Has anything happened to bring about this decision on your part?"

"Nothing—nothing." The expression in Walter Leaven's face sufficiently disposed of any suggestion of the sort. A shadowy countenance, escorted by shadows, you might say. "I have known Cordelia Wheaton a very long time. Thoughts may be permitted me that might seem officious in others. I shall be most at peace if I know that what she has given me is placed where it can be useful to her—where she cannot prevent its being useful to her. So, if you would kindly draw up that kind of document, I will send you the notes you ask for. Now I will not take any more of your time."

At the door of the empty room he turned. "Is it asking a great deal of you to ask you this? I—I really know nothing about such things. It is sometimes done, surely? Whatever the usual procedure—I leave it quite to you."

"You can rely upon us." The lawyer spoke in a short, satisfied tone.

"Thank you." He still held the knob of the door. "How is she? Are you still by way of hearing?"

This time it was Mr. Reid who replied absently. "Well, I think. Yes, well." His mind was busy elsewhere, and Walter Leaven passed into the outer offices.

Left alone, Mr. Reid did not at once declare himself ready for the business of the firm. He was profoundly moved. A very old friend of Miss Wheaton's Leaven evidently was. The lawyer did not speculate sentimentally. Love-affairs did not concern him unless they bore a legal aspect. Besides, Leaven's face was the negation of emotion, even of that adulterated emotion known as sentiment. But it was very pleasing that Leaven should have come to him on just that errand. He liked Leaven; he felt as if Leaven had done him a good turn. Stephen Reid would not forget. Here and there a human being did have some sensitiveness, some delicacy. . . . The fact is that Mr. Reid still austerely thought of that distributed wealth as Miss Wheaton's money. Even after a year he could hardly recognize the scattered particles as separate units. He had never liked her decision to impoverish herself; and the little he knew about her own plans for existence shocked him quite as much as fuller knowledge had shocked Leaven. Leaven had finally come to see Cordelia's act as vitally a part of her, a madness for which no one but Cordelia was responsible. His bitterness was against life for

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permitting Cordelia, of all people, to be like that. But Mr. Reid was slightly hostile to the rabble that had benefited: he saw them, at least, as accessories after the fact. With the exception of Leaven, who had the grace not to be happy, he felt them all slightly criminal.

Luckily there was other business to bestir himself about. He rang, with a sigh, for Boomer.

VI

Bessie John was a little thin. She had never been plump, but there had been just flesh enough to fill the hollows; now there were visible concavities in cheek and neck. She was a brave woman, however, and, though two years had passed since the November afternoon forty people had spent uncomfortably together in Miss Wheaton's drawing-rooms, though the first glow of apparent wealth had faded and life was constantly making unexpectedly full demands upon her, she had spirit and humor left to face the world with. The "sea-captain's front parlor" was a little frayed and dimmed by time and accidents; the house had shrunk appallingly since the twins had come. A very necessary white-uniformed person perpetually snatched from the Johns the price of opera-tickets. Bills were rendered as inconveniently, it seemed, as they had been in the earlier days. But Bessie John had not coquetted with her "Colonial" ideal: she had really accepted it for better, for worse. If she had developed a tendency to tea-gowns, they were only her substitute for caps. Her movements were as brisk as ever, and her tea-gowns were made of serviceable stuff.

There is no doubt that Bessie John, in accepting her ideal, had deliberately narrowed her vision. She bade fair to be some day over-domestic, over-maternal, over-conventional; to let herself go in consecrated selfishnesses. In other words, she was shaping to the type of Wife and Mother. For her husband and her children she was prepared to be a brute to the rest of the world, if the rest of the world got in their way. In the earlier years of her marriage Philip John had held her, as it were, on a leash. She had liked her leash, but there had been strains and tugs, gambollings that amused John. Now she was tethered more firmly, and when Philip went forth into the world she did not accompany him. She was going to be more Colonial than she had ever dreamed of being; her hyperboles had turned and clutched her. A nice woman, Bessie John, but not in the least what she had seemed to be when childless, mocking, and poor. Sometimes she had wondered fantastically if she would have developed differently under the influence of Chinese Chippendale. But she soon gave over even wondering, for the beginnings of change in her were real.

Take an instance. In the first days of buying and furnishing she had spoken lightly to her husband of Julie Fort. Now that Julie was known to have taken the primrose path, Bessie John never mentioned her at all. She had for Julie's vagaries the sternness, not of religion—for religion comports charity—but of convention; which, being a law and nothing more, does not trouble itself with psychology. It is ticklish business to damn people, for damning is, after all, God's affair; but it is perfectly simple to cut them, and in her heart Bessie John cut Julie. If you ask me the real reason for her mentally cutting Julie (she had no chance to cut her face to face, for Julie was still abroad), I can only say that I believe it was because the twins were boys. Or another example, more vital still: Mrs. John had recently found it possible once more to call Mrs. Williston "Aunt Blanche." She had come to feel the natural solidarity of people who have a little money as against those who have none. Two years after Miss Wheaton's beneficent gesture, Bessie John would not have given the great-nephew a dollar for cigarettes.

Superficially, of course, not much of all this was visible. Bessie John had not yet altered her vocabulary. It would take a good many years for her to achieve the type towards which she was straining. But her type was certainly meeting her half-way: consider the twins!

Philip John, content from boyhood to be as God made him, did not hold within himself the seeds of change. When he seemed different, you might be sure that he had only turned slowly about, uncon-

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sciously displaying another aspect. You might never have seen it before; it might surprise you; but that was sheer miscalculation on your part, and could be laid to no fickleness of his. He was romantically devoted to his wife, though he did not wholly understand her. He was a little surprised at her passion for domesticating herself, but it fell in with traditions familiar to him, so that he merely considered himself more fortunate than ever. The new necessity of economy was more welcome to him than the first flush of extravagance had been; it was part of life as he had always expected to find it. Bessie continued to love him as much as if it had not been her duty to. What more could he ask?

From that you must make out as well as you can what life was eventually to do with the Johns.

It was again November. Bessie John waited in the dimmed drawing-room for her husband to come home. Even the twins' *coucher* was not allowed to interfere with the quiet half-hour between his return and the necessity of dressing. What was the white-uniformed person for? Bessie was possessed of the very moral intention of getting full service for the wages she paid. Let one of the twins depart in any way from the laws of nature as laid down by specialists, and she was on the spot, flushed and alert. Otherwise—Philip was her husband.

He came in later than she had expected him, with a worried look that did not escape her. She bundled him into the big wing-chair (it needed re-covering) and as usual took the words out of his mouth—out of his throat, rather, since they never reached his lips.

"How tired you are, precious! Was it very rotten? If Mr. Reid looks like a trip to South America, you must get out a warrant. I hope you reminded him that the investments were all made by his explicit advice. Is there anything the matter with our money, dear?"

"Not a thing, so far as I know."

"Well, then, nothing matters, does it? But he's a beast to make wrinkles in your forehead. He might have considered me. You have all the looks of the family, and if he mars your beauty I will sue him. The next time, *I* will reply to Mr. Reid's summons. The money is mine, anyhow. I never gave you a penny of it for your own, did I, dear?"

"No, you didn't." He underscored the words.

"Well, of course—" She flung out her hands in a beautiful, free gesture. "I couldn't trust you with it, could I, now, Philip? We had it all out. You don't mean to say that you wanted me to?"

"I didn't say that, Bess."

"Why, Phil, Phil, is there anything *in* this? I told you I couldn't trust you to spend it on yourself—to fend off beggars in high places. I kept it, Heaven knows, so that it would be kept. You've always had a power of attorney. And what business is it of Mr. Reid's, anyhow? Can't you and I decide a thing like that?"

"You're way off, my dear." He laughed a little. "Why should Reid lecture you through me? Do you think he would do such a thing, or I listen to him?"

"Well, what is it, then?" Bessie John stroked her dark-blue dress, smoothing the thin stuff out over her knees. She had relaxed since the reassuring words came.

"Reid wants to see us both to-morrow afternoon. And we are not the only ones. He is sending for others, too. Leaven, I believe, and Mrs. Williston, and one or two more. Something is up, but he didn't tell me what. I think he got me there to tell me and then changed his mind. I reminded him that I was not directly concerned in Miss Wheaton's gifts. I made the appointment for us both to-morrow, according to his request."

Mrs. John had sprung to her feet while he spoke. "Philip!" she cried. "She wants to take it back! But she can't—she can't. Mr. Reid ought to know that. I hope you didn't give him any encouragement. Why, I'd take it to every court in the country. It was a free gift. Nothing could have been more legal. Do you think the papers were wrong—inadequate? Lawyers are capable of anything."

"Calm down, Bess. I should say the transfers were about as legal and final as transfers could be. And I don't believe

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you realize that Mr. Reid's firm is one of the most respected in the city. They wouldn't lend themselves to a trick if they could. You do get the strangest ideas!"

"I get them because I am afraid. You said yourself that something was up. If the investments are all right and the title is impeccable, I don't see what it can be. But there's trouble ahead, somehow. I can feel it all over."

"Oh, when you take to feeling things all over—" he scoffed wearily.

"A woman's brain, I really believe, isn't restricted to her head-piece. The tips of my fingers tell me things." She clawed the air delicately with them by way of emphasis.

Philip John leaned over, caught the clawing fingers on an ascending spiral, and kissed them.

"I don't know what it is, dear. But we're bound to go and see. It can't be anything very bad. Even if worse came to worst——"

"If worse came to worst, it would be Chaos and Old Night. Do you realize that I have planned out our whole existence, for threescore years and ten, on the basis of what we have? With margins for accident and everything? I've counted to a dollar the twins' schooling and their advantages. Adenoids and all. I've counted in your prospective rises in salary: every one, exactly as it may be expected to occur. Why, my dear, I have a budget all made out until the twins are twenty-five—and for us, after that. We're thrown on the wide world if anything happens to my money. I've built up a philosophy of life on it. You take away my law and my prophets, you take away my soul, if you take it away."

"Souls oughtn't to be dependent on hard cash, ought they?"

"Why don't you take orders, Philip?" she mocked. "I've turned myself into a certain kind of person. I've borne you children. I've made a covenant with Society. I have done irrevocable things. . . . And if you talk of losing the little money we have, I shall scream. Am I a serpent that I should cast my skin? I have not been extravagant. I couldn't be. The change was too solemn for that. I've taken vows, if you like. Mr. Reid shan't have a penny. To trick me into having children!"

"Bess!" His reproach was only in part for her incoherence.

"Well, that would be it. I should never have consented to have them if I hadn't expected to bring them up decently—to make their bodies fit and their minds noble. Cordelia Wheaton brought those children into the world. She'll not go back on her responsibilities while I am there to fight for them." Then she dropped back, exhausted. Her tone changed.

"Forgive me, Philip. I may have said things to pain you. Only I hate being the mouse when some one else is the cat. I think you can trust me. I shan't make a scene, whatever happens."

"Nothing can happen, dear, so far as I can see. And, you know, when you happen to feel like a mouse, you think everything *is* a cat."

She leaned over him and patted his shoulder. "I know you don't misunderstand me: we've always been so straight with each other at every-stage. I couldn't live without the twinnies, even if I had to take them round with a hurdy-gurdy and make all our livings in coppers. I honestly couldn't. I could have got on very well without maternal affection, but once there you can't get rid of it. It's indestructible as asbestos. I know you understand: so you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Of course." She was sitting on the arm of his chair, and he drew her head to his shoulder.

"I wonder who the others will be," she mused, smiling a little. "Old Mr. Leaven goes without saying. How Aunt Blanche hates him! He's godless, you know. It will be fun to see them together. Thank Heaven, for every one's sake, Julie Fort's abroad. She has spent all hers, they say. And old Miss Bean—what a pity she can't be there! I met her once in Mr. Reid's office, and she looked at his chair as if it were the Great White Throne. You know the way she pulls her poor old skirts up and cringes away a little from anything she respects. But she's safe in the hospital."

"In the hospital? What's the matter?"

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"Ssh—ssh! Aunt Blanche told me in confidence. She went back to the Holy Rollers after a season of New Thought. She couldn't think newly enough. And last week she broke her leg rolling under a porch in Hackensack. Saints always did have hard luck with their anatomies, you know." Bessie John laughed softly as she ruffled her husband's hair. Then she rose quickly.

"I must go and say good-night to the twins, Philip. Won't it be funny when they can say good-night? Let's dress extremely for dinner. Put on all your pearls, dear. And we'll open something and drink to Cordelia Wheaton. That's what teetotallers were meant for—to have their healths drunk." She left the room, still laughing softly.

The Johns dined festally. Not only did Bessie "open" burgundy, but she produced as well her own particular vintage: not her mere railing of every day, but wit with a bouquet, of which she still had a little left. It bubbled up between them, evoking youth, when there had seemed to be an inexhaustible store of it. Smart and shimmering in her best frock, she faced Philip John with "all his pearls" on. She even won her sober-seeming husband to irresponsibility with her. They laughed until they choked; they invaded the sea-captain's front parlor with a nursery atmosphere—where every one plays as hard as he can and it is some one's else business to pick things up afterward. It was late when they went upstairs to bed.

Philip John, positively worn out with fun, slept almost immediately. His wife lay on her side, watching his vague form in the bed next hers. The glimmer of a street light struck through a crack in the shutter and enabled her to half-see, half-surmise the sleeping shape of him. She was not nervous; she was thinking. Her bodily comfort was complete. It was not pleasant to stay awake with thoughts like hers; but how much better than to sleep and wake unprepared! She really needed the time and the peace. For Bessie John, in the midst of her gayety, had suddenly understood. It had come to her like a flash as she crossed the hall to fetch something they needed for an absurd joke. Towards dawn she seemed to herself to have canvassed every inch of the situation. The tactician in her dismissed his staff. Without an effort or a sigh she turned on her other side and slept.

VII

Mr. Reid had not summoned many people to his little conference. Indeed, there were not many left in New York whom he could summon, for much of Miss Wheaton's money had betaken itself to inaccessible places. There was Randall, for example—a stiff, silent man, whose wife had died six months before, her last illness made just tolerable to her husband by the luxuries Miss Wheaton had enabled him to lavish on her. But Randall had gone west to make a new start there for his boys. Jim Huntingdon was sitting somewhere on the roof of the world, dangling his feet over in an ecstasy. Mrs. Corbet was solitary, and could have been drawn into the conference; but since her accession of fortune her health had left her, and she was wintering in California. Mrs. Corbet, had Mr. Reid but known, need scarcely have been regretted; for, from the moment that she could afford operations, one after another had been found necessary. She was now living as cheaply as medical advice permitted and looking forward to another in the spring—one of those women whose doom it is to be nothing but a complicated surgical demonstration. Many of the beneficiaries Mr. Reid had, of course, quite lost track of; some of the others there was no use in consulting; one or two had died. There were a few left—wise virgins of the parable, but by no means twelve of them. These he had asked to come. It was a painful business: he dreaded it.

The Johns came first through the empty room, Bessie John wearing her quietest clothes and her quietest manner, Philip a little ponderous and tired. Mrs. John had not spoken to her husband of Mr. Reid and his summons since she had asked for his forgiveness the afternoon before. Walter Leaven followed close upon them, a little older, a little dryer and fainter than the last time he had visited those offices. Mrs. Williston was last of all, so very late that it was apparently by intention. The lawyer looked

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about at the tiny group. Strange that after only two years these should be all he could, for one reason or another, lay hands on for his purpose! But he looked at Walter Leaven and at Philip John and took heart.

In a few words, nervous but clear, he put the situation before them. Miss Wheaton had reserved very little of her capital for her own use. It had been left in his hands, yes; but she had insisted, contrary to all his advice, in keeping the amount in its original investment. It was a matter, he believed, of sentiment—an inheritance from her mother that had always been invested in that particular concern. Perhaps they knew that she had not always been in sympathy with her father's methods? He had grown anxious, warned her, but she had refused to alter it. He could not be sure that his last letter had even reached her; he had had no answer. . . . Times had changed very much: new legislation, new mergers, new methods had killed the business. The stockholders had lost all their money. Miss Wheaton, voluntarily impoverished, was now involuntarily penniless. What could be done about it?

The only expression of shocked surprise came from Philip John. Walter Leaven had so long been beset by vague presentiments that he was mightily relieved to know the worst: his features relaxed. Old Mrs. Williston had her religion to sustain her—a religion that dealt largely in the catastrophes of other people.

Bessie John had guessed it at five minutes past eleven the evening before, and had had time to deal with it. But Bessie John did not wish to be the first to break the silence that fell. She was very, very glad that the money was hers and not Philip's, for that meant that Philip could not break the silence either. He could not even consult her privately, there in public. She sat, taut and prepared. Her plan had been all a matter of taking certain cues that she felt sure would come. She waited for them. She was counting on Aunt Blanche.

Mr. Reid, who had been counting on Walter Leaven, saw that though he could probably still count on him, it would not be for speech. One quick glance showed him Philip John distressed and silent, prey of feelings as delicate as you liked but conflicting. He was obviously moved, but he could not rush to Miss Wheaton's relief with his wife's money. Mrs. John was entirely at ease in her inn: impulses perfectly in order. Finally, Mr. Reid turned to Mrs. Williston—with deference. He must get speech out of the group somehow. He lifted his eyebrows with irresistible interrogation, as if assuming that all of them must needs give precedence to her massive virtue.

No questions lightened the silence, and Mrs. Williston took her time. Finally she turned to the lawyer.

"Where are the others?"

"What others?"

"The others who should have been here with us."

Mr. Reid smiled austerely. "They are everywhere and nowhere. I have communicated with a few by writing, but you four are all I could gather together for a personal conference. Several whom I could have got hold of I preferred to leave alone for the present. I wanted to discuss the matter with—well, with the chosen few. It is for us to decide what shall be done."

"Why for us more than the others?" she asked relentlessly.

"I do not care to publish this too widely at present. Besides, a good many of Miss Wheaton's beneficiaries"—the word stood out naked among them—"are no longer in a position to be of practical use. The estate was very much broken up. I selected, of those who were at hand, the people who were, for one reason or another, more able to take responsibility in the matter; who had more wisdom; who presumably hadn't squandered their windfall utterly; who—well, who could be depended on to take in the situation and to act. It is probably no news to any of you that some of Miss Wheaton's friends have turned out to be mere wasters and fools. . . . I should be glad, Mrs. Williston, if you would give us your advice. You are a very old friend of hers, I believe."

"I have known Cordelia Wheaton a long time," Mrs. Williston admitted, "but my own opinion is that she is out of her mind. I think we should proceed on that basis."

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"Your reasons for believing that?"

Mrs. Williston was wholly undismayed by his sharpness. She replied, not without unction. "I have been told that she has spent the last two years in the East, giving herself up entirely to the practices of some heathen sect. I merely put the most charitable construction upon her actions. I know of no fund that can provide for such people; I see no way out of it but an insane asylum."

"Do I understand you to mean that you think her dangerous to society?"

"Probably not. But I do not see how she can benefit by Christian charity. I am on the executive board of the Refuge for Aged and Indigent Gentlewomen, but I should be powerless. All our inmates are required to profess the Christian religion. I will make inquiries; any point that can be stretched shall be. But you see my position. We are non-sectarian, but evangelical. I am afraid there is no hope there. . . . Of course, if Cordelia should see the light again . . . But she was always obstinate. I was very fond of her, and this is a great distress to me." Mrs. Williston shook out the folds of a fine white handkerchief, and ceased speaking.

Walter Leaven, with complete disregard of manners, got up and walked to where Mr. Reid sat behind his desk. There he whispered flagrantly in the lawyer's ear. Mr. Reid shook his head. . . . Leaven whispered again. . . . The others turned away from this by-play, each choosing an object to stare at in the comfortable office. Bessie John fixed a brown leather cushion in a deep chair, as once she had fixed Miss Wheaton's chessmen with her gaze. She seemed to be counting the buttons on the cushion, if indeed she were not too intent on it even to count. The chair was on her left hand, and her husband sat at her right. John contemplated his wife's right ear as if trying to mesmerize her through that novel means. . . . Mr. Reid at last scribbled something on a paper, folded the paper carefully, and handed it to Leaven. Whereupon Leaven left the room. The click of the closing door brought all eyes back to Mr. Reid.

The lawyer turned to Bessie John.

"Mrs. Williston is too overcome by her friend's misfortune to envisage the situation helpfully, I fear. Mr. Leaven said that he should return presently, but meanwhile let me ask you for your opinion, Mrs. John."

Bessie John shook out her muff and regarded it, head on one side, as if even then she needed time to recover her coherence from the shock.

"I hardly go so far as Mrs. Williston in the matter of Miss Wheaton's sanity. Misled, misguided, rather, I should think." She paused. She was able to look at Mr. Reid without including her husband in her fringe of vision, and she took full advantage of that fact. "Could you give us an idea, Mr. Reid, of how many people, besides ourselves, are in a position to join us in any plan we might make for Miss Wheaton?"

The lawyer answered calmly, with tight lips. "No, Mrs. John, I cannot. As I said, I have written to those I thought possible." He referred to a list. "Mr. Huntingdon is virtually inaccessible, as are several others. . . . Miss Fort, I believe, has nothing left: it is rather a tragic case. Miss Bean is in hospital, but I hope to see her soon. Mrs. Corbet is too ill to approach. Randall—Struther—um-m. The decision must be made right here, among us. We'll let the broken reeds go, for the moment, I think. What will you do?" The question rang out commandingly.

Mrs. John raised a deprecating hand. "Mr. Reid, I quite see the gravity of the situation. Of course we must all face it. But it is not a question of duty, is it? It is a question of sentiment, and of how much we can severally afford to spend for sentiment's sake. Don't you think you are perhaps a little too prone to think of our money as still being Miss Wheaton's? And of her misfortune as being necessarily ours? I see the irony of it all—poor Miss Wheaton! I could wish she had never divided up her wealth. But you cannot go back on history. Some of us have taken on responsibilities, you see, that cannot be cast off because the poor lady has had hard luck. I am sure Mrs. Williston is thinking of that, too. I am quite ready to do my part—to make sacrifices to do it. But I cannot sacrifice my children; nor, I fancy, can Mrs. Williston

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sacrifice her family. My husband and I are not free. And I do not think"—she finished with an impertinence so delicate that it was almost courteous—"that anything can be gained by putting a pistol to our heads. It is so very unfortunate, is it not, that the ones who are free—unmarried, childless, footloose—have all turned out to be useless, irresponsible?—in some cases, I'm afraid, worse."

Mr. Reid considered for a moment. Then he said quietly: "I ought to give you a chance to think it over and consult by yourselves. In point of fact, I did not realize that it would be such a complicated business. Shall we adjourn as soon as Mr. Leaven comes back?"

"By no means!" Bessie John was very quick with her reply. "I am sure none of us is so rich that he doesn't know to a penny what he can afford."

"Certainly not." Mrs. Williston had put away her handkerchief and was ready to take up the discussion again. "We have all, as Bessie John says, taken responsibilities upon us that we cannot lightly shake off. I shall not rest until I have found some place for Cordelia Wheaton to lay her head. But I cannot take bread out of the mouth of the righteous." She was as firm as she was vague.

Philip John rose and walked to the window. There he turned and stood tense, his back against the wall. "The money is my wife's, not mine. I haven't any authority to speak. But I want to say, here and now, that if among us we don't manage to make Miss Wheaton comfortable for the rest of her days, I think we're a set of skunks." Then he faced about and stared out of the window.

Bessie John had not been prepared for exactly that. She had expected Philip at some point to declare himself, but she had not quite counted on being called a skunk. Yet, though she was sorry to be called one, she did not shrink from her determination to be one—by her husband's definition.

"Of course, I must talk things over with my husband," she said. "But I think we can virtually decide everything now. Is Miss Wheaton planning to return to this country?"

"Miss Wheaton probably does not yet know of her catastrophe. But she will know, and, if I am not mistaken, we shall have to take all steps for her. If she is to die of poverty I, personally, should be very unwilling to have her die of it in India. I have assumed that she will return. We cannot look after her very well over there—and I do not see any particular willingness on the part of her protégés to continue her income so that she can go on with her life precisely as before. Besides—she is not young, and her health is poor."

"Oh, yes, I think she must come back. Don't you, Philip?" Mrs. John's tone of solicitude was perfect.

John did not turn to answer her. His reply was uttered into the window-pane. "I should think so. But I'm not in on this discussion." He took a seat then in the farthest corner of the room and began a meticulous inspection of some law-books on the shelves near him.

"About how much income has Miss Wheaton just been deprived of?" Bessie John took a note-book out of her muff and smiled at Mr. Reid.

But Mrs. Williston interrupted. "I don't think that is the point. The point is how much she absolutely needs to live on in America—in some quiet place, of course."

"You are quite right, Aunt Blanche. I should have said that. Indeed, you are the most practical of us all. Let me amend my question, Mr. Reid."

"I do not feel that that is for me to say," the lawyer answered, with silken hostility.

"I hoped you would advise us," Bessie John protested sweetly. "If we are to organize a fund, we must decide that first of all. Then Mrs. Williston and I could write down how much we could afford to subscribe and leave the list with you to be completed by appeals to others. I think, of course, that the appeal should be restricted to friends of Miss Wheaton's. And, by the way, aren't there several of her friends who are rich? They certainly ought to be spoken to."

Mr. Reid said nothing. But Mrs. Williston spoke for him.

"Quite right, Bessie. The rich should give from their abundance. I will do what I can, but I warn every one that I shall not curtail my poor benevolence to

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worthy objects for the sake of giving luxuries to Cordelia Wheaton. Are we to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs?"

If Mrs. John winced a little under the Biblical question, she did not show it outwardly. "You are, of course, answerable to your own conscience, Aunt Blanche. I should be quite as willing, myself, to support Miss Wheaton as if she were evangelical. But then my feelings are always getting the better of my principles. What I think we must all realize" —she spoke as if the beneficiaries were all there, a cloud of witnesses—"is that this is a charity like another. If Miss Wheaton has rich friends left, they must be appealed to. And I think Mr. Reid is the person to do it."

The lawyer fixed her with a hard gaze. "So you think this is a charity like another, Mrs. John?"

Ah, for that, she *had* prepared herself! It was the crux of the whole matter.

"Yes, Mr. Reid," she answered gravely. "I understand why you do not see it in that way. You think of us as having received lavishly from that admirable woman, and as being niggardly, now, with her. In other words, you take all this not as charity on our part, but as a just debt. And I am going to tell you why I do not agree with you. I think, with you, that the persons to be appealed to first are the people to whom Miss Wheaton has been generous, financially. But I doubt, with all the wastage there has been, if we can suffice to it. We were poor—all of us—when Miss Wheaton divided her money. It was divided, as you know, among a great many people. The unprincipled ones have squandered theirs already. A few of us looked to the future and ordered our lives somewhat differently on the strength of it. Mrs. Williston, here, has undoubtedly pledged herself to do things for her nephews and to support good works which are a part of her religion. My husband and I have two children now. We are not in the same case we were in when Miss Wheaton, quite gratuitously and unsolicited, changed our expectations. None of us could have foreseen this. If you foresaw it, I think you should have warned us all —that is, if you expected us to step in and correct the workings of fate. Life is not the same for any of us that it was two years ago. The next day, the next month, we could have relapsed; we could have given the money back. Now most of us, probably, have quite new factors to reckon with. I cannot starve my children because the money that feeds them came originally from Miss Wheaton, who professed, then, not to want it or need it. It was as much an outright gift as if she had willed it and died. All of us who were not mere butterflies have accepted responsibilities on that basis—very sacred responsibilities. There was no hint whatever that that was not the right thing for us to do. And I maintain, in my own case, that my children are my duty and that Miss Wheaton is a charity. As for luxuries—we have no luxuries to give up. I have no jewels, no motor-cars to sell, no unnecessary expenses to curtail. Whatever I contribute will come out of the life-blood of my family. I am willing and anxious to contribute something, but I utterly deny any one's right to ask it, or any one's reason in calling it a duty. I do not know whether or not I speak for Mrs. Williston, but I fancy I do. I fancy I speak for every one who has not made ducks and drakes of Miss Wheaton's gift. As I say, I will give what I can; but it is so very little that I think you will have to go to richer people in the end. You have, I understand, no authority from Miss Wheaton, in any case. If I know anything about her, she would rather die where she is than have you demand her money back from the people she gave it to. Of course you are right to try to plan for her, but I think you can take it from me that Miss Wheaton would rather you appealed to those of her friends who never needed her money than to those she knew desperately did need it. And no amount of consulting or discussion," she finished, "can change my firm conviction that I am acting rightly. My husband seems to have gone on record as disagreeing with me; but I hope that, now I have explained myself, he will change his mind. In any case, I shall have plenty of time to explain myself further to him. . . . Do you think it necessary for us to wait longer for Mr. Leaven? The sum I can offer is almost negligible."

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And she rose, fastening her furs about her neck.

In point of fact, Bessie John had expected more help from Mrs. Williston than Mrs. Williston had given her. She had expected figures—small ones—from Aunt Blanche: something named, that she could easily better. But, tactician though Bessie thought herself, she had worked in ignorance. Aunt Blanche, a few months before, had bought an annuity; and she had spent this hour like a doleful pendulum, alternating between the desire to let herself out by confessing to the annuity, and the fear that, if she confessed, her family would learn of it and cast off her yoke. The bewildered woman had been trying, in all the intervals of speech, to calculate whether, if her niece and nephews did know, they would still continue to cling to her for the sake of scraps. They might; but then again the scraps might not seem to them worth clinging for. She was not psychologist enough to know. And she did not wish to give up the throne-room and the deference—for which she paid, in cold cash, very little. If Bessie John had known how acutely Mrs. Williston had been suffering, she might easily have forgiven her for not furnishing all the expected cues. As it was, she saw only that Aunt Blanche was not to be counted on as she had thought, and therefore she rose, having stated her own case in full.

Walter Leaven's re-entrance, however, made it impossible for her to leave at once, though she did not sit down again. Philip John and Mrs. Williston had also risen to their feet.

Mr. Reid seemed ready enough to have them depart.

"They have said their say, Leaven," he remarked curtly. "If you can stay on for a little, I will report to you."

But Mrs. Williston could not go out of the open door without one vain effort for the semblance of nobility.

"It has occurred to me just now," she began, "that Cordelia might make a joint household with Miss Bean. I am not sure that that would not be the best solution. Miss Bean is used to managing on very little. And Cordelia is very unpractical. I wonder it did not occur to us before. I dare say, if we all contributed"—she glanced austerely at Leaven—"it could be arranged. Cordelia has been a vegetarian for years. Think it over. I am quite struck with it. Are not you, my dear?" She turned to Mrs. John.

Bessie gave her one queer little appalled glance, then bit her lip. "I have said everything that I have to say to-day." She bowed to Mr. Reid and beckoned to her husband. Aunt Blanche had certainly not played the game.

Mrs. Williston, flushed with her own cleverness, was ready almost to linger. But Walter Leaven, not Mr. Reid, took it upon himself to answer her.

"I don't know who Miss Bean is," he said coldly, "but I am quite sure she is not fit for Cordelia to live with. Certainly not if she was at Cordelia's house that day." The expression of his mouth seemed to dispose of Mrs. Williston both in this world and in the next. "I have cabled to Huntingdon," he went on, turning to Mr. Reid. The others might listen if they chose, but he seemed not even to be aware of that. "Of course he'll look after her at that end—get her on to a ship. And I will meet her at San Francisco."

Mrs. Williston looked as if she wished to re-enter the conference, but Bessie John pushed her gently towards the door. Mrs. John did not even bow to Leaven as she left the office, but her husband, silently following her, stopped an instant and held out his hand to him. Leaven, taken by surprise, did not manage to grasp John's hand without awkwardness. You would have said that he found himself having an inexplicable little interlude with the furniture. But the hands met, somehow, and John and the two women got out.

"I am engaged, Boomer," said Mr. Reid. The door was closed firmly, and the lawyer and Leaven faced each other intimately across the table.

(To be concluded.)

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OUR SOLDIER TOWNS

BY NELSON LLOYD

OUR war with Spain was a very small affair when one places it in contrast with the colossal military undertaking in which we are now engaged, but it taught us lessons that have not been forgotten. In 1898 more men died of fever than were killed in action; more men suffered permanent impairment of health than were maimed by the enemy's bullets. Those who saw the training-camps of that time could understand it. Picture the army concentrated at Tampa for the contemplated attack on Havana. It lay there all summer under canvas, sweating in the Florida heat. In the morning the men waded through hot sand under a blistering sun. In the afternoon came the daily deluge to reduce the streets to a slough. From the fly and the mosquito there was no refuge. They swarmed everywhere, and at meals it was really difficult to break your way through to your food. Then remember Chickamauga and Montauk, where bad water and bad drainage took a heavy toll of the men who had offered their lives in their country's service. In those days we seemed to hold that nothing was too hard for the soldier to endure. Now we believe rightly that nothing is too good for him where his health and comfort are concerned. To provide for him properly is an essential part of military science. As an observer I knew the old system; as an observer I have seen the working of the new. And what a contrast!

One morning late in June I stepped from a train at Quantico into one of our new military towns. It was an absolutely new town built for the marines and just ready for occupancy. Two months before you could have passed through Quantico on the railroad without being aware of its existence. It was just a sleepy little village, a hundred or so frame houses spread over a narrow flat between the Potomac and the Virginia hills. To-day over the flat and over the lower slopes of the hills spreads a town of 7,000, a clean, orderly town with streets, perfectly aligned and lighted, with a scientifically constructed drainage system and a good supply of pure water. It is not what you would call lovely from an architectural view-point. Row on row of frame houses, one story high, ninety-eight feet long by twenty wide, stretching away from you with such monotony as to seem endless are, in fact, rather unlovely to the eye. But how practical!

From the northern entrance one comes into the broad main street. On its left lie the administration and supply buildings and the officers' quarters and mess-halls. Behind them stretches a broad open space, and looking across it toward the river we descried the barracks of the artillery companies and the well-equipped hospital. To the right of the main street, up the gentle slope of the hill, rise the quarters of the enlisted men. Every company has its unit of six buildings—a mess-hall and kitchen; four well-ventilated barracks, each holding fifty men; a lavatory amply equipped with shower-baths and wash-basins. Every man has his iron cot and locker. Every door and window is screened against pestiferous insects.

Nothing that makes for the health and comfort of our sea-soldiers has been forgotten at Quantico. Their hours of leisure have been provided for as well as their hours of work. At the great assembly-hall they can find writing-materials and reading-matter. Here, too, they can attend classes that have been organized by the chaplain and by Y. M. C. A. workers. Here, too, religious exercises are held, and on week-day evenings lectures are given and moving pictures shown. The marines have, in fact, a model town. It is, indeed, a wonderful town when one considers that it was just two months in building. On May 1 thick woods covered its site. Hundreds of trees

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had to be felled, streets were laid out with water-pipes and sewers, a lighting-plant built and wires stretched, wells driven, a reservoir made, and a pumping-station installed. By July 4 the men were moving into their comfortable quarters from their camp by the river.

The problem at Quantico was small contrasted to that faced by the War Department at the outbreak of hostilities with Germany. Multiply Quantico by six and you can visualize one of the sixteen cantonments that are to shelter our National Army. To build sixteen cities, each to hold nearly 40,000 men, is in itself a great task; to build them in the short space of three months is herculean. There are in the whole country hardly one hundred and fifty towns larger than these planned for our soldiers. To construct the sixteen has required an organization with a driving force behind it that is little short of marvellous. September 1 was the date set when they must be ready to receive the men of the new army selected by the draft. American engineers and American builders have been called on to perform wonders.

When war broke out it quickly became evident how great a lack of foresight had been shown by our government in preparing for possible hostilities. We had had two years of ample warning. The navy was fit and ready. But for the raising, equipping, and training of the million or more soldiers it was known we should need were we to render quick and efficient help to our allies and protect ourselves, we had only plans. Congress had failed lamentably to provide for our military needs—that same Congress that talked for a month after war was declared before passing the selective-draft law and then only under the heaviest pressure the administration could bring to bear. After April 6 the War Department could not delay. The President had authority to call for large increases in the regular army and did so, and these increments had to be provided with training-camps. The department had no money for their construction, but red tape was cut, contracts were let, and Congress was trusted to provide the funds at a later date. This Congress did on June 15, appropriating $44,400,000 for barracks and quarters; $28,396,000 for supplies, services, and transportation; $4,539,985 for roads, walks, wharves, and drainage; $2,014,540 for the construction and repair of hospitals: a total of $79,350,525 for the cantonments of the new National Army and the increments of the regular army. Practically all the regular army camps had been built before the money was voted, the contractors taking government notes. The assembling and training of a million raw recruits presented a problem infinitely more difficult. Under the old slipshod system they could have been concentrated in camps under canvas, but experience had shown that fixed camps of this kind quickly become unhealthy, owing to the lack of proper sanitation. Fixed camps were necessary, as the period of training for the new troops was to be six months, and, that the best results be obtained during the time of this intensive instruction, it was imperative that every care be given to the health and comfort of the men. This meant the construction of permanent cantonments, with the soldiers properly housed and every precaution taken as to water supply and sanitation. Furthermore, we were embarked on an enterprise of unknown possibilities. Not a million but millions of soldiers might be needed, and not one great contingent but many might have to pass through these military schools. The General Staff of the army had foreseen that this problem might arise, and had prepared last year a general scheme to meet it. They had designed a standard cantonment capable of sheltering one division, or nearly 40,000 men. That plan was very simple. The various units were stretched along a straight line, regiment after regiment, with their barracks, mess-rooms, officers' quarters, hospitals, and stables, arranged, as it were, on a single street, and that street so designed that it could be cut or twisted to suit the conformation of any site. To estimate the cost of any one of the thirty-two camps that were planned was practically impossible, as no such work had ever before been done by the government; and even then probable location was not known, but the figure for the whole number was roughly placed at $79,000,000. It was a guess and nothing more,

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and, as it turned out, a bad one. With war, we could not wait. Time pressed. This plan was called for and even before Congress had decided how the new army would be raised the War Department was at work to provide for it. The building of the thirty-two cantonments suggested under the scheme was placed in charge of the construction branch of the quartermaster-general's office. It was a colossal task for a colonel, two captains, and a stenographer. It was, as I heard an officer say, like ordering the personnel of a cross-roads emporium to build and equip a New York department store in three months. Fortunately they had that remarkable body the Council of National Defense to call upon for aid. This aid was freely and promptly given. The council formed an emergency construction committee and a call was sent out for men skilled in town-planning, for engineers, experts in water supply and sewage, architects, landscape architects, and builders. The best in the country hurried to Washington to render patriotic service. Many of them have since been laboring without pay. Others have received commissions in the quartermaster's department and have donned the uniform. All of them have worked without ceasing to have the cantonments ready when the new soldiers are gathered.

The carrying out of this big town-building scheme met at first with a number of irritating delays. The estimate of the total cost of the thirty-two camps proved far too low. Prices of material and labor had risen enormously since it was made and there was even a threatened difficulty of securing enough material and labor. Then the numbers enlisted in certain units to be housed were increased and the specialists suggested changes in building construction to improve their sanitary features. The War Department had to reduce the number of cantonments to sixteen, which would provide housing for the first great contingent of the National Army, which comes to the colors on September 1. The plan to place the National Guard in similar camps had to be abandoned, and provision was made for them under canvas in the South, a scheme which was held feasible as the period for training the State troops would be ended before the arrival of cold weather. Here, too, the greatest care has been taken as to water supply and sanitation. The same general plan has been followed as is used in the National Army cantonments, except that the men will live in tents. Kitchens, mess-halls, storehouses, hospitals, and such structures, for which tents are undesirable, will be built of wood.

The selection of the sites for the permanent soldier towns had to be carried on with great care and consumed considerable time. Indeed, it was June before the first selections had been definitely decided on. Many communities advanced their claims and brought all possible pressure to bear in their favor. The final decision caused a few local heartburnings and from some quarters not a little criticism. Certain it is that the choices were as impartial as was possible under the circumstances. Though time was pressing, a careful inspection of every site offered was made by an expert town-planner, a sanitary engineer, and an officer representing the War Department. Many elements entered into the final selection. The accessibility of the site by rail had to be considered, for in each soldier town there was to be a non-producing population of many thousands who were to be entirely supported from the world outside. A daily supply of over two million gallons of pure water had to be available. Other important requirements were proximity to centres of population, good roads in the vicinity, a situation generally healthful and capable of proper drainage. In every case at least two thousand acres of land were demanded to afford space for about one thousand buildings, manœuvring-grounds, and rifle-ranges. Once suitable ground was found and secured by the government, local engineers were called in to aid in the big task of laying out the prospective town, adapting the army's plan to the conformation of the land, and building the houses. In many cases the first of this work was under way before the final details of the new structures had been settled. June had half passed before the last of the sixteen sites had been

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chosen and the contracts let for the work.

The complete list of these sites follows:

Ayer, Mass.	Battle Creek, Mich.
Yaphank, L. I.	Rockford, Ill.
Wrightstown, N. J.	Little Rock, Ark.
Annapolis Junction, Md.	Des Moines, Iowa.
	Fort Riley, Kans.
Petersburg, Va.	Fort Sam Houston, Texas.
Columbia, S. C.	
Atlanta, Ga.	American Lake, Wash.
Chillicothe, Ohio.	
Louisville, Ky.	

These sites, in the opinion of the General Staff and of the Advisory Committee of the Council of National Defense, seemed to fulfil as nearly as possible all the requirements. Certainly a choice was difficult because of the many factors entering into the problem. Take the matter of water supply. In some of the cantonments that problem has been easy, as the entire supply can be had from local companies, but in others wells have had to be driven and reservoirs built, either to supplement the local reservoirs or to serve the entire camp. The matter of transportation, also, has been exceedingly difficult and has required the attention of the best railroad men in the country. A town of 40,000 rising almost over-night on any railroad might easily disarrange its service. But when that railroad has to haul all the materials that go into the making of the town and transport its inhabitants there besides, the work is still more troublesome. Location on or near a trunk line was essential. The ability of that railroad to handle such a sudden increase of traffic had to be considered, and once construction began the greatest care had to be taken by the transportation experts to see that the materials went forward with all speed in the order in which they were needed. The least tangle in such traffic must have caused expensive delays. Spurs had to be built to the cantonments, encircling them, that goods might be delivered to any part of them with the least possible delay, both during the building period and after the armies had moved in. So now every camp has complete terminal facilities.

The settling of the form of the contracts for the cantonment construction and the letting of them made no small part of the whole difficult problem. Washington in May and June swarmed with builders and contractors of all kinds, from every part of the country, anxious to get a share of the work. Many of them came with heavy political backing, for when the government is planning to spend nearly $80,000,000 politicians are likely to be on the ground. Now, however, they had little opportunity for profitable business. Because of the short time remaining for the construction it was manifestly impossible for the War Department to follow the usual system of calling for competitive bids. The final plans and specifications for the individual camps had not been completed, and had they been it would have meant a delay of weeks to allow the contractors to make their estimates. Under the advice of the Council of National Defense it was decided to give out the contracts on a basis of fees, assuring the highest grade of work and preventing extravagance and excessive profits. A sliding scale was arranged. Where the cost of a cantonment exceeds $3,500,000 a fee of 6 per cent is given, but out of this the contractor must pay his own overhead charges, and experience has shown these to average about 3½ per cent. Where the operations involve lesser sums the fee is increased to as high as 10 per cent where the cost of the work is less than $100,000, but in no case can the total fee exceed $250,000. By the time the contractors of the largest camps have paid their overhead charges they should have at the best but a fair profit. The contracts offered enough to make them attractive to the concerns which would be able to do so great a work in a short time, and yet the opportunity of any one making an exorbitant profit was eliminated. Naturally there was some dissatisfaction among certain aspirants, but many of the largest and most reliable firms placed themselves at the War Department's disposal. From these sixteen were chosen after an impartial inquiry into their ability and standing, preference being given, where possible, to concerns accustomed to work in the locality of each camp. Since, then, government representatives have had practical supervision

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of the cantonment construction, they have had free access at all times to the accounts and on their approval the contractors have been paid monthly by the government the amount expended, so that as little as possible of their capital has been tied up.

The first of these contracts, that at Ayer, Massachusetts, was given out early in June; the last three weeks later. Since then great gangs of workmen have been laboring night and day to prepare the towns for the new army. Some idea of the size of the task is had when it is considered that for each cantonment there were required 25,000,000 feet of lumber, 1,700,000 square feet of wall-board, 37,000 window-sashes, 32,000 square feet of prepared roofing, 37,000 square feet of wire screening, 6,457 solid board doors, and 2,665 kegs of nails. For the water supply 85,000 feet of pipe, ranging in diameter from one to twelve inches, had to be secured and laid; for the sewers over 100,000 feet of pipe of varied sizes. In every case temporary camps for at least 3,000 workmen had to be provided. Facing these facts, there were early predictions that the cantonments could not be completed on time. But behind the work there is the tremendous driving force of necessity, and American engineers and American builders are accustomed to speed in construction. The War Department has confidence that it will be done almost on time. There may be failure in one or two cases, but it is hoped that at the worst there will be no great delay. The government has had, of course, the absolute co-operation of every trade concerned in the work. Mills have turned aside from other contracts to furnish the materials needed in record time, and the railroads have given these materials priority over their lines. Deliveries have been made at a speed that would not be possible in a private enterprise.

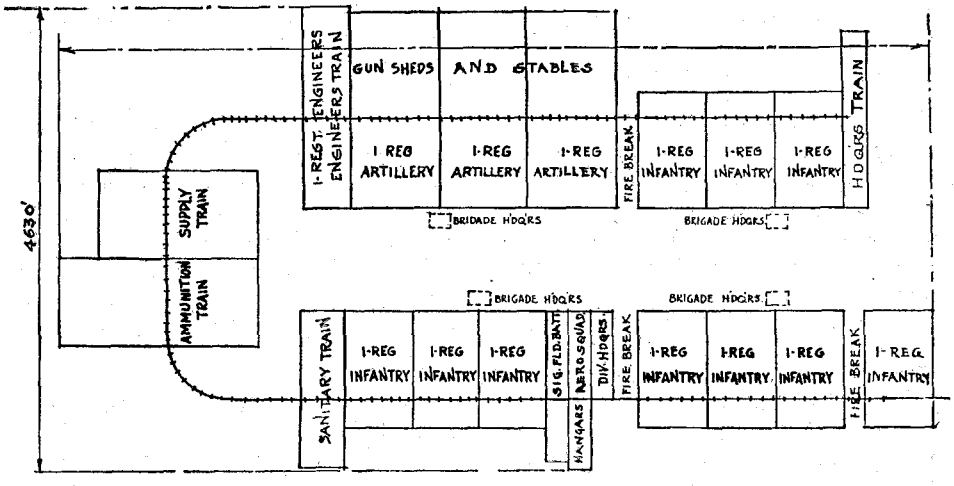

Diagram for ideal grouping of units.

An instance of the rapidity with which such construction can be accomplished is found in the regular-army cantonment at Fort Douglas, Utah. The contract was let in Washington at six o'clock on May 18. At five-fifty o'clock, Salt Lake City time, the lumber was being delivered at the fort. Within three weeks 200 buildings, housing 6,500 troops, were ready for occupancy, water-pipes and sewers had been laid and were working, and the whole camp was lighted by electricity. They have in the War Department a series of pictures showing the progress of one of these barracks—bare ground at three o'clock, then ninety minutes later a completed structure.

Each of our soldier towns has been planned to hold one complete division, plus certain additional units which will bring its military population well over

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35,000. A division consists of nine infantry regiments divided into three brigades, a brigade of light artillery consisting of three regiments, a regiment of cavalry which will be organized like infantry, one regiment of engineers, one aero squadron, and a field-signal battalion. The additional units will vary at different camps and will consist of heavy-artillery regiments, additional infantry regiments, balloon companies, and field-telegraph battalions. Infantry regiments are composed of twelve companies of 200 men each, one machine-gun company of 200 men, and smaller organizations known as headquarters and supply companies, and medical detachments. Artillery regiments are made up of six batteries of 190 men each, while an engineer regiment carries 1,098 men and officers.

The population of a standard soldier town would therefore be made up as follows:

ITEM	OFFICERS	MEN	TOTAL	ANIMALS
1 Division Headquarters	27	123	150	150
4 Brigade Headquarters	16	60	76	80
10 Regiments Infantry	560	27,280	27,840	2,470
3 Regiments Field-Artillery	141	3,870	4,011	3,663
1 Regiment of Engineers	37	1,061	1,098	453
1 Field Signal Battalion	14	245	259	239
1 Aero Squadron	19	154	173	—
	814	32,793	33,607	7,055
TRAINS				
Headquarters	13	319	332	343
Ammunition	16	631	647	1,604
Supply	8	301	309	829
Sanitary	49	878	927	332
Engineer	4	166	170	370
	90	2,295	2,385	3,478
Total for Infantry Division	904	35,088	35,992	10,533

Besides these there will be in each town several thousand civilian employees.

The standard cantonment plan, as has been explained, provided for a continuous line of unit camps. Reading from right to left we would see seven regiments of infantry, the division headquarters, the aero squadron, the field-signal battalion, three more infantry regiments, three artillery regiments, the headquarters train, the sanitary, ammunition, and supply trains, and last the engineers' regiment. From end to end such a cantonment would be two and one-half miles long, and, including the stables and sheds in its rear, nearly half a mile wide. In many places such a plan could not be fitted to the topography of the land and the town-planners had to twist it to suit the location, preserving as far as possible the general relation of the units. The accompanying figure shows the ideal arrangement. In the different units a standard system of grouping the buildings has been followed—to the front the line of officers' quarters; then, in another line, the administration building, the medical department, and assembly-hall; behind these the barracks of the enlisted men, with the post-exchange, stables, and shops in the rear.

In the barracks of the men the same general plan of construction has been followed, though they vary in size according to the organizations housed in them. The regular-army barrack has but one story, and that type was originally adopted for the National Army cantonments. The necessity of economy in space and cost, together with the increase in men to the company, caused a change. The barracks for all the larger

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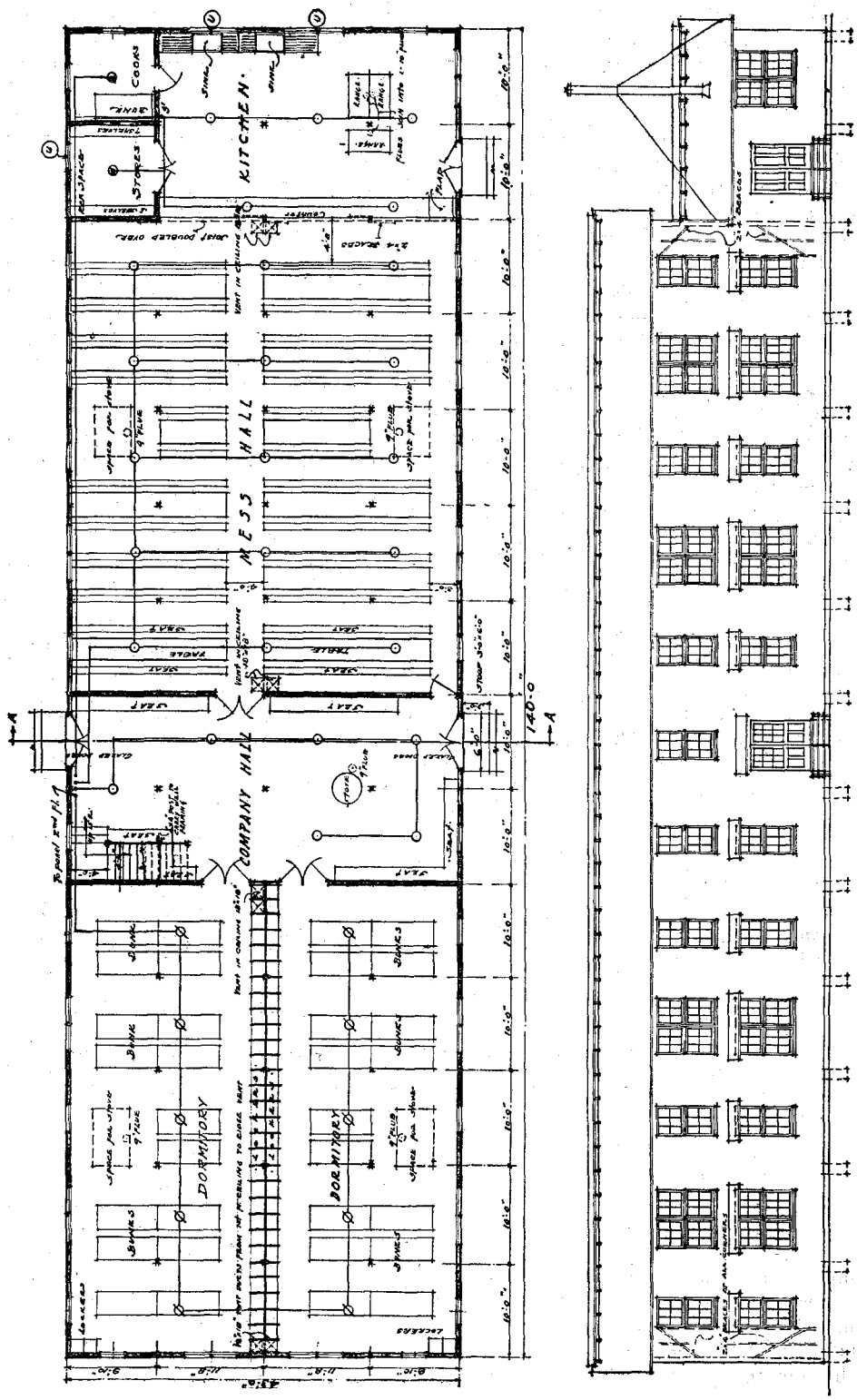

Front elevation and plan of the first floor of a company barracks.

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units have two stories. A standard house for an infantry company is one hundred and twenty feet long by forty-three wide. A large hall, which the men can use as a lounging-room, divides it in the middle of the ground floor. At one end is a mess-hall with a kitchen in an extension; at the other end dormitories. The entire second floor is taken up with sleeping-quarters. Every man will have his iron cot and locker. Ample hot and cold water baths are provided in outside lavatories. All the doors and windows will be screened in summer. The barracks will be electrically lighted and in winter will be heated by steam or stoves, depending on their location in the North or South. Officers and small detachments will be housed in one-story buildings. The regimental hospitals are complete in themselves. They contain dispensaries and wards for a limited number of beds, but their work will be supplemented by the great division hospital, which can take care of one thousand cases.

The task of building these soldier towns did not end with this careful provision for the men. Every division requires more than ten thousand animals for its artillery, its supply and ammunition trains. Remount stations will be established near each cantonment. This means the building of stables and corrals, with quarters for the men in charge. Since the war began great numbers of horses have been purchased all over the country and gathered in concentration camps, from which they will be shipped to the remount depots; thence they will be passed, when fit, into the service. At the depots schools for horseshoers, teamsters, and packers will be established, for it has been difficult to find men in sufficient numbers who understand these parts of army service. The pack-animal near the fighting front is of vast importance in getting up supplies and ammunition, and it is vital to his life and usefulness that his load be properly placed. In our great army thousands of men will be needed for this work and they must be trained to it.

It is seen that every possible care has been taken to safeguard the health of the men who are to be trained in these cantonments. But to make a good soldier you must keep him happy as well as healthy, and to this side of the problem the War Department has devoted a great deal of attention. The Commission on Training-Camp Activities is a voluntary body composed of men known in philanthropic work and social service, and on it will devolve the task of watching the moral conditions in the environs of the cantonments and of reporting to the department when steps must be taken for their betterment. Within the military towns the commission will work with the Y. M. C. A. in providing the young soldiers with all forms of healthy recreation and amusement during their period of training. Every regiment has its assembly-hall. Here writing-material and reading-matter will be provided. Here educational classes under competent instructors will be held, and entertainments such as lectures and moving pictures given. In the great division auditorium such entertainments will be offered on a larger scale. A number of the best-known theatrical managers have arranged to add the soldier towns to their circuits and will present the type of plays best suited to such unusual audiences. Clean sport of all kinds will be fostered, the outdoor games being under the supervision of men of prominence in the athletic world.

Those who have been called to the colors; those whose husbands, whose sons and brothers must soon leave home to serve in their country's armies, will find cheer and comfort in the preparation that has been made for the well-being of our soldiers in the first stages of their training. Certainly the government has spared no effort to provide properly for them. Experience may show that errors have been made. Experience is a schoolmaster who is always with us.

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A MUSHROOM MIDAS

By Hugh Wiley
Author of "On the Altar of Hunger"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

CAP'N JIM was lacin' up his shoes out in the main cabin by the big stove before I took my gittin'-up chew an' got on my pants an' shirt.

The second bell the cook was clangin' on the main deck down below was shakin' the frost off the willows on the bank 'longside the quarter-boat. After the racket died out Cap'n Jim started his mornin' vision report: "Dreamed of a preacher last night, Dave," he says. "He was standin' up in a skiff an' heavin' eggs at a big lummox of a catfish. What does you perdict that vision means?"

"That's a bad vision, Jim," I says, "an' a hard one to perdict. Wait till I git the book."

I dug the old dream-book out of the trunk in my stateroom. When I got back by the stove Cap'n Ed an' Cap'n Lafe was there with Cap'n Jim.

"Poverty—Prayer—Preacher. Preacher: if colored, denotes advance in position or inheritance of gold," I read. "Was he white or nigger?"

"White—I think," says Cap'n Jim. "But he might have been some sickly yaller-lookin'."

"If white," the book says, "it portends a reduction of income or a successful business trip."

Cap'n Jim looked discouraged as a froze rabbit. "Where to would I be takin' a business trip, with the dang fleet laid up for the winter an' me cut to mate's pay till the spring work starts. I figger the shrinkin' income part o' that dream's all I'll git."

Cap'n Lafe hauled out the stone with a hole in it that he carried the time him an' the *Dixie Queen* sunk at Settlers Bend. "This here'll ward off the doom, Jim," he says, handin' the stone to Cap'n Jim. I give ol' Jim my rabbit-foot what has kept bad luck away from me many's the time, an' we started in tryin' to recollect some more charms, but just then the flunky cast loose on the breakfast-bell an' we all drifted for'd an' below into the dinin'-hall. The meal didn't last long, for them quarter-boats in the dredge fleet is cold in winter. After I drunk me a few cups of coffee, I joined Cap'n Jim, who had went out on the guards to size up the weather.

Outdoors she was colder'n blixen, with just a sparkle of frost in the air. In the main river, beyond the dead water in the cut-off where we was layin', the drift-ice was slickin' past at a six-mile clip. Around the fleet the ice was eight inches thick an' we was froze in, solid as a stone church.

Over on the island, where the farmers was cookin' breakfast, some streamers of smoke was risin' agin' the gray of the mornin' sky. "Ruther be here than one o' them land fellers what had to milk a fleet o' cows every mornin' afore he eats," I says to Cap'n Jim, tryin' to inflict him with his happy lot in life.

"If I could have *my* ruthers, Dave," he says, "I'd ruther be over on the hill at Chester with Mrs. Jim an' the two lads." He slung a look at the town across the river an' his eyes landed on his little white house agin' the hill, where his wife an' boys was. He stopped chewin' his fine-cut an' squinted at the house a long time.

"Eleven hunderd an' sixty-five an' some odd cents, ain't it—that mortgage?" I asks.

"Eleven *fifty*-five, an' some odd—I paid a extry ten last month," he said. "Before them orders come cuttin' me to mate I figgered I could git her down to nine hunderd by spring. Can't do it now, though—countin' grub an' wood an' clothes fer 'em. But last month I cut down on the chewin' twenty cents."

"That's somethin'," I said.

We walked over to the office to git the

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orders fer the day's work. Purty soon in come Cap'n Taylor, who was in charge of the fleet. He was a reformed civil engineer, forty years old an' fuller of worthless schemes than a inventor.

"Get a carpenter or two, Captain Stuart," he says to Cap'n Jim, "and repair the inside timbering of the barges at the end of the fleet." Cap'n Jim pulled down his old cap aroun' his ears an' started out. He had got a fine piece of work because the inside o' them barges is warm an' comfortable as soon as the sun hits the deck of 'em. I got a couple of painters an' didn't see Cap'n Jim till we gethered fer the mornin' coffee at the quarter-boat. While we was drinkin' it we seen the mail-tug headin' across the river from Chester. She landed at the point an' the pilot come walkin' up the ice to the fleet, luggin' the mail-sack. We waited till she was all distributed—not expectin' anythin', but *hopin'* that somebody might have wrote us, but exceptin' the letters from the St. Louis office fer Cap'n Taylor they wasn't nothin'.

As Cap'n Jim was startin' back to work, Cap'n Taylor called him in an' showed him one of the official letters. It wasn't no cheerin' news, fer when Cap'n Jim read it he begun shakin' his head an' lookin' downcasted.

He come over to me, walkin' fast enough to ketch up. "That danged vision was a white preacher, Dave," he says. "Cap just got another reducin' letter from St. Louis orderin' me an' two engineers cut to deck-hand's pay."

"That's terrible, Jim!" I says. "You can't *live* on no fifty a month, let alone git along!"

"I can't," he agrees, "but I has to. Because—well as you knows, Dave—I ain't no good fer nothin' else, now." I left him. They wasn't nothing I could think of then that'd help him any, so I started cussin' Congress an' the Mississippi River on general principles. Ol' Jim heard it an' it cheered him up a mite, fer just as he clum down the hatch of the barge he was workin' in he waved his hand at me, spry-like.

I walked over the fleet, spreadin' the news to the rest of the boys about Cap'n Jim. We knowed we had to do somethin' to rejoovenate his fadin' finances an' we all started in tryin' to figger some way he could make a extry income. "Consider it over careful," I tells the boys, "an' tonight we'll have a council an' see what can be did."

When we went back to the quarter-boat fer dinner, we found out Cap'n Taylor had took the noon train from Chester fer St. Louis to hold a meetin' with Colonel McDonald, who was in charge of the whole St. Louis district, an' we decided to hold our council about Cap'n Jim immediate. I got rid of Cap'n Jim by sendin' him after some young eggs fer us, them in the reg'lar rations bein' a little too historical fer eatin' purposes, an' while he was over on the island the rest of us captains gathered in the main cabin.

"Boys," I says, "some of the arrers of rambunctious fortune has hit a brother inmate in the pants pocket where he keeps his cash. The fogs o' finance is settlin' thick around his fragile carcass, an' old Jim ain't goin' to make the riffle under his own steam. What's to be did?"

Nobody spoke fer a while, but finally Cap'n Ed Mitchell laid down his pipe. "As you boys knows," he says, "the wet swill out of the cook-house is more'n enough fer the two hogs what I raise every winter. The only reason the two I've got eats it all is because they *is* hogs. They is enough wet swill to fatten up six of the rattlinest razorbacks what ever et hick'ry-nuts. Six shoats is worth sixty dollars the day they tips down, aft, when h'isted by the ears. An' these here swill rights I donates title clear to Cap'n Jim."

"Hooray!" I yells. "That's ten dollars a month fer six months! An' in line with Cap'n Ed I hereby donates my claims to the dry swill what I fed my chickens before the varmints froze. That'll fetch her to eight hogs, easy."

The enthusiasm got infected. Everybody donated somethin'. Cap'n Porter declared Cap'n Jim a equal half-owner in the Bonanza Bunion Remedy that was invented from solderin' acid. She was a sure cure, but limited to the nigger country down-river, bein' as she generally took off a toe or two along with the bunion. Cap'n Tom bound himself to learn ol' Jim the weavin' of them yarn tidies with the okum trimmin' what can be sold in saloons fer men to take home after they

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has spent their month's wages on liquor. And when the last man had spoke, an' just when we got a fine extry income all lashed up fer Cap'n Jim, in he come. We announced that his troubles was all over an' told him why, an' then the stubborn ol' cuss blew up. He declared that he'd rather go over the deep side than to feel that any of his comrades was called on to contribulate to his keep. Single an' all together, he refused everythin' we had done.

"When I comes to a riffle too shaller to float me, I'll try to drag across with my own lines, but as fer takin' a tow from any passin' craft, I guess you boys see how she lays." Cap'n Jim set down, mincin' his fine-cut fast with his remainin' front teeth, like a rabbit eatin' a cabbage-leaf. An' like he said we seen how she laid. We was stuck.

After we set there awhile, unnatural-like, figgerin' whether to give ol' Jim a good beatin' or not, Cap'n Ed got another idea. "Them monthly magazines," he says, "has got schemes in 'em that shows how money can be made. I got one that tells how Garfield come to be President after he got his canal-boat papers. Maybe they's somethin' in th' one I got, Jim, that you could foller an' keep this here job goin' at the same time."

"Haul her out, Ed," I says, "an' we'll have a look at her."

Cap'n Ed got the magazine an' started readin' the front pages out loud.

"BE A TRAFFIC MANAGER," reads Cap'n Ed, "AND EARN $25,000.00 PER YEAR."

"That's somethin' like!" I said. "How'd you like to be a traffic manager, Jim, an' manage traffic an'—an' everythin'?"

"The *pay* seems reasonable, but you boys knows no self-respectin' man kin foller such a sinful trade. I'm grieved at you suggestin' such a callin', Dave."

I was flabbergasted at the way he took it till I remembered the Sunday paper in red ink we had read, about the curse of the demon rum. "This ain't that kind of traffic, Jim," I says. "She's railroadin' an' such—in a fine office."

"I'm too old to learn railroadin'—turn over a leaf." Cap'n Jim was gettin' interested. We passed up astronomy an' tree surgery. Taxidermy lured me some, but Cap'n Jim allowed it wasn't fair to drinkin' men what comes home late at night.

"Mushrooms is better than that. Listen to this here!" says Cap'n Ed. "MONEY IN MUSHROOMS! MAN IN MICHIGAN MAKES $500.00 THE FIRST WEEK! Jim, how'd you like to have a mushroom orchard?"

"Purty fair," says Cap'n Jim. "Purty fair at that figger. But where'd you raise 'em? Turn over a leaf."

"THERE IS CASH IN HIVES," reads Cap'n Ed.

"Takes too long to learn the doctor business," objects Cap'n Jim.

"These here ain't them scratchin' kind—these is beehives."

"Worse an' worse," says Cap'n Jim. "Bees is ornery, ungrateful, stingin' reptiles, an' far best let alone."

An' after we'd got clean through the book they was only three trades that looked handy—cartoonery, writin' movin'-picture shows, what didn't need no ideas at all exceptin' what was in the "Lubitz Complete Guide," an' raisin' mushrooms what needed some rich land an' a little mushroom seed to make fifty dollars a day.

"Mushrooms is your chance, Jim," says Cap'n Ed. "They is lots of rich land on both sides of the river."

"An' lots of rich frost scattered free on that same land," says Cap'n Jim.

The dinner-gong come clangin' in on our plannin', an' after the feedin' was finished we drifted back to our jobs. About three o'clock, when I was gittin' ready to drag over fer my afternoon coffee, I seen Cap'n Jim comin' my way down the fleet, runnin' an' wavin' his arms like a old turtle when he's turned over.

"I got it, Dave!" he yelled. "I got it!"

"What has you got?" I asks him, backin' away fer fear it was ketchin'.

"Mushrooms!" he puffs. "Mushrooms what you clear fifty dollars a day on!"

"Way you're actin', it 'pears more like hives or taxidermy you got," I says. "Where is these here mushrooms?"

He calmed down a little, but his eyes was gleamin' like a preacher savin' folks

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in August. "Ain't it hot inside of a barge?" he asks. "Ain't it a damp climate? What more does I need to raise 'em than that?"

"Dirt," I says.

He wilted. "I never figgered on that."

"We might line her with a layer a foot or two deep," I says. He brightened up like the lights on the *Lee* when she's makin' a landin'. At coffee-time, among the boys, the idea took with cheerin'. Cap'n Ed wrote a letter orderin' a dollar's worth of mushroom seeds and sent her across to Chester in a skiff to ketch the night train to St. Louis. After supper we all turned out and headed fer the lower end of the fleet where the barges was. The last one was layin' about a hunderd feet from where the cut-off branches into the main river, but she was leakin' a little an' we finally picked the third barge from the end—mainly because she was Number 7.

Cap'n Ed laid out the work. "*Haul* them hatches off! *Run* a gang-plank over the side. *Four* men below to spread the dirt. Four more on them wheelbarrers. Fifty a day! *Rustle* you mushroom rousters! Me an' Dave an' two more on the bank with them shovels. *Gimme* that shovel! Let 'er go!"

"All gone, sir!" sung out Cap'n Jim, an' we was at it. Us boys on the bank filled them wheelbarrers faster'n they was took away. Inside the barge, the boys spread a layer of clay along the bottom to cover her ribs an' timbers, keepin' this in her side compartments an' leavin' the centre ones clear so as not to sink her more'n an inch or two deeper than she was floatin'. Then we shifted the gang-planks to the top of the bank where the sandy loam was layin' an' purty soon the mushroom farm was covered with a foot-deep layer of the best bottom-land that ever growed a corn-stalk.

Somebody inside the barge let out a yell. "High like a church! Forty ways!"

"All off fer the midnight coffee! Let's go!" I says. The mushroom farm was ready fer the seeds.

"Git on yer coats afore ye takes cold," says Cap'n Ed.

"Cold!" Cap'n Jim spoke low an' desperate-like. "Cold! I didn't figger on that. Boys, these barges is colder'n a ice-box at night. Cold kills mushrooms. All this work is throwed away."

Tom Howard, who is chief on Dredge 4, spoke up. "Not by a dang sight she ain't! I been figgerin' that out fer the last hour. Me an' Frank'll have a steam-line run down here into this barge in an hour that'll heat the insides of her hotter'n a swamp." Cap'n Jim set down his lantern an' held his hand out to Tom Howard. "Tom," he says, "I ain't never had nothin' against ye 'ceptin' yer an engineer, an' now that's forgave." We trooped back to the quarter-boat, drunk our coffee, an' went to sleep.

Noon, next day, a message come, tellin' us to meet Cap'n Taylor, who was comin' down from St. Louis on the afternoon train. I run the tug across to Chester to meet him. On the way over me an' the crew was some startled to see that the main river was clear of drift-ice, an' that she was gorged about a mile up-stream.

"That gorge'll come near gittin' the fleet when it goes out," I says to Cap'n Taylor when he come aboard.

"Impossible for it to do that. Preposterous!" he says, like that settled the business.

"Same thing happened in '84 at the mouth of the Missouri, Cap'n Taylor."

"Impossible," he repeats. "How can an ice gorge back up-stream into a tributary channel! Don't let *that* worry you. Get me back to the fleet as quickly as you can."

Instead of cussin' out loud I rung an assorted lot of bells into the engine-room, an' when the striker answered with a prime lot of human language through the speakin'-tube I felt better. "Don't know how she *can*, cap'n," I says, "but she sure done it in '84, an' sunk a lot of steamboats."

Cap'n Taylor sniffed. "The laws of nature have changed since '84," he says, smilin' sarcastic.

I shut up an' chewed away on my fine-cut. When we landed I lugged the mail-sack over to the office-boat an' hung 'round, waitin' fer the mushroom seeds fer Cap'n Jim. They was in a heavy package, an' when we opened it up we discovered that a part of the farm was furnished along with the seeds. The book that come in the package with the seeds said that mushroom seeds was called

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"spawn." "Spawn is fish eggs," says Cap'n Jim, "but spawn she be."

After supper us boys held a spawn-

"Book says mushrooms springs up in a night, don't it?" He got dubious about a swindle in the spawns, but his spirits

"Dreamed of a preacher . . . standin' up in a skiff an' heavin' eggs at a . . . catfish."—Page 339.

plantin' bee. Later in the evenin' we had a look at the farm, an' durin' this visit Cap'n Jim begun to get fidgitty an' anxious. "Them spawns is dang slow growin' up," he says.

"They has only been planted five hours," I tells him.

rose when he got a letter next mornin' from a hotel in St. Louis offerin' him ten cents a pound fer his crop. We done some figgerin'. "At ten cents a pound the farm is worth *more'n* fifty dollars a day to you, Jim, allowin' fer pickin' an' freight an' everything," Cap'n Ed reported.

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"Eleven hunderd an' sixty-five an' some odd cents . . . that mortgage?"—Page 339.

"Is that right, boys! Three hundred a week clear!" Cap'n Jim like to blew up. We started out fer another look at the farm. On our way to the barge we run foul of Cap'n Taylor, out on one of his dyspeptical trips over the fleet.

"Come on, Cap'n Taylor, an' see a submarine gold-mine!" Cap'n Jim hailed him, an' explained the deal. Cap'n Taylor swelled up under a full head of his official importance, slow an' pompous, an' headed fer Number 7 like a sawed-off band-leader.

I quartered over to Cap'n Jim. "Jim," I says low, "if the king don't happen to cast his vote, hearty-like, fer this here mushroom deal, don't fergit yourself nor nothin'. You ain't sold any yet."

Cap'n Jim looked at me, a little scared. "Dave, you don't figger I've busted any reg'lations, does you?"

"Keep your shirt on till the brass collar has his look at the farm."

Cap'n Taylor busted his shin climbin' down into the barge through the steam that was comin' out of the open hatch. Instead of cussin' a little, like any natural man—"Tut tut," he says, purple in the face. He sized things up an' clum back on deck.

"Who done this?" he asks, low, like a safety-valve singin' before she pops.

"I done it, cap'n," ol' Jim speaks up chipper an' prompt.

"Who strung that steam-line down here?"

"I did—I mean I had it done," says Cap'n Jim.

"Who put that dirt in this barge?" Cap'n Taylor was gettin' close to the hydrophoby point. I spoke up: "Us boys put that dirt in this barge."

"Fer me, Cap'n Taylor," ol' Jim jumped in, like he always done, between the trouble an' the man next to it.

Cap'n Taylor begun to orate. "For

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your personal gain you have used men and materials paid for by the United States. This is a serious offense. By your own confession you are guilty and you are liable to imprisonment in a federal penitentiary."

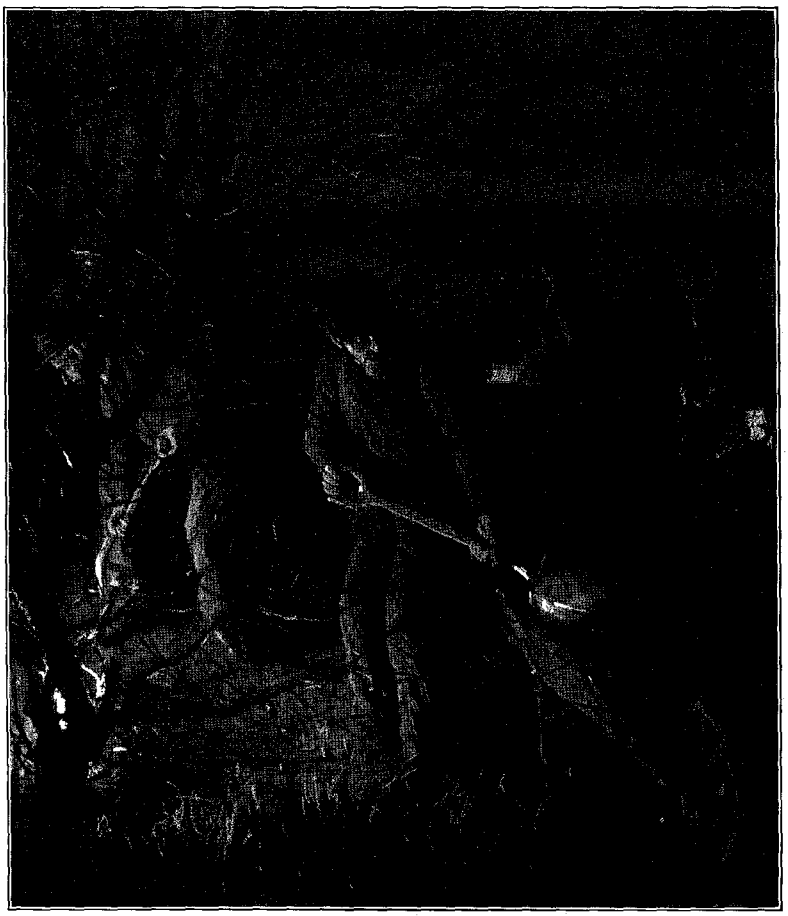
I stood there ponderin' how henious a desperado Cap'n Jim had got to be that winter. Cap'n Ed walked over an' laid his hand on Cap'n Jim's arm. "He's only one of them *buzzin'* kind, Jim," he says. "He ain't goin' to do any *stingin'* around here." Cap'n Ed turned round and faced ol' Taylor. "You better let Colonel McDonald do all the crucifyin' that's done in this district. Me an' the rest of the boys that was in this mushroom deal with Cap'n Jim has been workin' fer the colonel an' his kind fer forty years. It's got us so it takes a *man* to pester us much."

We walked away an' left Taylor standin' there.

"There's one crop due, anyway, an' he can't tear up the nest till you git that out, Jim," I says. "An' she's worth fifty dollars, an' mebbe more."

"Taylor ain't goin' to tear up no nest," Cap'n Ed broke in. "That little pup is scared to tear up any nest till the colonel hands out the orders."

By the time we got to the office-boat we was all feelin' better. Passin' it, the clerk inside sung out fer us: "Telegram just come fer Cap'n Taylor orderin' you boys out to bust up the ice-gorge before she freezes any further up-stream," he says, handin' us the telegram to look at.



Us boys on the bank filled them wheelbarrers faster'n they was took away.—Page 342.

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Along with them ice-bustin' orders the telegram reported a ten-inch raise in the upper country.

"When that raise hits the gorge somethin' busts," I says.

"An' that'll be this here fleet if we don't bust the gorge before the raise gits here," says Cap'n Ed. He was right, same as I learned he was that time in '84.

Cap'n Jim's crime an' such matters was all smothered under them orders as far as we was concerned, but afore we started out Cap'n Taylor took time to write an awful report o' the mushroom barge an' the wave o' sin that had hit the fleet. He sent the letter to Chester in a skiff so as she'd ketch the first train to St. Louis, an' then he took charge of the ice-bustin'. First thing he done was to order Cap'n Jim to stay on the fleet while we was gone. Then he orders a ton o' dynamite loaded on the for'd end of the tug, an' after it was lugged on we started out. The river was choked at Cinder Bend, about a mile above the mouth of the cut-off where the fleet was layin', an' froze fer a mile above, clean across from bank to bank.

"Line of shots through the centre of her?" I asked Cap'n Taylor. That was the only way, an' the usual way, an' the way that busts a ice-gorge, but I was actin' pacifyin'-like after thinkin' over the mushroom rumpus.

"I'll *show* you where to place the charges," he answers, mean as poison.

"Right, sir!" I says.

We was firin' with a battery, an' so I started in overhaulin' the leadin' wires an' gettin' the kinks outen 'em. Cap'n Ed nosed the bow of the tug agin' the ice. We run out a plank an' started marchin' out under Cap'n Taylor's orders—him yellin' at us because he was too scared of the dynamite we was carryin' to come close enough to us to talk. We strung out a dozen shots or so, eight or ten sticks o' sixty-per-cent dynamite to the shot, an' connected 'em up to the leadin' wires what run to the firin' battery. The battery was settin' on the bow of the tug. Cap'n Taylor fired the shot. Each charge blew a clean little well straight down through the ice, bustin' about as much of it as you git in Memphis fer a nickel.

We done this over an' over, an' finally the lower part of that ice-gorge was all waffled up with wells we had blowed through it an' that was all the good it done. We used up all the dynamite we'd brought, an' Cap'n Taylor give her up fer a failure, blamin' the luck on a book he'd learned his ice-bustin' out of.

We went back to the fleet. As soon as we got there Cap'n Taylor called up the St. Louis office on the telephone.

"Only medium successful, colonel," we heard him warble.

Then he eradicates a few more gobs o' silvery tones to Colonel McDonald an' hung up. "Colonel McDonald will be down here to-morrow morning to supervise a new attack on the ice-gorge," he tells us.

Cap'n Ed an' me started out huntin' Cap'n Jim. He was readin' his mushroom book an' figgerin' profits. "Come on an' we'll have a look at 'em," I says, an' the three of us started fer the mushroom barge. "Colonel's comin' down here in the mornin', Jim," Cap'n Ed tells him. "Have a mess o' mushrooms ready fer him or else away you goes to the pen by to-morrow night."

Cap'n Jim smiled. "Wonder what in Cain makes 'em hesitate so much to grow. I never seen such a dang slow comin' fifty dollars as what this first one is."

We lifted the for'd hatch off of Number 7. Cap'n Ed clum down, Cap'n Jim follerin', an' then me. While I was lettin' go the hatch-combin', I heard a yell that like to scared me gray-headed. It was them two pirates, war-dancin' all doubled up on the timbers inside the barge.

"They has come!" sings Cap'n Jim.

"They has fer sure, ol' boy!" says Cap'n Ed.

"By gum! They has!" I yells, fer peepin' up through that black loam was five or six little round white buttons—as purty a *small* crop o' mushrooms as was ever forced by steam.

Ol' Jim was wild with finance an' figgers. We set there an' helped him git rich till the supper-gong choked off the steam-heated income we was earnin' fer him, an' after supper we figgered till near midnight.

In the mornin' I run the tug over after the colonel. He come down the levee from the depot, steppin' high an' showin'

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his West Point trainin' inside an' out. Colonel is a boy what has growed to be fifty years old. He trotted up the stairs into the pilot-house where I was waitin'.

"Good mornin', Captain Dave," he smiled, holdin' out his hand. We shook hands an' the colonel set down on the high seat by the stove. "Have a cigarette, captain," he says, passin' over his silver case. He knows how I hates 'em. "Thanks, colonel," I says. I took one an' stripped the paper offen her an' stowed her in longside the fine-cut I was chewin'.

When we got out in the channel, the colonel sized up the ice-gorge a long time through the glasses. "That's bad, captain," he said to me.

"With a raisin' gauge she is," I answers.

"The crest of the raise is due here at noon," he says.

"Ice'll go out ahead o' the crest, colonel."

"How far will she back up in the cut-off?" he asks me.

"I figger she'll back past the fleet," I says.

"And that will—sink them all!"

"Every craft in the fleet, colonel."

He was quiet till we reached the landin' at the point. Then he turned 'round to me again. "What were you doing yesterday to break that up?" He pointed to the gorge up-stream.

"They has come!"—Page 346

"Cap'n Taylor had us out embroiderin' holes in the ice with dynamite," I says.

"In a line following the channel?"

"No, colonel, we was tryin' to bust moons off the down-stream edge o' the gorge—like it tells how in Cap'n Taylor's book."

Colonel looked at me steady an' I looked at him.

"Stay aboard an' hold the crew," he finally says. "We'll be going out again in ten minutes, going out to break that gorge."

He grabbed the package o' mail he'd brought down with him from the St. Louis office an' run like a deer down the bank to the fleet. In two minutes the fleet begun spoutin' men. They was headed fer the powder-house, settin' back

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on the bank. As fast as they got there they started fer the tug, each one of them luggin' a case o' dynamite. They piled a ton of it on the for'd deck. The colonel come aboard. "Let's go, captain!" he calls to me, wavin' his hand up-stream. Cap'n Taylor come struttin' up just then. "Stay with your fleet, Taylor," colonel says to him, "and when the gorge goes out get all your men ashore."

Cap'n Taylor turned to Cap'n Jim an' the rest of the boys that was stayin' behind. "Over the fleet and cast off all the lines," he orders—as fool a thing as he could say.

"Git my trunk out, Jim," I yells, "if you has time."

Cap'n Jim waved, understandin'. "A string of shots down the channel, Davy," he yells back; "one string—an' *big* ones." I nodded my head to him.

"Let go, for'd," I orders, givin' her the bell.

"All gone, sir!" Up-stream to the gorge we went, crowdin' a eagle fer speed. I run her hard agin' the ice an' held her there under a slow bell.

Colonel was first man over the plank. "Half a case to the charge," he directs. "Spot 'em every fifty feet."

They busted the dynamite cases open by droppin' 'em cornerin' on the ice. Follerin' the dynamite dottin' the channel line, the firin' wires strung out. An' then, a mile up-stream, before we had a chance to fire a shot, I heard the ice let go like the roar of a twelve-inch gun. The gorge was goin' out!

I grabbed the megaphone. "All gone!" I yelled, but they didn't need no warnin' after that first big crash.

Colonel was last man aboard. "Race her to the point," he ordered, "and land us there, then run the tug around the bend where she'll be in the clear."

"In the clear," I answers back, givin' her the bell. We made the run down-stream with colonel keepin' the whistle goin' to signal the boys on the fleet. Passin' the point I made a runnin' landin' an' the colonel jumped ashore with the gang an' headed down the bank. I run the tug around the point where she'd be safe an' made her fast with all the lines we had. Me an' the crew headed overland fer the fleet. By the time we'd got there the ice was already backin' up in the mouth of the cut-off, steady an' even an' slow.

Cap'n Jim come over to me. I looked down at the mushroom barge. "Them hatches is off!" I says to him, surprised that he'd have tried to gather his danged mushrooms at a time when things was all headed fer Hades.

"Them hatches is off, Dave, an' your trunk is ashore. But the mushrooms—is done for." Slow he talked, an' mournful.

"You better fergit your private grief an' them triflin' mushrooms awhile," I says, "seein' that the whole shebang is up the spout."

He looked at me, smilin' crooked an' queer. "Mebbe she ain't," he says.

"Meanin' what?" I asks him, desperate. "Them visions has got you. They ain't no miracles happens this far north."

"Steady a bit—an' wait," he says.

I figgered the excitement had shifted his cargo some up aloft.

The ice-wall, solid three feet high, was creepin' up to the first barge. Fifty feet of eight-inch ice, crumblin' under the pressure, was layin' between the barge an' the edge of the movin' drift. Where the edge of the ice was crushin', chips was snappin' up an' tinklin' where they fell. We heard the timbers in the first barge springin' an' lettin' go.

"She's gone, Jim!" I says, an' when I said it the ice sunk into the side of the barge like stickin' a shingle in mud. The drift moved over the wreckage an' the barge was out of sight.

I heard ol' Jim a-breathin' hard. "Steady a bit—an' wait," he says.

The edge of the drift was bitin' deep in the oak of the second barge. We seen the sheathin' timbers foldin' in an' heard the ribs takin' the strain. Then, like the first, the ice moved on an' the second barge was sunk.

"Your mushroom barge is next," I said to Cap'n Jim. His knuckles was showin' white through the skin of his clinchin' hands.

"Mebbe she ain't," he says. "Steady a bit an' we'll see."

I looked at the mushroom barge. The steam-pipe runnin' into her ketched my eye. "Jim," I says, "shut off that steam. We don't want everythin' fogged up when that there steam-pipe busts."

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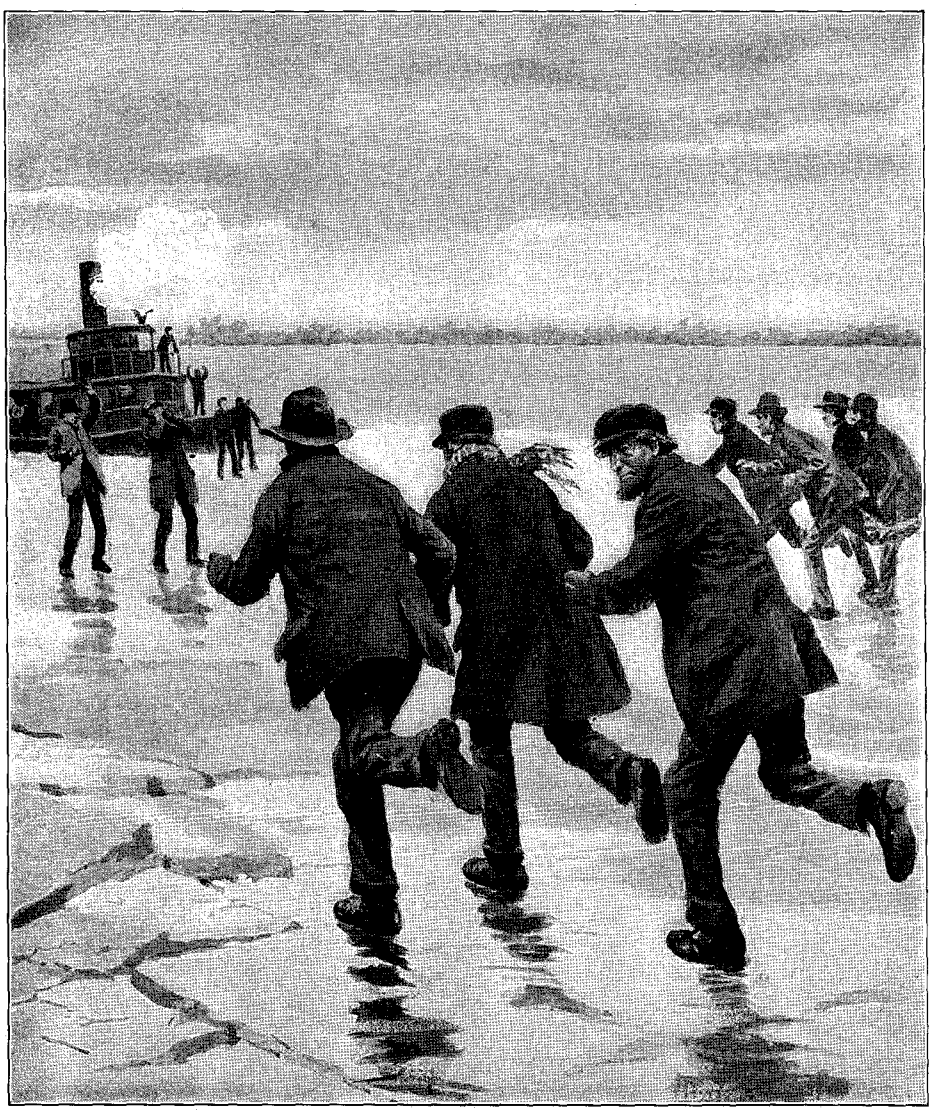
"They ain't no steam been through that pipe fer many hours," he says.

The edge of the drift come creepin' on. I looked at Cap'n Jim. I felt sorry fer him. The ice was crushin' against the sheathin' of the mushroom barge. I seen the solid oak groovin' under the crystal corners of the driftin' ice. Cap'n Jim was eyin' it close, like a gambler that's played on the turn of a card. After a minute as long as a day he turned around to me. His eyes was shinin'. "She's holdin', Dave! The fleet ain't in no danger now." An' when he said it, half a acre of the driftin' ice bust loose from the main body an' nosed in, friendly like agin' the mushroom barge. The big drift went on past.



They didn't need no warnin' after that first big crash.—Page 348

"If Number 7 holds she'll be a fender fer the fleet!" somebody yelled.

Cap'n Jim hauled off an' like to tore my shoulder off where his big hand landed.

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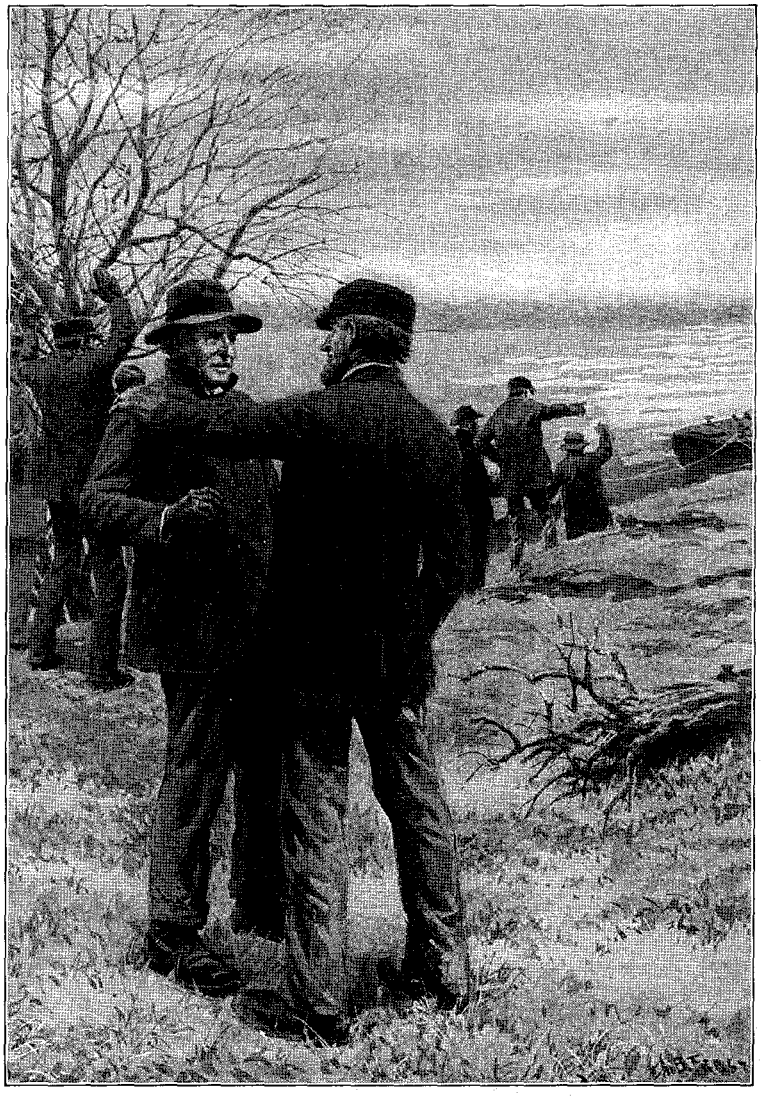
"The mushroom barge'll hold," he says. "She's solid ice inside!"

I was paralyzed. "Meanin' what?" I asks him.

a two-foot slab o' solid ice an' loam inside the barge right where it took the pressure from the ice outside."

I like to wore his arm off. We got to



"The mushroom barge'll hold."

"Come over here," he says. I follered him away from the rest of the boys. "Meanin' that when I figgered out what that ten-inch rise meant, early this mornin' I hooked up that steam-pipe runnin' to the barge an' puddled the mushroom farm full of water from the boiler feed-pump, lifted them hatches, an' she froze

laffen' an' cryin' like a couple o' young lads recitin' pieces in school. "You ain't done nothin' much," I says, "exceptin' to save the whole dang works! That's middlin' fair fer a measly roughneck of a deck-hand."

All of a sudden he sobered up. "Dave," he says, "I ain't even a deck-hand. The

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mail what colonel brought had a letter discharging me an' threatenin' jail an' worse."

"You old fool," I says. "You don't need no job—you that's saved a fleet an' that's able to make a dang sight finer livin' raisin' mushrooms than what colonel gits fer runnin' the whole district." He made me tired.

"Dave," he says, "I've thought it all over an' I'd give all the mushrooms from here to Halifax afore I'd leave the ol' fleet —an' you fellers."

I knowed how he felt. "Who said anythin' about you leavin'? It's your fleet now, ain't it? You saved it!"

"But colonel's name is on the letter, Dave—the dischargin' letter; and they ain't no gittin' back of that."

"Gimme that letter!" I says.

He hauled her out an' handed her over. I headed fer colonel, where Taylor was talkin' to him. When he seen me, he come over to where I was, seemin' to be glad to git rid of Cap'n Taylor's company. I showed him the letter an' he read it. Then I told him all about the mushrooms an' what Cap'n Jim had done. Colonel was interested.

"Let's have a look at the inside of the mushroom barge," he says. We climbed aboard an' colonel went ahead of me into the for'd hatch. Froze solid in the slab o' ice that took the pressure from the outside drift, was hunderds an' hunderds of fine mushrooms.

We clum out. "Let me have that letter," says colonel. I handed him the letter. We went ashore to where Cap'n Jim was standin'. Colonel held the letter out to him. "Cap'n Jim," colonel says, gentle-like an' smilin', "this letter is signed with a rubber stamp by one of my clerks. He wrote it. It does not concern you or me."

Colonel looked away across the hills to where the houses of Chester laid shiverin' in the snow. He seemed tryin' to remember somethin'. Finally he spoke: "Your wife an' boys live over there, don't they, captain?"

Cap'n Jim swung a pointin' finger toward his home. Colonel looked at the house a minnit or two an' then he turned back to Cap'n Jim. "Go over there for a day or two an' report to me at St. Louis next Monday. It'll be all right with Captain Taylor, for he is to be transferred. As soon as the plans are drawn I want you to supervise the work of placing concrete collision bulkheads in all the barges in this fleet. Until the spring work starts you'll be superintendent of this construction work—at two hundred a month."

Colonel was tearin' the dischargin' letter into little pieces while he talked.

Cap'n Jim was battin' his eyes fast, like a old owl. "Gosh, colonel!" he says, "a *superintender—me!*" He turned around to me an' hauled the rabbit-foot out of his vest pocket. "Here, Dave," he says; give this to some dang deck-hand."

AUTUMNAL EQUINOX

By Amy Lowell

WHY do you not sleep, Beloved?

It is so cold that the stars stand out of the sky
Like golden nails not driven home.
The fire crackles pleasantly,
And I sit here listening
For your regular breathing from the room above.

What keeps you awake, Beloved?
Is it the same nightmare that keeps me strained with listening
So that I cannot read?

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THE ENGLISH FIGHTING-GROUND IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS

By Raoul Blanchard
Professor at the University of Grenoble

WITH SKETCH-MAPS BY THE AUTHOR

THE English front in France and Flanders covers about a hundred and fifty miles, and in each of the three regions in which the bitter struggle has been carried on its character has differed widely. To the north, in Flanders, there has been a comparative lull since the terrible conflicts near Ypres in November, 1914; on the other hand, in Artois, which may be called the centre, fighting has been almost continual and has redoubled in violence since the British offensive at Easter, 1917, while Picardy, to the south, is the scene of the battle of the Somme and the advance toward Saint Quentin.

It may be interesting to study these regions separately, in order to see how much their geographical characteristics have influenced the military operations held within their limits; a study for which I feel myself to be somewhat prepared by six years' residence at the University of Lille, and personal knowledge of the geographical problems presented by these districts.

I. FLANDERS

EVER since the month of November, 1914, the English army has been engaged in the greater part of Flanders, from Dixmude in the north to La Bassée in the south, where the heights of Artois begin. Thus Flanders may be considered as especially the battle-ground of the English forces, and at first sight no country looks more favorable to the movements of armies. The surface is almost everywhere exceedingly flat; here and there it is broken by little low hills, but as a rule it stretches out as a vast plain until its limits melt into the blue horizon, and there are no irregularities of the ground to hinder the advance of troops, except in two or three districts of limited extent. The country is rich, densely populated, with numerous roads and paths; intensive agriculture has accumulated wealth; meat and vegetables, wheat and beer, may be had in abundance. Innumerable villages, large and small, as well as isolated houses and farms, are scattered over the country in every direction; there are also many railways both of broad and narrow gauge; five lines come together at Ypres, five at Armentières, six at Hazebrouck, while tramways along the roads add to the network of communication. Furthermore, there are serviceable waterways: the Yser, the Lys, the canal of La Bassée. With such surroundings it certainly seems as if nothing could be easier than to move large masses of troops, to lodge, and to feed them.

And yet all this is misleading, and, in point of fact, Flanders is an impracticable country, as has been proved by the history of this and also of preceding wars. Large armies have seldom ventured on its territory, and when they have done so it has been the worse for them. As far back as when Philippe le Bel was king of France his adventurous knights came to grief in a canal near Courtrai, and farther back still we find the ponderous army of Philippe-Auguste stuck helplessly in the mud in the neighborhood of Ypres—an episode which repeated itself when the Germans were caught by the inundation of the Yser. We may also notice that the troops of Louis XIV carefully avoided going into Flanders, and that the great battles which have given Belgium its name of "the cockpit of Europe" have taken place much farther south, toward Charleroi and Waterloo.

The reason why, in spite of appearances, Flanders does not lend itself to military operations may be found in the climate

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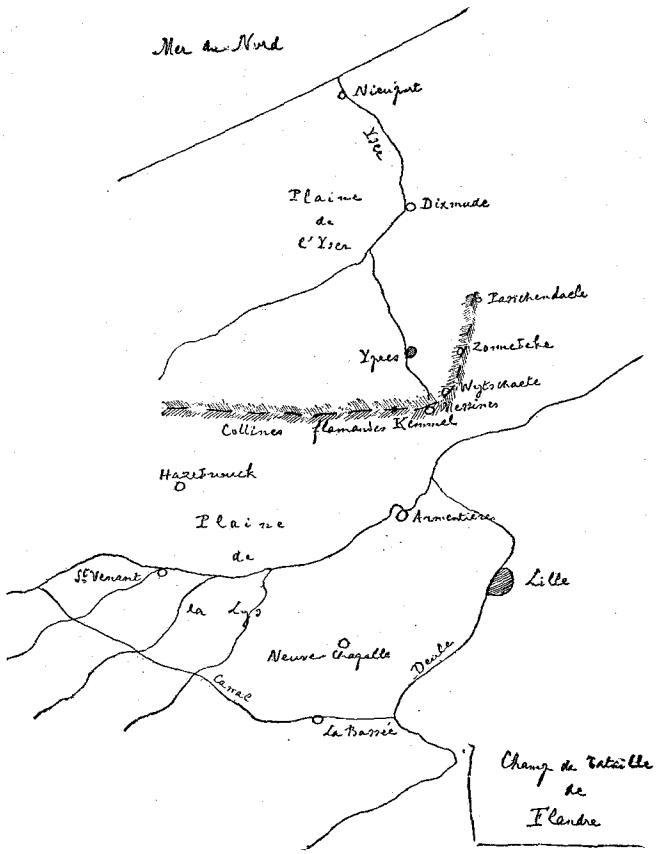
and the nature of the soil and vegetation, both in the north, near Ypres, and in the plain of the Lys, to the southward. We may call the region of Ypres the country which lies between the low flooded valley



The fighting area in Flanders.

of the Yser and the wide depression of the Lys, and here the surface of the ground, the nature of the soil, the climate, the houses, the growth, are all so many obstacles, not always apparent but ever present, to the successful advance of troops. In the first place, the neighborhood of Ypres is the most hilly in all Flanders. To the south and east of the town the ground rises in a series of little knolls which would be insignificant anywhere else, but gain importance here by contrast with the stretches of flat country surrounding them. These hillocks, which all have names, such as Mount Kemmel, Wytschaete, Messines, Zonnebeke and Passchendaele, are nowhere more than four hundred and fifty feet high, sometimes not more than a hundred and fifty; nevertheless, they are capable of presenting serious difficulties. Their sides are often steep, because of the difference in hardness of the strata of rock, clay, and sand superimposed on their slopes. Vegetation is rank and strong; the water which trickles down the sides of the hillocks cannot penetrate the underlying bed of clay; it therefore collects into shallow pools, and, favored by this continual moisture, the slopes are thickly covered with grass and trees. As we look in one direction groups of firs stand out black in contrast to the bright green of elms; in another, hop-fields bristle with leaning poles, bound together by the tough tendrils. And by settling, naturally enough, on these pleasant heights, the inhabitants have multiplied obstructions. Private parks, with their high walls, are so many little fortresses; many villages were established there long ago for purpose of observation and defense; Messines, Hollebeke, Becelaere, names now familiar to us all, are on the top of these hillocks. It was by clinging desperately to these poor peaceful little villages, or to elevations like the famous "Hill No. 60," that the Allies were able to break the force of the German onslaughts and win the battle of Ypres.

On either side of these hills, each a battle-field, the ground falls away gradually into a vast plain; its surface becomes more and more even, until it looks as if there could be nothing in the way of troops. There are, however, many ob-

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stacles, the chief being the nature of the ground. The soil in this region is formed of a bed of compact clay, from two to three hundred feet deep, through which not a drop of water can percolate. Now, it often rains in Flanders, hard and persistently, and as none of this abundant flood can filter through the clay, it remains on the surface, to settle in any little hollow and creep back over the fields and pastures. In autumn and winter especially the cultivated ground is streaked in every direction by shining lines of stagnant water. It naturally follows that the earth, constantly saturated, easily becomes mud—sticky, obstinate mud. To till such a soil requires prodigious patience; in ploughing, for instance, the labor of three men is often necessary; two bear with all their weight on the heavy handle of the plough, while the third pours water upon the share, to keep it clean and prevent it from sticking fast. In some places the laborers have to work barefoot, as shoes would only hold them fast in the slime. It is easy to see how hard it must be to move troops over such ground; it is, indeed, impossible to march across country except in very favorable conditions, as during a frost, but frosts do not last long in this mild climate, with its soft sea winds.

The soil of Flanders may be compared to a protecting genius which clings around the feet of the invader, holding him back and wearing out his strength. Life in the trenches becomes almost intolerable under such conditions; their slippery sides are perpetually giving way and sliding down; the all-pervading water, mixing with the clay, forms a tenacious paste, sometimes so deep that men have actually disappeared in it, as if caught in a quicksand. The superabundance of water has developed a lush vegetation; the inhabitants call this part of the country "Houtland," or "the land of woods." Standing alone, springing from the hedges, or planted in rows, elms, oaks, and poplars frame and shade the fields and pastures. There are so many of them that the country looks like a great glade or clearing, whose borders recede as one advances, or like the stage-setting of a woodland scene, which shifts and is reset continually. When General Foch was about to direct the battle of Ypres, his first concern was to climb the tower of the Cloth Hall in order to get a comprehensive view of the fighting-ground, but it was of no use; the country looked like a sea of trees, in whose green depths he could make out neither roads nor villages, and as a result it was almost impossible to direct and regulate the artillery fire. The thick hedges and clusters of trees make admirable hiding-places and shelters for ambush, while behind them is still another obstacle—the houses. Everywhere there are isolated farms, tucked away in hollows and surrounded by moats or ditches made for defense in former days, and full of greenish standing water. The villages are usually planted where the winding and infrequent roads cross, and thus they command the only practicable means of communication.

So we see that in this country which seems so simple and humble, even friendly, there are difficulties which hinder the march of infantry, block the passage of artillery, hold munitions and supplies fast in the mud, and make it impossible to see, even a few yards ahead, the sort of obstruction which troops may be called upon to face.

The valley or plain of the Lys, which is the continuation of Flanders from Armentières to La Bassée, is perhaps still worse for military operations. Around Ypres it was the kingdom of trees; here it is the kingdom of water. This vast stretch of land is as low-lying as it is flat. The medium height above the sea-level is not more than fifty feet or so, and the watershed almost non-existent. The streams move sluggishly in their horizontal beds; the river Lys, which takes their waters to the sea, has only a fall of seven centimetres, or about two and three-quarter inches, to each kilometre. And there are many of these streams, for the hollow of the plain draws them from all sides—from the hills of Artois on the south, where the rains are heavy, and from the north, where the water comes down from the little Flemish hills. The soil cannot absorb even a small amount of this over-generous supply, for the formidable mass of Flemish clay still underlies it to a great depth, and there is no way of getting rid of the water which falls

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from the clouds, nor of that which comes down by the rivers, except by leading it, as fast as possible (and that is slowly enough), across the plain. To that end the ground is scored over with drainage ditches, little artificial streams and canals, which men have made in all directions. It is not possible to walk a mile in the fields without having to cross several of these necessary drains, and even then there are districts on the edges of the plain which it has been impossible to dry up so far, and in which nature is absolutely wild.

If the presence of all these ditches and canals is a drawback to movement across country, perhaps we shall avoid annoyance if we stick to the roads and the paved ways, or *chaussées*. But here again we find the ground so soft, so muddy, and so waterlogged that the roads are almost impassable. Not long ago the inhabitants of Saint Venant complained that their town was inaccessible, because the mud made approach to it impossible in wet weather, and in dry the ruts were so deep that no wheeled vehicle could venture among them without great risk of breaking down. In the end of the eighteenth century the highroad which crossed the plain, following the track of the old Roman way, was cut across half-way over by a quagmire so wide and so deep that the country people described it as "an abyss which will cost the lives of all those who try to cross it." Until about 1860 the only way which had been thought of to further the circulation of foot-passengers was to bring great blocks of sandstone from Artois, and put them on either side of the roads, at a convenient distance apart, as stepping-stones; and by wearing hobnails in their shoes, in order not to slip off the stones and sink up to the middle in the mire, and being further provided with long staves, to steady them in jumping from one block to another, those used to the country managed to get about.

Owing to the wretched means of communication, this region was until recently so difficult of access that refugees from persecution or fugitives from justice easily found a safe asylum, and could snap their fingers at authority. The Protestants of Artois were thus able to resist Spain; at a later date it was infested by bands of smugglers; and finally, in Napoleon's day, all the deserters of the neighboring districts, and those who wished to avoid military service, took shelter there.

Conditions have of course greatly improved during the last fifty years. Many of the open ditches have been replaced by tiled drains, and the plain is crossed by numerous paved roads. But the roadbeds are still only middling, requiring constant repairs; the stones sink down, the mud oozes up, and wheeled conveyances are often terribly jolted.

All this accounts for the difficulty of any important military operations in such surroundings, and with such natural hindrances. The Germans seem not to have been aware of all this when they launched upon Ypres, in October, 1914, the formidable attack which was to take them to Calais but which in reality gained them only about a mile. The courage and tenacity of the Allies were certainly the principal elements by which victory was won, but it is equally certain that the obstacles which the country itself put in the way of the invader contributed greatly toward weakening his thrust. For the same reason the attack made by the English at Neuve Chapelle, in 1915, met with a check which is explained in great part by the obstructions in their way—the ditches, the gardens, the hedges, and last but not least the houses.

It is now more than two years since the war has been actively carried on in this part of Flanders. Both adversaries, convinced of the difficulty of operations on a large scale, have stood on the defensive, each side contenting itself with harassing the forces opposite, and keeping them on the alert by patrolling excursions into No Man's Land and raids upon the trenches. Abandoning their attempts where nature, apparently so mild, is in reality so stubbornly opposed to invasion, the Allied commanders have decided that it was better worth while to bring the weight of their military effort to bear farther to the south, in a more practicable region—Artois.

II. ARTOIS

As soon as we come to the little rise which limits the plain of the Lys the

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scenery changes suddenly. The dense Flemish vegetation which covered the ground stops at the foot of the long ridges whose gentle slopes rise slowly toward the south. This disappearance of trees and meadows, taking place so quickly, means that we are now in a dry country. Even the streams disappear from the surface of the ground. The transformation is due to the chalk rock which forms, in Artois and in Picardy, the basis of the soil. The country also becomes less flat. Only a few kilometres from the lowest point of the hollow of the Lys the altitude is already three hundred feet, and it remains at about that figure until we reach the little hills of the Ile de France.

In marked contrast to Flanders, a flat country with scattered hillocks, a heavy soil forever watersoaked, and a strong growth of trees and plants, the regions which adjoin it on its southern front are table-lands, with a dry soil and a growth which although comparatively scanty is yet fertile, because the brown top-soil which covers the chalk makes much richer loam than the thick Flemish clay. It is evident that an army will find admirable fighting-ground on these great stretches of dry earth, where there is nothing in the way of the view, where vegetation is comparatively sparse, and where the roads are good and numerous. As a result of more favorable conditions the fighting has been violent in this district ever since the end of September, 1914; the Allies have made many powerful offensive attacks, and the battle of Artois is raging there now.

This determination of the combatants not only shows that the region lends itself readily to military operations; it is also a proof of the strategic importance of Artois. On account of its heights, of which we shall speak more at length, this country commands a very wide view. It dominates Flanders; it also dominates Picardy. In the east a sort of peninsula of dry soil which juts out in the direction of Douai makes it easy to march toward the plains of the Scarpe and the Escaut, and to turn the positions of Lille and Cambrai. Moreover, we have here a great industrial region; the coal-mines of the Pas de Calais, whose possession by the Germans has been such a calamity to France. For all these reasons it is absolutely necessary that the Allies should win and hold the heights of Artois, at whatever cost. The fighting here has been very severe; whether in the north, on the platform of the Gohelle, which falls away toward the plain of the Lys; or in the centre, to gain the ridge of Vimy; or on the way to Arras toward the south, on the hills through which the valley of the Scarpe runs. To the north the ground rises, gradually at first, in an inclined plane to the southward, above the depression of the Lys, up to the ridge of Vimy.

Condé found this highland of the Gohelle, where the chalk is almost on the surface, a battle-field to his taste when he conquered the Archduke Leopold of Austria near Lens, in 1648. The soil was so poor that there was but little cultivation in his day, and the villages were small and widely scattered; there was nothing to impede the free handling of troops. In the nineteenth century, however, the prolongation of the great cannel coal-fields was found to lie under that barren plain, and now the largest and richest coal-mines of France are there. A new industrial life has grown up alongside of and in addition to the old, changing the landscape strangely. We see at first the buildings intended to serve the mines: machine-shops and sheds for screening the coal; high brick chimneys for the great pumps; and everywhere the metal towers in which the wheels lowering and lifting the cages of the shafts work silently. Close to these are the pit-dumps; odd little cones about a hundred feet high, the rubbish from the mines—these are the hills of the "black country." Across the plain rolls a flood of one-story houses, built of red brick soon blackened by the smoke which hangs low above them. In them the miners and workmen live; sometimes these new houses seem to smother the old villages with the weight of their red roofs; sometimes they add to the old crooked streets new ones laid out at right angles, or else they make a village of their own, with every house in it exactly alike. The arid and empty plain of the Gohelle is full of life and industry now, and therefore not nearly so easy to fight in; modern armies find many obstructions, both offensive and defensive,

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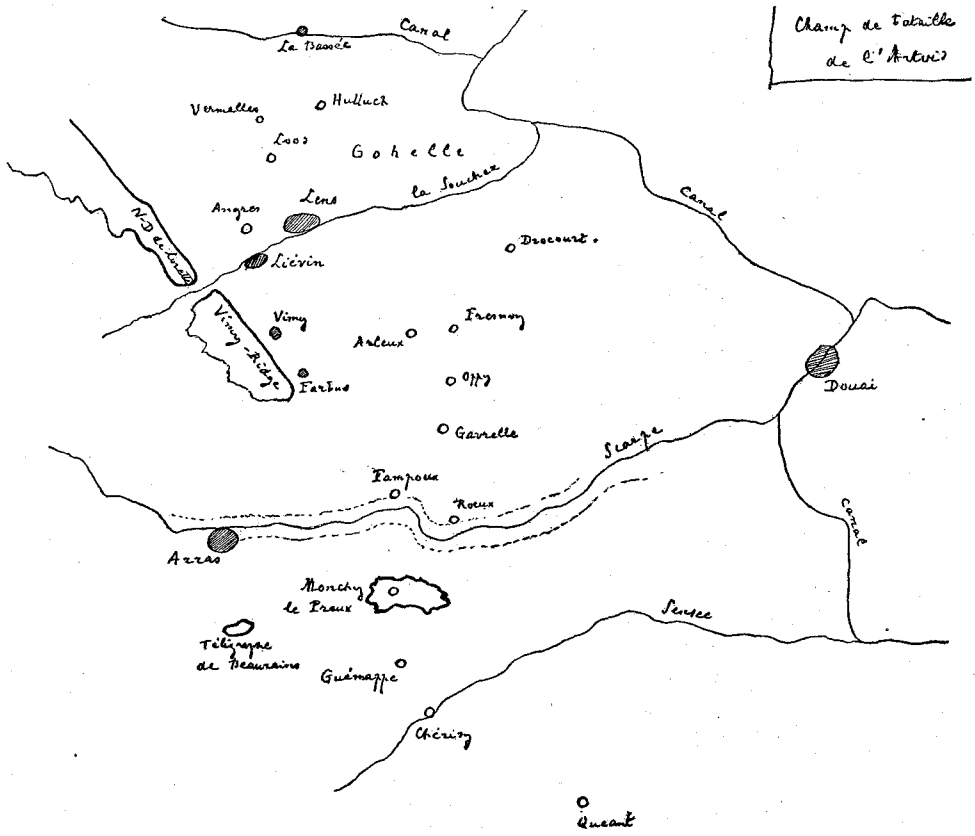
due to the hand of man, where Condé had a clear field. Artillerymen use the pit-dumps as observation-posts or hide guns behind them; the infantry also finds them convenient for mitrailleuses.

storm the ridge of Vimy, which dominates the plain of the Gohelle on the south. This was the bloodiest part of the battle-field, and where the struggle was most bitter and determined—a determination



The fighting area in the Artois.

Each mine, each village, each group of workmen's houses is made into a fortress; mitrailleuses peep from the air-holes of cellars; batteries lurk behind the shelter of walls. A long heroic and often hand-to-hand fight must be waged before any of these fortified centres can be taken; witness the assault of Vermelles by the French early in 1915, the storming of Loos by the English in September, 1915, and the fierce fighting which has been going on lately in the outskirts of Lens. That the English troops were successful in getting near Lens, and in capturing the fortified agglomerations of Liévin and Angres, was due to their having taken by

which is explained by the importance of the position. The heights of Vimy are at the southeastern extremity of the hills of Artois; little by little they become a narrow crest, the end disappearing before one reaches the Scarpe. To the north-west they form the group of Notre Dame de Lorette, which is three hundred and fifty feet above the plain of Gohelle. In order to get into the plain the French were obliged to carry this strong position, which they were only able to do after a year's hard fighting—from September, 1914, till September, 1915. Below Lorette there is a hollow in the hills, through which the Souchez brook runs, but be-

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yond that the heights rise again to form the crest, four or five miles long, which is called the ridge of Vimy.

As the altitude of this ridge is considerable—five hundred feet on the west and three hundred and ninety on the east—it dominates the plain by three hundred and two hundred feet. The slopes are not symmetrical; on the southwest (the side where the Canadians made their heroic attack) the ascent is rather gradual; to the northeast the slope falls away abruptly to the Gohelle. The villages of Vimy and Earbus are settled at its foot. It looks as if the Canadian attack must have been comparatively easy, because they went up the more gradual slope, but in point of fact the position gave the Germans great advantage. Their batteries were established at the foot of the slope, where they were masked and protected by the débris from it, and in its side they had made large and deep shelters, strong enough to resist any bombardment, from which their men were intended to rush out as soon as the enemy's artillery attack was followed by that of his infantry. By infinite toil and patience they had made the ridge a fortress which they believed to be impregnable. What made its capture possible was the lightning speed of the Canadian attack. These splendid fighters sprang forward before the Germans had time to come out of their shelters, and in a few minutes the magnificent dash of the assailants had made them masters of this strong position, although at heavy cost. From that time conditions were reversed; the entire plain of Gohelle was within the range of the British guns, and the Germans were obliged to give up the villages at the foot of the slope and fall back across the plain, closely pushed by infantry as far as Fresnoy, Oppy, and the outskirts of Lens. Although the actual front was by that time three or four miles beyond Vimy ridge, that was still invaluable, as the English heavy artillery, strongly established there, commanded all the region lying below.

The storming of this ridge not only made it easier for the English to get nearer Lens, but also allowed them to gain ground to the east of Arras, on both banks of the Scarpe, where the series of bloody fights which are known collectively as the battle of Arras have taken place in 1917. Here the heights of Artois begin to fall away, and by insensible degrees we pass to the table-land of Picardy, a great plateau with an elevation varying from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighty feet, and a somewhat uneven surface. The ground has certain peculiarities which are of importance. In the first place it is cut into by the wide valley of the Scarpe, a hundred feet below the surface, with sides which are often very steep. The valley itself is about seven or eight hundred yards across, and is full of pools, marshes, water-meadows, gardens, and large trees, while upon the slopes leading up from this somewhat too aqueous bottom there are many large villages, half hidden by the windings of the river. The table-land of Arras keeps these difficulties hidden in its depths, but there are others, more obvious, over all its surface. Here and there little hills, rather flat on top, rise to a considerable height. On the west is the Butte de Beaurains, with a telegraph-station which the British took by storm on the first day of their offensive; on the east is the hill of Monchy-le-Preux, three hundred and seventy-five feet high, which raises it at least a hundred feet above its neighborhood. On its summit was a large village, settled there because of springs. These hills represent what is left of a thick cloak of sands and clays which once covered the chalk and has been gradually worn away by the age-long action of water. Wherever this impermeable stratum has persisted hills have been formed, and the whole look of nature changes; instead of the bare surface of the porous chalk we find water, with its accompanying fields and trees. At Monchy-le-Preux the water is so abundant that formerly it often overran the roads, flooded the village despite its high position, and in winter settled into large frozen pools. The little hamlet was surrounded by gardens and orchards, and at the foot of the hill some woods have managed to grow on a soil of clay and pebbles, an uncommon sight in the bare plain of Arras. These are the woods of Sart and of Vert.

This was the scene of the last great English offensive. Their General Staff

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had the perspicacity to see that the position of Monchy-le-Preux was of capital importance; they therefore attacked it at once, carried it, and have since held it, no matter at what cost. The Germans ensconced in the Sart and Vert woods have made at least ten terrific counter-attacks in order to get it back, but all of them have failed. The once peaceful and smiling village is now only a confused heap of rubbish, but in this rubbish-heap the English soldiers stand fast and from it they dominate the country all about. Using it as a pivot, they have been able to make progress to the south, where they have taken Guémappe and Chérisy; to the north, in the winding valley of the Scarpe and along the ravines which run out from it, they have pushed as far as Fampoux, Rœux, and Gaverelle. From there the ground falls away evenly; they can look across to where the high belfry of Douai marks the goal for which they are striving. After two years and a half of struggle and of sacrifice victory for the Allies draws near. Lens is surrounded; the ridges of Lorette and Vimy hold only British artillery; from Monchy-le-Preux General Haig's troops are only a few miles from the great flat valleys stretching out from Flanders southward. The Germans have hurriedly thrown up a line of trenches, resting on large villages from Driscourt to Quéant; these are their last footholds at the western extremity of the Artois slopes, and retreat from them will be both dangerous and demoralizing. They are also gravely menaced from another quarter—the English army is drawing near Cambrai on its way across the fertile plains of Picardy.

III. PICARDY

To the south of the hill on which Monchy-le-Preux stands the field of battle spreads out widely. As far as we can see there is slightly rolling country, without any real elevation to break the sameness of the view; for a distance of fifty miles, to the neighborhood of Noyon and Laon, the monotonous surface of Picardy lies before us.

This old province is a wide plain, meriting perhaps the name of table-land, as it is from three to four hundred feet above sea-level. Deep valleys cut into it in several places; chiefly in the west, however, and so far most of the fighting has been in the eastern part. In the west the valley of the Somme lies a hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the upland; it is wide like that of the Scarpe and also like it full of marshes, hedges, trees, and little streams, which taken altogether amount to serious obstructions. In the east the valley in which the Escaut rises is narrower but quite as deep, and more tortuous; the river and a canal form two natural lines of defense, backed by a number of large villages which are easily fortified. Between these two valleys, however, the surface of the ground stretches out in large undulations; an occasional wide ridge has shallow ravines on either side. In going from the Somme to the Escaut we mount so gradually and up to so wide a summit that it is hard to know when this has been gained and passed. Everything is level or gently rounded; there is nothing of any consequence to impede the movements of troops. During the battle of the Somme the English, who had started from the banks of the river and those of its tributary the Ancre, were possessed with the desire to get as far as the little undulations which marked the horizon—to the woods of Foureaux, to Ginchy and the knoll of Warlencourt.

But once there they were disappointed, for still the rolling country stretched out before them, like that which they had just come over, and nowhere could they find the commanding position which should give decided advantage to their artillery. There are no commanding positions to the south of Monchy-le-Preux; it is possible to hide in hollows, but there is no hope of finding any post of observation from which the whole of this tranquil and monotonous surface may be seen.

It must be acknowledged that this very monotony is favorable to warfare—Picardy and Champagne are the two western districts best suited for battle-grounds. In both the dryness of the soil is largely due to the underlying chalk, which cracks and disintegrates easily; water never stays long on the ground except deep down in the valleys; no sooner does it fall on the upland than it loses itself in the friable masses of the chalk. There

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are no rivulets and pools, no canals and drains to carry off the overflow, as we have seen in Flanders; there is no running water except occasionally after a heavy rainfall, and then it only lasts for a few days. Indeed, water is so hard to come by in Picardy that the inhabitants are obliged to make artificial pools to supply their cattle, and cisterns to catch rain-water, and also to dig wells at great expense. These wells are often very deep; on the highest parts of the land they may go down for more than three hundred feet, but usually only for about a hundred and fifty. Because of their importance they are very carefully looked after, being usually covered by a roof, and in some cases further protected by a trellis with a door which is kept padlocked; the owners of a well have the exclusive right to its water. When we see how precious good drinking-water is in this region we are better able to realize the barbarity of the Germans, who, when they were forced to retreat, took great trouble to poison all these wells in the most scientific manner.

Over this dry and level ground troops can make good headway, accompanied by their enormous supplies; in the end of August, 1914, the German army under von Klück rushed across Picardy like a river in flood.

But in this unprecedented war the means of defense have been developed and multiplied so ingeniously that they have been applied even to open country such as this, and when the English came over it in 1916 and 1917 they had to encounter many difficulties. After rain the light soil made a singularly adhesive mud, which greatly hindered the bringing up of supplies, and the qualities of the underlying chalk had allowed the Germans to provide themselves with very effective shelters. They had also utilized the occasional woods, and made each village as hard to take as a concrete fortress.

The top-soil of Picardy is of varying thickness and of recent deposit, geologically speaking, being composed of clay and sand. Rain has gradually washed it away on the steep sides of the valleys, but where the slopes are slight it has remained to some extent, and more so on the level upland, to which it brings fertility. Now this soil is rather clayey and impermeable, especially near the surface. After heavy rain the roads through it, cut up by ruts and covered by puddles, become almost impassable; those who farm the ground find that as soon as there is much dampness it becomes heavy and hard to cultivate. The summer of 1916 was unusually damp and rainy, and the autumn simply abominable. The British troops suffered terribly; trenches soon became open drains, recalling the muddiest of muddy *boyaux* in Flanders. The transport of artillery, munitions, and food supplies was carried on with the utmost difficulty, over roads which had no right to the name. This was one of the chief reasons which prevented the victories of the Somme from becoming decisive; each time the infantry advanced it took so long to bring up the artillery and munitions that the enemy had time to dig himself in before the guns could come into play. If the weather had only been more merciful it is very likely that the German retreat of March, 1917, would have happened some months sooner.

While the Allies were hampered by the soil, their adversaries found beneath it an admirable means of defense. Chalk is soft and easily worked; nothing was simpler than to dig down and make subterranean galleries and chambers.

The Flemish clay was unsuitable for this purpose, but here they could bore, tunnel, and install themselves in capacious and comfortable dugouts. They took full advantage of their opportunity; patient and methodical, they protected themselves against the enormous shells of the heavy artillery by burrowing from twenty to twenty-five feet underground, constructing chambers that no bombardment could reach and from which they had to be driven, when the time came, by hand-grenades. In front of the original French line to the south of the Somme, in the region of Chaulnes, they had dug a tunnel several yards below the surface and two miles long; this led to their rear, and through it they were able to bring supplies to their first lines with absolute safety. As at Vimy, the infantry was supposed to lie close in these holes until the enemy's artillery fire was over and then rush out to meet his infantry; the assailants would thus be confronted with

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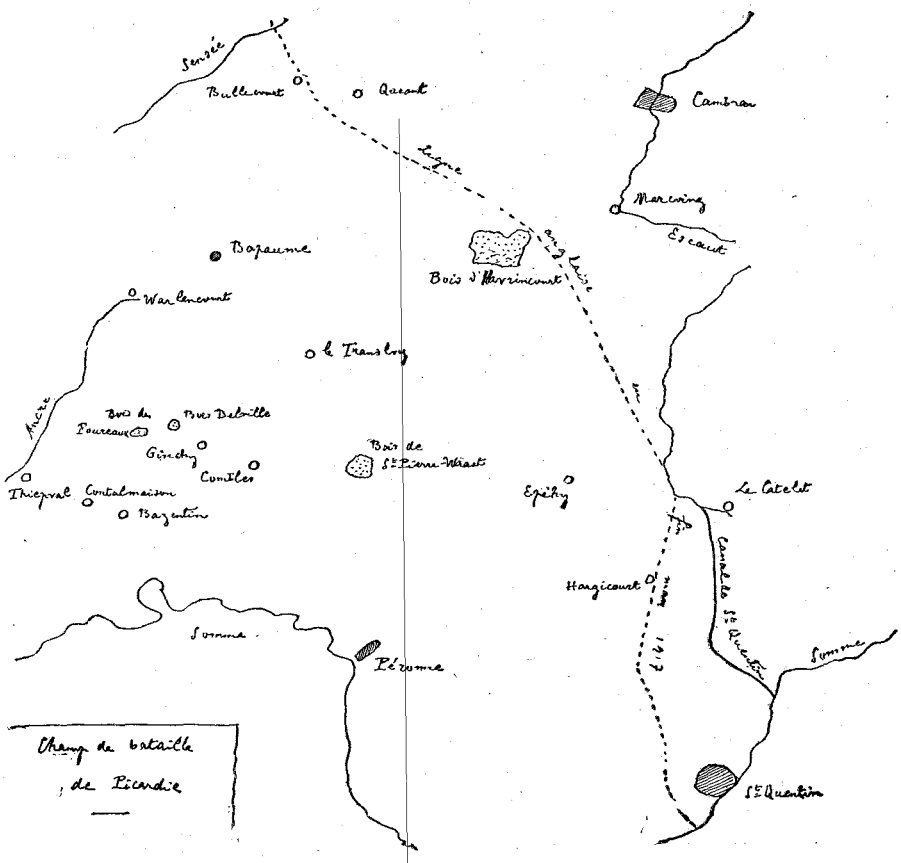
fresh troops and also met by a withering fire from mitrailleuses and machine guns. An attack at whirlwind speed, like that of the Canadians at Vimy, was the only way to minimize this danger.

Besides going underground, the Germans had utilized every possible means of defense on its surface. Growing timber is very scarce in Picardy; the ground was so valuable for cultivation that men have cleared it remorselessly. In the early middle age the district between Arras, Cambrai, and Péronne was covered by the great forest of the Arronaise; a few remnants of this were left at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but now it has entirely disappeared. The rolling plain stretches far and wide, rarely broken by the restful shade of trees; only where the soil is poor and not worth cultivating, as on the sand and clay slopes of Monchy-le-Preux, do we still find fragments of woodland. These are of great importance from a strategic point of view in such open and exposed country; consequently each wood was made a hiding-place for batteries, trenches, and depots of munitions, and to take it was a formidable enterprise, because of the dense mass of felled timber and broken branches skilfully interwoven with barbed wire. It took the English several weeks to get full possession of the Delville wood, which was not five hundred yards long; the French strained every nerve for a month before they took the wood of Saint Pierre Vaast, and in the recent advance of the English toward Escaut their greatest obstacle was the



The fighting area in Picardy.

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wood of Havrincourt, which for some time checked their progress in the direction of Cambrai.

If woods were few, villages were many in this rich district, which had not only an agricultural but an industrial population. These villages were large and closely crowded, for two reasons. The first was the scarcity of water; on the upland, as we have seen, wells were hard to dig and costly. The second was the value of the ground—where every foot was needed for farming, dwellings could not be allowed to take up too much room. There was usually not a tree nor a house between one village and the next; only the wide stretch of cultivated fields, with here and there an old windmill perched on a little rise, or, still more infrequently, the solid buildings of some large farm, looking almost like a little village; two of these, the Waterlot and Dupriez farms, were hotly disputed during the battle of Cambrai. In the wide rolling country between Arras and Cambrai even these were lacking; there was nothing but the open fields dotted over with villages, each with its huddled mass of roofs watched over by its church-tower.

Both sides made use of these villages in order to escape the enemy's fire, to shelter their own artillery, and to hold back the advancing waves of an attack. The story of the battle of the Somme, and also of that which has been going on since the end of March along the line from Arras to Saint Quentin has consisted almost entirely of methodical advance from one village to the next, one after another being taken by storm in the end. The names of Contalmaison, Bazentin, Thiepval, le Transloy, Bullecourt—all humble and formerly unknown—are already part of history.

These hamlets were slightly built. The chalk of the subsoil, although easy to work, is not very solid, and frost cracks and disintegrates it; therefore most of the houses were built of earth plastered between beams of timber, the foundations only being of brick. Shells made short work of such frail constructions, but trenches were quickly dug in the mass of fallen rubbish, and the angle of each crumbling wall became a nest of mitrailleuses. Almost every house had a deep cellar hollowed out of the chalk, and these afforded excellent shelter from artillery fire; it was on account of its great cellars that the Germans were able to hold on for so long in the ruins of the château of Combles. Only the largest shells could penetrate these vaults, still further protected by the pile of demolished masonry over them.

Thus, even on the bare plains of Picardy, where the open country, the level surface, and the dry soil seem especially adapted for offensive operations, modern warfare has been able to create obstacles and organize defenses. With those terrible weapons, the mitrailleuse and the machine gun, with the complicated service now necessary for the support of an army, there may be said to be no ground really favorable to an assailant; it is only a question of whether it is more or less difficult. Flanders, almost waterlogged and covered with a dense vegetation, is certainly one of the most trying, and for that reason the fighting is no longer very actively carried on there; both sides await the great decision which will be made elsewhere. Artois, more open and dryer, presents the obstacles of its industrial towns, of its hills, and of its deep valley; the operations by which the English, in April and May, 1917, got the better of these difficulties must always remain one of the most brilliant feats of arms of this stupendous war. Even peaceful Picardy is full of snares, with its clinging mud, its caverned chalk, its ambushed woods and its fortified villages. At every step on these battle-fields we find the necessity for heroism, for abnegation, and also for the most minute organization. We also find, from what the English have accomplished—and this is cheering for a nation just entering the great war—that a new army may acquire all these qualities in a short time, and through them succeed in overcoming the seasoned troops of the most militarized nation of the world.

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THE RAILROADS' WAR PROBLEM

BY FAIRFAX HARRISON
Chairman of the Railroads' War Board

THE transportation of troops, their food and supplies and ammunition, does not constitute the sole or even the primary war problem of the railroads. Transportation for military purposes can and will be supplied by the railroads of the United States without difficulty. To provide all of the transportation the government needs, and at the same time to render the quantity and quality of transportation required to keep the commercial life of our country at high pitch, does constitute the problem the railroads face to-day, as it means that they must provide with the facilities existing to-day a far greater amount of transportation than they ever have before.

The railroads of the United States have organized for war with a full realization of all this war means. Five days after war was declared their heads gathered in Washington and agreed among themselves voluntarily to subordinate all interests of the roads to service for the nation in the war with Germany. The railroads are in the war to see it through. They know they have a tremendous task ahead of them, and they are prepared to make their sacrifices.

It is imperative, too, that the people of our country, especially all who use the railroads, have a true understanding of the railroad situation as it is affected by the war. The problem with which the railroads are face to face is one that cannot be properly solved by the managing officers alone. It is the public's problem as well, for the public must make sacrifices in transportation as well as in other ways.

II

THE war has created a demand for so many new kinds of traffic and so many new sources of traffic that abnormal movements of freight are constantly taking place in unaccustomed directions, thus placing entirely unexpected burdens upon the facilities of the railroads, shippers, and consignees. The railroads must haul freight that always went by water heretofore; ships that formerly carried it have been diverted to other uses. There has been a most abnormal movement of freight in export traffic; in the year ending June 30, 1916, it showed an increase in value of 287 per cent compared with the year before the war.

As a result of the war railroads are to-day carrying more freight than they ever did in their history with practically no increase in facilities. How quickly this reorganization for war service was effected is shown by the fact that in the first month of the war they produced 16 per cent more transportation than in the same month last year. Still greater results are expected by the Railroads' War Board. Cars, locomotives, and tracks cannot be built over night and even if they could much of the railroad's problem would still remain unsolved. The added railway service the country needs must come out of the existing facilities.

In judging the war service of the railroads the public should compare it with the work they have done heretofore. Far more transportation may be needed than it is physically possible to produce. There is little doubt but that this will continue to be the case throughout the war. It is entirely probable that this fall and winter may see a so-called car shortage such as we have never known, *while at the same time the railroads will, I believe, be performing work far in excess of what before the war was considered even in the range of possibilities.* If the public will measure work the railroads do for the nation in the war by the work done with the same facilities before the war, a fair estimate can be had of the value to the nation of the railroads' patriotic effort.

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III

THE railroads knew that ample transportation service was the first essential to a successful conduct of the war, and through the Railroads' War Board they set out, immediately our country was precipitated into the struggle, to make their plans for putting troops, food, fuel, and supplies exactly where they were needed when they were needed. That is the railroads' job in war.

The welfare of our nation is absolutely dependent upon an adequate supply of coal for all purposes, and of iron ore for the steel-mills. For that reason the War Board, as one of its first acts, ordered the railroads to give preference to shipments of coal and ore. This action was taken, however, after thorough consultation with government officers, who realized its necessity; the reserve stocks of coal and ore in many sections of the United States had been depleted, due largely to the unprecedented consumption during the past year, and it was imperative that the railroads get started immediately to move the largest possible amount of coal to all parts of the country, and ore to the furnaces, before the coming of the winter months.

To save the use of coal-cars and also to increase the tonnage hauled, the railroads, co-operating with the Committee on Coal Production of the Council of National Defense, arranged with shippers of both lake and tide-water coal to pool their product.

Heretofore a shipper has sent his coal to a port and held it there in cars until he accumulated a complete cargo. During the war, however, coal will be coal regardless of who owns it, and when either a lake or an ocean-steamer wants a cargo of coal it will be taken from the pool. Through this pooling plan it is estimated that a saving in the time of freight-cars will be effected equivalent to adding 185,000 coal-cars to the service.

With the increasing demands being made on America for export coal, together with the gain in domestic consumption, the economical use of coal-cars is a subject of constant concern to the railroads. This year they must haul to tide-water at least 31,000,000 tons of bituminous coal alone, while on the Great Lakes, in the 180 days of the navigable season, they must haul to Lake Erie ports 26,000,000 tons, a total of more than a million carloads.

Tonnage statistics of coal handled since the war started are not available, but we know much progress is being made. In the first month of the war the railroads hauled about 30 per cent more bituminous coal than in the same month of 1916, and in the second month 23.8 per cent more, or 14,650,600 tons more in the two months than in the same months of 1916, the year of greatest coal production on record.

IV

WITH the necessity before it of getting all possible service out of existing facilities the Railroads' War Board has constantly urged carriers to adopt every practice to get maximum returns from their equipment. Railroads were asked to make every car do the work of two. By heavier loading, by expediting the movement even more than the railroads have been doing, and by speeding up repairs, it is possible to get work out of the present number of freight-cars equal to the service of 779,000 additional freight-cars. By adopting these measures, in other words, the supply of cars can be increased more than 30 per cent. The Board has asked the railroads to strive for this goal.

Similarly, by reducing the number of locomotives under repairs, by increasing locomotive mileage, it may be possible to keep in actual service 16,625 more locomotives than are now in use. This in itself would mean an increase of more than 25 per cent in available locomotives. The War Board has put this squarely before the railroads as an attainable goal. Presidents of the different lines have been asked to see to it personally that the men generally strive for it. It is realized, of course, that the diversion of mechanics to purely war work will greatly increase the difficulty of attainment.

The curtailment of passenger service has touched the average citizen more directly than any other action of the War Board. It was not without some mis-

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givings that it was suggested to the railroads. But it was a necessity that had to be faced; it was a sacrifice that had to be made by the public as well as railroads. Personal conveniences had to make way for the most expeditious moving of coal, food materials, and troops. It was equally important as a saving in fuel.

As a war measure the War Board has asked the railroads to:

1. Consolidate, where practicable, through passenger-train service and eliminate trains which are not well patronized.
2. Reduce the number of special trains and give up running excursion trains.
3. On light and branch lines, where two or more passenger-trains are operated, try to reduce to one train a day.
4. Substitute, where practicable, mixed train service for separate passenger and freight service on branch lines. Closely review number of scheduled freight-trains, where tonnage is insufficient to load them, with a view to reducing the number of trains.
5. Where passenger-trains are double-headed for speed, readjust schedules or cut out cars, where possible, to release locomotives for freight service.
6. Reduce, so far as practicable, luxuries, such as observation-cars. Reduce, also in the interest of economy, the present rather elaborate and luxurious bills of fare furnished on many dining and restaurant cars.

Through changes in passenger service the railroads of the country up to the first of September will have saved some 16,000,000 passenger-train miles annually. It is estimated that this will mean a saving among other things of more than one million tons of coal. The aim of the War Board is to get the railroads to discontinue every train and every facility that the public doesn't actually need, to the end always that the same facilities may be devoted to providing what the public does need. The changes are being made gradually but none the less surely.

In a war of the magnitude of this in which we are engaged it is inevitable that the War Board must from time to time recommend the adoption of policies which will curtail conveniences the public has previously enjoyed. But the Board is relying upon public opinion to support this sacrifice of personal convenience.

V

EARLY in its work the War Board realized that success in securing greater efficiency out of existing equipment was dependent partly upon "waking up" railroad men of every rank to the necessity for great personal effort. Each man must be brought to feel he is an important element in the struggle and that his failure to produce more may prove just as fatal to the country's success as indolent soldiers at the front.

To get the attention of their men to these responsibilities the railroads are displaying on employees' bulletins throughout the country rather glaring posters. By picture, by cartoon, as well as the spoken word, they are preaching the necessity for action. Patriotism is to get its practical expression in work. These posters bear captions such as: "Locomotives and Shrapnel," "Your Nation's Needs and Your Part in It," "The Nation Needs Freight-Cars as Well as Soldiers," "Will We Railroad Men Fail Our Country?" "War is Not All Shooting," "Talk, Eat, and Dream Car Efficiency," "Waking Up the Railroads," and others, based on the things the Board is trying to bring about.

Individual carriers have also been called upon to go out into the byways and hedges and preach the gospel of getting the utmost out of present facilities. The support of individual shippers is being enlisted. In this way, by passing the word along down the line, the efficiency of each transportation unit in the United States is being increased and the railroads as a whole welded into a most effective weapon against Germany.

The railroads cannot produce the transportation the country must have without the co-operation of shippers and consignees. Shippers can load cars to their full capacity; they can load and unload quickly; they can give prompt advice when cars are ready to be moved. They can do much and *they are co-operating to an increasing extent every day*. They too, however, must take their share of "war-bread" transportation. They can help the roads tremendously, as they are doing to-day, and it is expected that they will continue to. Indeed, too much praise cannot be given to boards of trade,

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chambers of commerce, and shippers' organizations generally for the way they have come forward to work out these problems with the railroads. The National Industrial Traffic League—the shippers' most influential organization—has been of great assistance.

State utilities commissions have also come to the railroads' support. The War Board pointed out to them the necessity for co-operation between all interests, and asked their support to aid in securing full efficiency from the transportation unit, the freight-car. The Board told the commissions that many terminals, yards, and industrial tracks are now taxed beyond their limits, and they cannot be enlarged or extended to any material degree; but these tracks will be relieved if equipment is loaded to full capacity. This will materially increase the total tonnage handled, with better and more regular service.

The following reply, which the War Board received from the Railroad Commission of Louisiana, is typical of the backing the State commissions are giving:

"The Railroad Commission of Louisiana will be glad to support unqualifiedly any movement which will tend to relieve the situation now prevalent concerning shortage of equipment."

The executive committee of the National Association of Railroad Commissioners has pledged the support of all State commissions.

VI

A MOST important matter of concern to the War Board is the necessity of rehabilitating the French railways. This is necessary not merely for France's sake but as a military problem of our own. France cannot spare the men for the work, so we must do it. At least we can supply France's railroad needs and do it practically immediately.

Co-operating with the government the railroads, acting under the instructions of their War Board, have been largely instrumental in recruiting nine regiments of railway engineers. The railroads' part in this work has been in charge of Mr. S. M. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western. These regiments are composed of motive-power men, construction men, and operating men of all ranks from the common laborer up. Thoroughness has marked every step of the preparation for the revitalizing of French railways. The make-up of each of the operating regiments will include managing officers, such as division superintendents, trainmasters, road foremen of engines, chief dispatchers, and master mechanics. The enlisted men include electricians, linemen and signal maintainers, gas-enginemen, clerks, stenographers, draftsmen, surveyors, car-inspectors, repairers, storekeepers, pile-driver engineers, pipe-fitters, locomotive-inspectors, wreck-derrick engineers, a water-supply man, cooks, conductors, brakemen, locomotive engineers, stationary engineers, yard foremen, switchmen, machinists, blacksmiths, boiler-makers, operators and agents, despatchers, and track foremen.

VII

WHAT the railroads are trying to do might be better understood perhaps if the public generally appreciated the factors that enter into a "car-shortage" period.

There is no greater misnomer than the words "car shortage." When the railroads report a shortage of 100,000 cars it does not mean that the railroads lack that many cars of the number that would be needed to haul the tonnage offered, though that is a natural impression. At the very time the 100,000 shortage is reported 125,000 loaded cars may be held in accumulations of freight at terminals, freight that for various reasons consignees cannot accept. If these 125,000 cars had been promptly unloaded and the cars placed in service no shortage would exist. One hundred thousand cars might be added to the equipment of the railroads, and in a week the same shortage would recur, unless cars are unloaded.

Cars follow the flow of traffic. The result in times of great commercial activity is a continuous car shortage in the producing areas, and a constant congestion and accumulation in the consuming territories. Economic reasons more than a lack of cars generally cause car shortages. When a car shortage exists it is usu-

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ally the result of an unequal distribution geographically of existing equipment, brought about largely by economic conditions.

Almost the first step taken by the Railroads' War Board was to adopt measures to reduce the so-called car shortage, which on May 1 was reported as 148,627 cars. An appeal to railroads and shippers to make more effective use of cars—to load them beyond capacity—met with a prompt response from both. This, with the more fluid movement of cars as a result of changes the War Board made in the car-service rules and an expected seasonable improvement in conditions, enabled the roads to reduce the reported car shortage almost one-third in the month of May. The high-mark in the car shortage was reached just about the time the War Board actually started to operate all of the railroads as a continental system for war purposes.

A very definite result of the summer reduction in the car shortage came in response to an inquiry sent to the twenty-three principal grain-carrying railroads of the country to develop the exact status of the grain transportation situation. It was found on the first of July that car shortage was not affecting the grain movement to any very great extent, and further, all old grain would be moved before the new crop was ready. An interesting fact brought out by the inquiry was that there seemed to be no disposition on the part of farmers and country elevators to hold back on grain shipments.

Car-shortage figures do not reflect actual conditions. They show a tendency only. Car-shortage and car-surplus figures are based on orders for cars for loading as filed with the railroads by shippers. In time of a surplus, orders for cars obviously reflect exact conditions, because with cars aplenty there is no incentive to inflate orders. When a shortage exists, however, a shipper increases his orders because he knows he will receive only a certain percentage of the cars ordered. In many cases shippers order cars double and treble their actual needs.

In reporting shortages there is much duplication because the same shipper will file an identical order with every railroad serving his community. Thus a shortage may be reported by every one of the roads covering the requirements of that one shipper. Furthermore, car-shortage figures take no recognition of the tonnage capacity of a car. The average load of a box-car is only 43 per cent of its capacity, yet a shortage in cars is reported. If every box-car was loaded to its cubical capacity there would now be an actual surplus of box-cars.

The railroads' war problem should not be confused with car shortage. While it is true the roads would give much for immediate delivery of the cars on order, they would give more for largely increased terminal facilities to handle the cars they have.

VIII

Our country's entry into the war came at a difficult time for the railroads. For more than a year before they had been struggling to carry the greatest tonnage ever offered them for transportation, and indeed did render the public 24 per cent more freight service than in the previous year, and in April, 1917, had actually provided freight service 44 per cent greater than they did in April, 1915—an achievement which at that time would have been considered absolutely impossible. The war also came upon the railroads when they were emerging from a winter the severity of which had tried even beyond the breaking-point the physical plans of many of the systems in the northern part of the country.

The carriers, however, were not caught unprepared or wholly untrained. They had been taking a course of training, as it were, for almost a year—in the mobilization of troops at the Mexican border they had a lesson in what would be required of them in war in organization, equipment, and in co-operation.

When it appeared likely that the United States would be drawn into the war the railroads put aside every other consideration that their facilities might be made of the greatest assistance to the country. On February 16, acting through the American Railway Association, their most comprehensive body, they organized for the war. The nucleus for an organization existed, as the Special Committee for

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Co-operating with the Military Authorities had been actively at work on the mobilization of troops at the border. This committee was enlarged, its membership made representative of the four departments of the army into which the country was then divided (it has since been divided into six), and its name changed to the Special Committee on National Defense of the American Railway Association.

In forming their organization for war the railroads had in mind primarily service only for the government itself. In realization, however, of the importance of the domestic activities of the country being conducted in a manner to promote the efforts of the government, the railroad presidents of the country met in Washington on April 11 and agreed during the war "to co-ordinate their operations in a continental railway system, merging during such period all their merely individual and competitive activities in the effort to produce a maximum of national transportation efficiency." They also agreed that this continental railway system should be directed by a committee of five, known officially as the Executive Committee, but generally called the Railroads' War Board *This organization, it should be noted, is entirely voluntary. It does not derive any power or authority from the government. It is not a subcommittee of the Council of National Defense, nor of its Advisory Commission, but exercises active, definite, and large powers and responsibilities which the railroads themselves have intrusted to it.*

The War Board of five consists of Mr. Howard Elliott, of the New Haven Railroad; Mr. Hale Holden, of the Burlington; Mr. Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania; Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, of the Southern Pacific; and the writer. In addition, Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and chairman of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, has accepted the invitation of the railroads to become a member, ex officio, of the War Board, as has Mr. E. E. Clark, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, by designation by that body. They have been of great assistance in the War Board's work.

The War Board has departmental sub-committees, coexistent with the military departments of the government, as well as committees on car service, equipment standards, transportation accounting, passenger tariffs, freight tariffs, purchases and supplies, and express transportation. It has stationed general agents at all of the military headquarters, with no other duties than to co-operate with the military officers. There are fifty-six of these places, to which we have assigned one hundred and twelve railroad officers.

The War Board's special organization sees to the government's military needs. The movement of troops, ammunition, and supplies, providing of railroad facilities at cantonments, equipping hospital-trains, and similar tasks are all supervised by men selected because of their fitness for that particular work. The government's calls receive preference on every railroad in the United States. One of the first propositions put up to the transportation men of the War Board was the movement of 120,000 car-loads of lumber for cantonment camps. Later this was rescinded because of a change of plans, but it gives some idea of the magnitude of the work the government may call on us to do. It illustrates the necessity for getting every ounce of work possible out of our facilities.

The Washington organization of the railroads has twenty-seven experienced railway officers, including the five executives on the War Board, all of whom are there practically all the time. With them war plans constitute the first order of business. In addition, the Board has sixty-nine general employees, and eighteen inspectors who are kept in the field. To get close to local situations and to meet difficulties promptly subcommittees reporting to the Commission on Car Service have been formed at Chicago, New York, Atlanta, San Francisco, Seattle, Memphis, New Orleans, and similar centres. These committees are co-operating with the shipping and travelling public as well as with the military authorities. This machinery, organized for the most part overnight, is now well co-ordinated, so that there is very little lost motion.

In the actual running expenses of this organization alone the railroads are con-

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tributing more than $500,000 a year to the cause for which our nation has entered the war. No salaries are paid by the American Railway Association to any officers serving on subcommittees of the War Board.

IX

THE plan of operation, worked out in this country, is somewhat like *but largely unlike* that adopted in England with respect to her railways at the outset of the war. In each country the determination of policy and practice of operation, of the national railway system during the war has been intrusted to a small committee of the men who were in charge of some of the principal railroads prior to war conditions, but without any disturbance of local management. *In England, however, the government assumed financial responsibility* and guaranteed that net earnings of the companies would continue to be what they had been before the war started.

In this country the plan is that the government shall advise the railroads what service it requires, and the responsibility is upon the railroad-managers to provide that service. When working to that end the railroads are operated practically as one system.

Like the English plan, the American plan places responsibility upon experienced railroad officers for producing results, but under the American plan the government's only function is to determine what its requirements are, and to pay for what service it gets like any private citizen. It is the belief of railroad-managers that this will work not only for efficiency of service but for economy in operation as well.

At all events, the American railroads are keenly appreciative of their opportunity to demonstrate to the country the value in time of war of operating railroads with that elasticity which private management makes possible.

I venture to predict that the railroads of the United States during the period of the war will rise to the highest state of efficiency that the art has ever known. They will make this great advance through the co-operative work of their employees, of shippers and consignees of freight, of passengers, and of Federal and State regulative bodies. Indeed, such a prediction can only be fulfilled through this co-operation, to secure which is part of the railroads' war problem.

HER GARDEN

By Louis Dodge

THIS friendly garden, with its fragrant roses,—
It was not ours, when she was here below;
And so, in that low bed where she reposes
The beauty of it all she cannot know.

But in the evening when the birds are calling
The fragrance rises like a breath of myrrh,
And in my empty heart, benignly falling,
Becomes a little prayer to send to her.

So, in that silent, lonely bed that holds her,
Where nevermore the shadows rise or flee,
I think a dream of radiant spring enfolds her—
Of bloom and bird and bending bough . . . and me.

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

At this indecent effrontery Mr. Merryweather's anger passed all bounds.—Page 377.

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MRS. MERRYWEATHER

[DR. BROOKE'S LOVE-AFFAIRS]

By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS

I

AUTUMN arrived cloaked in dismal, dripping days. I had to stop in the house a week with a wretched cold. It is strange how, when one is shut off from the world, even for seven days, one gets the feeling that almost anything may have happened. I was sure the village had been swept away by a cloudburst, and as for Dr. Brooke—goodness only knew what might have happened to him during the interval!

A sunny Sunday afternoon having appeared suddenly out of the grayest of days I hastened down to the village. Just beyond the post-office I met Mrs. O'Herron. Something important was on hand; I could see that by her unusually neat appearance. She was actually *endimanchée*, with a hat that was evidently meant to impress—and did. It was the first time I had ever seen her outside the sheltering walls of the grocery and freed from the rather disfiguring folds of a checked apron. The change was quite disconcerting. I had thought of her as old, colorless, with no accomplishments beyond selling tins of tomatoes. I was entirely wrong. She is not old at all; indeed, out of the grocery she looked flippantly young to be the mother of three children.

She shot a glance of inspection at me, said frankly that I looked like a ghost, and asked what was the matter with me. At heart Mrs. O'Herron is sympathetic; one has only to get beyond her uncompromising directness to realize it.

"I'm dying of loneliness," I answered gloomily. "I've been alone a week. I want some one to talk with. I want news—gossip, and I was on my way to you, Mrs. O'Herron."

She drew up stiffly. "Then you'd be doing well to be getting on to some one else. 'Tis I would be the last person in the world to know what's going on."

"Yet," I gave her an appreciative glance, "here you are, out for a Sunday promenade and wearing a most fetching new bonnet. Surely something's up!"

She softened and let her nice, Irish-blue eyes smile at me. "Bless you, 'tis visiting I do be going. I'm calling on Mrs. Merryweather."

"Mrs. Merryweather! I don't know her."

"Of course you don't. Herself and her husband are by way of just arriving in the village. They are stopping on for several months—perhaps six—perhaps a year, who knows? Himself is selling a book, has the agency for the State, and is going to make this his headquarters." Then, with a touch of civic pride: "I'm always believing to give every one that's new to the town a welcome. Besides, who knows but himself is one of those smart Alecs that do think they can buy groceries cheaper from a catalogue house than from myself, then?"

"If he sees that hat he will be sure of it."

She snubbed my compliment and went on, meditatively: "Sure and I'm not certain that I do be liking him myself." He was pompous, that's what he was; with all sorts of notions about minding other people's business. She saw that the first time herself had laid eyes on him. And his wife—Mrs. Merryweather? Bless you, she didn't count!

"And the book—what is it?"

"'The Family Tie'—in ten volumes. Monthly instalments or ten per cent off for money down."

"I suppose you were Mr. Merryweather's first customer?"

"Indeed, and I was not. What use would I be having with 'The Family Tie,'

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myself ten years married, with three children and a bedridden husband!"

Passing Dr. Brooke's gate and seeing him coming down the walk, we stopped and waited for him. He also was in Sunday attire. Having just been shaved, he looked quite tidy and a bit conscious; this latter due, I think, to the generous amount of powder and scent contributed by the negro barber.

Mrs. O'Herron nodded with approbation. "'Tis my heart it does good to see yourself out for a Sunday walk."

He smiled and let his adoring glance rest on her. She went on: "I'm thinking 'twould be good of yourself and himself to go visiting with me this afternoon." I am always yourself or himself to Mrs. O'Herron. I believe she keeps my account for groceries under such a pseudonym.

The conversation ended with both of us going with her to extend a welcome to the Merryweathers. They were sitting on the front porch of the little house they had rented. My first impression was that Mrs. O'Herron was quite correct in her appreciation of them. Mr. Merryweather *was* pompous. Pompous in figure, pompous in face, pompous in words; a bromidic sort of egoist who liked resounding words whether they meant anything or no. I suppose such qualities are necessary for some professions; there is no doubt that pomposity has its impressive side. As for Mrs. Merryweather! Again Mrs. O'Herron was right. She didn't count. She was small in a comprehensive way; in figure, in features, and in voice; a person one would never remember having seen; in every way colorless, without any decided place in life, without any object, without even any desires. At least this is what I thought when I first saw her.

"And what be you thinking of her?" whispered Mrs. O'Herron when Mrs. Merryweather had gone into the house in search of refreshment for us.

"I don't; do you?"

She chuckled, shook her head, and assumed a remarkably successful pose of strict attention to Mr. Merryweather's oration on the beauties of the village. Of course, she wasn't listening at all; she was estimating, I could swear it, how much the Merryweathers would purchase a week. "Not much," said the drooping angle of her hat.

Mrs. Merryweather returned and dispensed hospitality in the form of home-made wine and chocolate layer cake. Our visit went on interminably. Mrs. Merryweather said nothing; indeed, none of us had a chance to. Mr. Merryweather, accustomed to being listened to, never realized that any one else might have something to say. Dr. Brooke was fidgety to smoke; so was I; but we both instinctively and silently agreed that Mrs. Merryweather wouldn't be able to stand it; and of course Mr. Merryweather was just the type that never had smoked. Nothing I can think of expresses him so perfectly.

We pretended to listen to him; though none of us did. Now and then I managed to get some amusement out of the situation when I found that Mrs. Merryweather's timid eyes were riveted on one of Dr. Brooke's white socks which had a goodly-sized hole in it. I suppose it was her housewifely instinct asserting itself. He, unconscious of the tragedy, kept crossing that leg more conspicuously than the other.

When we rose to leave, Dr. Brooke shook hands with Mrs. Merryweather, and lingered just long enough over the process to give the poor little soul his warming glance. The faintest pink crept into her faded cheeks. This was followed quickly by a troubled, half-frightened light in her lustreless eyes; then her hand went out and touched her husband's arm. It was an unconscious gesture of dependence at finding herself in an unfamiliar and to her, no doubt, illicit situation.

When my turn came to shake hands with her I saw her eyes furtively following Dr. Brooke. Illicit or not, his glance had found her, as it did practically every other woman, vulnerable. Then, as we stood a moment on the steps, her eyes met his and this time the faded pink deepened, and —yes, I swear it—her lips trembled into a smile that was almost warm. It only lasted a bare second, yet nothing could have told more eloquently that she was seeing for the first time what she had always hoped for and never found—a look of admiration, perhaps even adoration.

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Mr. Merryweather was incapable of bestowing such a glance; Dr. Brooke was incapable of withholding it.

"Why do women marry men like that!" I commented, when we were at a safe distance.

"And why is it that men do marry women like that?" Mrs. O'Herron retorted.

"She's a very sweet little woman," Dr. Brooke said, in his thoughtful, thoroughly impersonal tone.

"Sweet!" scoffed Mrs. O'Herron. "'Tis yourself would be calling sweet anything in a petticoat! And sure, what's to be got out of being sweet if all you get for it is a browbeating?"

"Surely, Mrs. O'Herron," I exclaimed, "you don't mean to insinuate that a man that talks as Mr. Merryweather did would treat his wife unkindly!"

She scoffed at my masculine lack of insight. "'Tis as plain as the nose on your face. 'Tis written all over her. Bless you, what else would it be that makes her so mushy-like!"

"I wonder!" said Dr. Brooke, absently pulling at his stubby mustache. "And she—such a sweet little woman!"

II

AGAIN the dismal, dripping days set in; my cold returned, accompanied this time with racking pains and fever. In desperation I took to my bed and sent for Dr. Brooke. His medicine was worse than the illness, an awful dose, black as night, which I managed to swallow only after calling in the aid of my cook. She held me with two shining, muscular arms and forced three tablespoonfuls down my throat. The directions called for only one, but she insisted that if one was going to do me good three would do that much more good. "You want to kill me," I protested. "I want to make a man of you," she stated, with such finality that I opened my mouth without a murmur.

At the end of a fortnight Dr. Brooke said I was much better, even if I wouldn't admit it. Another week in bed would put me on my feet again.

"Another week!" I exclaimed. "You aren't going to keep me here that long! I'll die of bed-sickness!"

He pushed up a chair, sat down, and reached for my hand. His are large and strong and strangely soft. I should never have thought they were soft; they didn't look so. They were not badly made; one might almost call them finely made, with long fingers, squarely cut nails—I'm sure he trimmed them with his pocket-knife—and with an expression of sensitiveness across the knuckles that contrasted abruptly with his hairy, sensual wrists. As he grasped my hand firmly, yet never so gently, I felt a comforting warmth and vitality pass through me. It was the sensation of being in touch with a hot, throbbing fountain of life. The flickering light from the wood fire fell on him and lighted up the brown of his eyes, of his hair, of his mustache, and glowed upon his weather-tanned skin. The dim light was becoming to him; for the first time I realized that there was something very handsome about him and a warmth that reached to one's soul and cheered it.

"I'd almost forgotten," he began after a long silence, a charming glow of humor lurking in his eyes and in his slow smile. "Mrs. Merryweather asked me to find out if you'd let her come and sit with you some afternoon."

"Heavens—no!" I exclaimed. "That would be the last straw."

He laughed quietly. "She said she knew all about nursing and she would so like to come up here and do something for you."

"I'm too ill to be nursed—by her."

He tugged at his mustache. "I think you'll have to let her come once."

"I don't see why."

"Well, you see, because she's so insistent."

"Mrs. Merryweather insistent! I don't believe a word of it. She hasn't enough spunk to be."

He went on laughing, as if to himself. "She has asked me four times to see if you would let her come."

"Four times! You must be seeing a lot of her." I said this with frank insinuation. He did not miss it, looked away in his abashed, schoolboy fashion, and hastened to give me a detailed account of each meeting: once at Mrs. O'Herron's grocery when he had happened to mention my illness; again at church

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Sunday; once in the street accidentally; and the last time, just that day, while he was starting off to see me. No, her husband had not been present at any of these encounters. Was she different—away from Mr. Merryweather? Really, he hadn't noticed. She had impressed him each time as being a retiring little woman—and very sweet. "Yet insistent," I added. "Only in regard to you," he retorted, beaming at the opportunity I had given him to meet me in my own coin.

"Then you can be just as insistent in telling her that I can't bear the thought of her sitting at my bedside. Besides, she knits, I'm sure; and knitting makes me most awfully nervous. I'm always afraid they are going to stick themselves—or me."

"I don't know if she knits or not," he said, as if taking me seriously. "I suppose she darns, though. All women do that; don't they?"

"Adelaide never darned in her life."

He flushed and drew hard at his pipe. "I wish you would let her come once."

"Why?"

"She wants to. I don't see how you can refuse her."

"Of course you don't; but I do. Tell her I don't want her."

"I couldn't think of doing that."

"Then tell her I'm too ill."

"She'd come at once if that were the case."

"I don't care what you tell her. I won't have her here. Just the thought of her makes me weary. Let's change the subject."

He saw I was getting feverish, sat half an hour longer in silence, and finally departed, leaving behind another bottle of the black horror he calls medicine and promising to return in two days.

III

I THOUGHT I had made myself perfectly clear in regard to Mrs. Merryweather's coming to see me, but, to my intense annoyance, the next afternoon, feeling very comfortable propped up on several pillows, a box of forbidden cigarettes beside me and a fairly amusing book, my cook burst into the room and announced that Mrs. Merryweather had come to sit the afternoon with me.

I gave vent to curses and ordered her to say I was out.

"But you ain't—you know you ain't!" She hasn't a spark of imagination. "And she knows you ain't, too. The doctor sent her."

"Then damn him; and let her come in."

I put down the book, threw away my cigarette, resigned myself to the inevitable—and Mrs. Merryweather came in.

I managed a feeble smile of welcome, while the cook—I really must get rid of her—pushed a chair as close to the bed as she could get it and insisted that Mrs. Merryweather should take it—which she did. She was so glad to find me better; Dr. Brooke had told her I was going on so nicely, but very lonely; that was all she was going to say; she hadn't come to talk to me, only to sit with me. After this (for her) long speech, she opened a black silk bag that was attached to her waist and drew forth a gold thimble, a spool of thread, and a needle. Holding the needle up to the light, she moistened the thread with her lips and shot it through the eye. This accomplished, she next produced a darning-gourd; then—it was a most capacious bag—she brought forth a package wrapped in newspaper. Untying this, she laid across her knees four pairs of white cotton socks. With a dexterity resulting from habit she drew one of the socks over the gourd and promptly fell to darning.

This went on uninterrupted for at least half an hour, she all the time in the chair jammed as close to my bed as it was possible to get it.

"I'm not averse to some conversation," I said at last.

She threaded another needle and gave me a timid glance. "Dr. Brooke told me talking might annoy you."

I resigned myself to her silent proximity and watched the darning. It went on as conscientiously as Penelope's. Right under my eyes I saw three pairs of socks renovated and returned to the black receptacle. I came to the conclusion that it was Mr. Merryweather's one extravagance.

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"Does your husband always wear white socks?" I asked at the end of the first hour.

She looked up as if startled by my question. "He never wears them. He—he doesn't like them."

Her answer surprised me more than my question had her. Whose, then, under the sun were they? One doesn't often find wives darning other men's socks.

"Do *you* like them?"

"I?" She again threw me a questioning glance. "I never thought about it." She held one up and regarded it as if reflecting for the first time over the possibility of their appealing to her.

"You know they say they are much cleaner," I commented.

"I don't see why."

"Because they show dirt so much quicker." This appeared quite beyond her. "I shouldn't call them exactly becoming, though," I went on. "They are too conspicuous. Still, it is all a matter of who is wearing them. If one likes a person one is inclined to like what that person wears. Clothes, after all, whether they are good or bad, do make up a good part of our personality."

This impressed her. For the first time she stopped darning and looked in the fire. "I never thought of that before," she murmured to herself.

After a long silence—"Dr. Brooke wears them, you know." It was detestable of me, I know; but the thought had suddenly taken possession of me that they were his. However, I got no satisfaction. Her face, bent over the darning, told me nothing.

"You have noticed that; haven't you?" I insisted.

She nodded, without lifting her head and continued darning.

"And his need darning badly. I remember the day we called on you he had a scandalous hole in one of them. Some one ought to darn them for him."

She did not answer, but at that moment I noticed a strange expression about her lips, a sort of compression that at once gave her whole face character. Perhaps I had been wrong in my judgment, and instead of being browbeaten she was only smothered flame. But no; it couldn't be possible! Still, there were those disturbing white socks—and beyond them Dr. Brooke!

The light grew dim in the room, shadows crept up about us, and, in the midst of a soothing silence and amusing, if sedative, reflection, I went comfortably to sleep. When I awoke Mrs. Merryweather had been gone an hour. The cook informed me that she had tiptoed out of the room and left word that she would return the next afternoon. Incidentally, it came out afterward, Dr. Brooke had called and finding me asleep had accompanied Mrs. Merryweather down the mountain.

IV

I DIDN'T sleep a wink that night; I tossed and tossed, and, strive never so hard, I couldn't get my mind off Mrs. Merryweather, Dr. Brooke, and the white cotton socks. How far the situation had developed and how Mrs. Merryweather had got hold of the socks obsessed me to such a degree that my fever went up and up. Dr. Brooke called it a relapse; I called it an entirely new ailment; and, no matter what it was, it kept me in bed a week longer.

Mrs. Merryweather came conscientiously every afternoon, always with her darning, and, though I was too weak to talk, and perhaps for that very reason, we grew to be fairly good friends, silent partners you might have called us, with one point of very deep understanding—the white socks.

Dr. Brooke made his visits in the morning, she came in the afternoon, so that, as far as I knew, they never met. Indeed, as I look back on this little tragedy, I realize that I only saw them together once—the day we called at her house.

At the end of another week Mrs. Merryweather and I were getting comfortably through our silent afternoon. The wind was moaning without, the fire was crackling within, and there was a sweet, homelike peacefulness pervading the room. After all, a woman sewing—or darning—*does* give a comfortable touch to a room; she makes it quite as cosey as a cat on the hearth rug.

I had lost all count of the pairs of socks; they must have been inexhaustible, unless

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Mrs. Merryweather, like Penelope, undid at night what she had done during the day, just for the mere love of doing something for the one she loved. Little changes in her dress caught my attention. Pitiful little attempts at coquetry—a blue ribbon round her neck pinned with a bit of white coral; some roses added to her hat; a piece of lace here and there: all of it so pathetic that it would have broken your heart to see it. You may observe how far my feverish condition had carried me. I no longer either doubted that Dr. Brooke was the owner of the socks or that Mrs. Merryweather was fully launched on the great passion of her life. It was this realization—or belief—that kept me silent on the subject. I had begun to look upon it as too sacred for discussion; I even grew a little ashamed of myself for having discovered it; and, again, I was really miserable over her eventual awakening. It was all well enough for a woman like Adelaide to fall in love with Dr. Brooke; she had been falling in love ever since she was born; but Mrs. Merryweather was going to suffer. Besides—there was Mr. Merryweather!

I was thinking of all this when I saw Mrs. Merryweather rise and go to the window. Dusk had come on—she must be going home, she said; the days were much shorter; it would be dark before she reached the village. Then, quite suddenly, while she was still standing at the window, I saw her expression change. It was as if a shiver of displeasure had passed over her. It passed as quickly as it had come, and when she turned back to me her face was as colorless as usual.

"Mr. Merryweather"—she always called him that to his face, behind his back, and I verily believe in bed—"Mr. Merryweather is coming in to see you."

I stifled a groan. Up to this time he had spared me his obnoxious presence. "Did you expect him?"

"No," she replied. It was the most incisive remark I had ever heard from her.

His heavy footsteps were already sounding in the hall. A knock on the door followed and he entered the room.

"Glad to see you better, young man." He took hold of my hand and shook it with his fat, damp one. "Hope we'll soon see you up and able to join us in the village. Is the wife taking good care of you?" He turned to the wife. "Get your things together, Maggie. It's getting dark. We'll have to hurry down the mountain."

His glance fell on the socks where she had left them in the chair. He picked up one and looked at it. She saw him do it and, watching him, her face grew ashy, not with fear but with a sort of crisis of determination. It was an expression that lifted her out of a commonplace woman and made her into a personality. I could see that she was on the point of saying something important. Her breath came with difficulty; and her little hands, always so touching, were clasped together with an effort at composure. There was something unpleasant in this sudden change in her: it was too determined, too flinty.

"So she's mending your clothes for you too, is she? Always doing something for somebody else and neglecting me!"

"Do I neglect you?"

He turned, surprised at the change in her voice, looked at her, and frowned. It was plain enough that her attitude and, most of all, the question irritated him. He dug his hands into the depths of his black broadcloth trousers, and put his head pettishly on one side.

"You know, Maggie"—this in a patronizing, lordly-husband manner—"those biscuits last night were as heavy as a ton of lead. I'm not objecting to your staying up here nursing the sick young man, but I do think you ought to get back home in time to cook a decent supper. If we kept a servant it would be different; but as it is I think it would be wise to put off darning the young man's socks till you have more time."

She listened, still with that flinty, cold determination. When he had finished she went to the chair, picked up the socks, folded and wrapped them carefully in paper, and put them in the black bag. Then she looked at her husband, very calm, very steady.

"They are not his socks."

"No? Then, pray, whose are they?"

"Dr. Brooke's."

His astonishment was ludicrous. It expressed itself with a sort of protruding of the eyes and stomach.

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"Why are you darning Dr. Brooke's socks?"

"They had holes in them."

"Did he ask you to do it?"

She shook her head. He frowned portentously, growing more and more lordly-husband every moment.

"It's none of your business going round promiscuously darning bachelors' socks. Soon you'll get yourself talked about and then—then I'll be disgraced."

"You!" This was a real scoff.

"Yes—I. And I forbid you to do it again. I'm shocked that you ever thought of doing such a thing, anyhow."

Her head went up with a toss. There was color in her cheeks now and a gleam of fire in her eyes. "I did it because I wanted to show my—my appreciation of what he has done for me."

"Done for you! What, pray, has he done for you?"

She faced him without a tremor. "Something that has never entered your head to do."

Beyond his anger he was sincerely puzzled. "Maggie, you've lost your mind!"

"No. I've found it."

"What do you mean?"

Her expression changed subtly. The stony glint softened gradually into a maternal expression. She was pitying him now for his stupidity, his egotism, his blindness.

"Do you really want to know what I mean?"

"I demand to know," he thundered.

"It will hurt you."

"Speak, woman!"

She hesitated, as if gathering her forces, and, happening to look down at that moment, found she had left one of the socks on the chair. She picked it up without thinking, or possibly well aware of what she was doing, and drew it over her hand. At this indecent effrontery Mr. Merryweather's anger passed all bounds. He jerked the sock violently from her hand and threw it into the fire. For a second he had my sympathy. I can't fancy any husband standing amiably by and watching his wife pull another man's sock over her hand.

"I am waiting—speak!" he thundered again.

Her eyes rested on the burning sock, the scent of which was already making its way out into the room. If the moment hadn't been so tense I should have asked to have a window opened.

"Dr. Brooke"—began Mrs. Merryweather very thoughtfully, almost as if talking to herself and with her glance still on the slowly disappearing sock—"Dr. Brooke has treated me as every woman should be treated—as she craves to be treated. Oh, you needn't fuss and fume"—this a bit louder as Mr. Merryweather gave vent to jeering laughter—"it's more than you've ever done, except when you were courting me and fooling me into marrying you. It's funny how I've been going on these ten years and never thought of it before! I suppose it's because I'm so simple and stupid and weak! I'd rather stand anything than have a row." Her voice was once more reflective. "Dr. Brooke brought it all up to me the first time he looked at me. He made me feel I was a lady; not only that, but a woman who had a right to respect and kindness and—and—yes, and love. Somehow, he made me think of myself. I began to wonder why I hadn't had all that from you. . . . It was all in the way he treated me that woke me up—the way he shook my hand; the way he held the door open for me; the way he offered me a chair. Why, once"—here she smiled over the memory—"he even fetched a pillow to put behind my back because the chair was too big for me! It was all that, and, most of all, the way he looked at me that made me realize that I was not only a housekeeper, and a cook, and a drudge; but a woman with rights, rights every woman has—to be treated with sympathy and gentleness and kindness—and to be loved. . . . What have you given me of that? Not a thing! Do you ever get up when I come in the room? Did you ever open a door for me? Did you ever look at me as if—as if you thought I was pretty and worth loving?" Suddenly she stopped, out of breath; then hurried on: "I don't remember when you ever paid me a compliment! I don't remember when you even said an affectionate word to me! You don't seem to remember that I'm anything but a sort of a machine! You never give me anything!" Here her

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voice was biting with scorn. "You've never even given me what every woman wants most in the world—a child!"

It would have done your heart good to have seen the way she took the wind out of Mr. Merryweather's sails. He squashed up like a punctured balloon. He must have lost fifteen pounds while he listened—pounds of pomposity—which left his clothes draped on him with a most ridiculous hang-dog expression. Somehow, he made me think of an empty hot-water bag. And his mouth worked like a frightened baby's.

"I never expected to hear you talk this way, Maggie." His voice came mildly; it was almost a whisper.

By this time she had regained her breath; and I trembled over the prospect of a second onslaught. But it did not come. She answered him quite calmly. "No. I never expected to talk this way, either."

"Then—then you don't love me any more, Maggie?"

She did not answer this. Very quietly, very thoughtfully she crossed to the window and looked out into the dusk. The only light in the room, the firelight, flickered fitfully on her thin, slightly stooping shoulders. Its restless glimmer made me think of the conflicting thoughts that must have been surging through her at that moment. She stood there, silent, an interminably long time.

"Do you mean, Maggie"—Mr. Merryweather's voice was a despicable whimper now—"do you mean you love that man?"

She made a slight movement; it might have been a quiver caused by the knife in the wound. "I don't know." It was a feeble, uncertain murmur, but it was full of doubts going in the direction of certainty.

"Then—then you are going to leave me?"

At this she turned and faced him, her whole personality once more dull and commonplace.

"No, I'm not going to leave you. I'm not ungrateful. I owe you too much. You've given me a shelter—a bed to sleep in—and food."

"I've made you my wife."

"In name—yes."

"I've given you all my love."

"Your love!" She stopped, thoughtful over the question she appeared to be putting to herself. "I wonder if you have any love to spare! I wonder if you haven't used it all up on yourself!"

"Maggie!"

She picked up her bag and went toward the door. "We'd better be going now," she said wearily. "It's getting late, and"—this with a momentary return to the previous bitterness—"it'll be late to get your supper."

His answer showed the beginning of her rights—her supremacy. "You're too tired, Maggie. I'll cook supper to-night."

At this she actually smiled and went out of the room without even so much as a glance at me. I believe both of them had completely forgotten any one else was in the room. Mr. Merryweather followed, as meek as any wife could wish her husband to be.

V

"And have you heard the news, then?"

"How unsympathetic you are, Mrs. O'Herron!" I complained. "Here I am, after six weeks of illness, and you greet me with gossip about other people! It's heartless of you; more than that, it's undiplomatic!"

She gave me her irresistible smile. "Believe you me, I knew yourself was going along all right again. I see it myself now; that I do. You be looking that much better than you did when you took to bed; you do, indeed you do."

"Thank you; that's much better. And now—the gossip."

"'Tis by way of being news, not gossip. So it'll not be interesting to the likes of you; it won't that." She returned to her occupation of stacking tins of tomatoes in an intricate pyramid on the counter.

I sat down, lighted a cigarette, and waited, wondering all the time if I were going to get it out of her without asking for it.

"It's fine weather for the crops, thanks be to God," she commented.

"Perfect," I answered.

"And have you been seeing the Merryweathers lately?"

"Not for a week."

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"'Twas myself thought she was nursing you!"

"She was. I suppose she considered me convalescent and so no longer worthy of her attentions."

After this she began humming in a most irritating way. In self-defense I had to capitulate. "What is the news, Mrs. O'Herron?"

She pointed an accusing finger at me. "And 'tis us poor females you do be calling curious!" She came from behind the counter and leaned on a barrel of apples. "'Tis about the Merryweathers themselves."

I sprang up. "Good Lord! What has happened? Don't tell me Dr. Brooke——"

"Dr. Brooke"—she interrupted quickly and sent an alert glance about to see that no customers had entered and were eavesdropping—"Dr. Brooke was knowing no more about it than was myself."

I sat down relieved. "Well—what has happened to the Merryweathers?"

"'Tis hardly ever you'll be seeing them again. 'Tis that they packed up, bag and baggage, a week gone this Monday, and left town without so much as bidding one of us farewell."

"What was the reason?"

Mrs. O'Herron's shoulders rose expressively, though not a bit in character with her nationality. "No reason was given. 'Tis myself that has suspicions, though."

"Really! What are they?"

"'Tis not me they'll be saying was after telling it."

Of course she knows; she knows everything; besides, she has been the spectator many times before of similar affairs. I wager she could tell you the minute one of them began. She could do more than that, dangerous woman—she could tell you each day how things were progressing.

I looked at her with a smile meant to say that I was in the secret too. She refused to notice it and returned to the tomato-tins.

"I know much more about it than you do, Mrs. O'Herron."

"Many's the time I've heard 'em talk like yourself. What do you know, then?"

"'Tis not me they'll be saying was after telling it!"

"Sure and he thinks he's fooling me."

"I can give you the password."

"Bless you, then; out with it!"

"White socks."

Since that moment she has treated me as a man worthy of her respect.

"I don't know, though," I admitted, "how she got hold of them."

She came nearer confidentially. "No more do I."

"Let's find out, Mrs. O'Herron."

She sat down beside me confidingly. "Let's. But how are we going about it when himself, the dear doctor, doesn't even know she's been darning them for him."

"How do you know that?"

"'Twas only this morning he was here to see Patrick, and while he was sitting beside his bed I took pains to comment on how well his socks were darned."

"Did he blush and stammer?"

"Bless you, no. He took it as cool as a cucumber. Said Dinah did them very nicely when she didn't use black thread."

"And you believed him?"

She looked at me out of half-hurt, half-angry eyes. "Don't you?"

I sighed and had to admit that I did.

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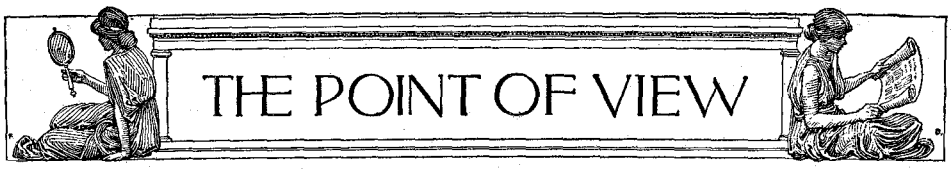

THE present very general interest in poetry, and particularly the poetry of the day and the hour, must cause many a casual reader to ponder the question, "What is poetry?" To the lover of the art, confronted by many diverse and perplexing theories and performances, this question has become almost a challenge. Now, while this, like most of the rudimentary problems that baffle the mind, must remain imperfectly solved in any ultimate fashion, there is always the hope that the unprejudiced exercise of common sense and the reaction of certain instincts (for the passion for beauty is assuredly an instinct, if not a universally conscious one) may illumine the simplest outlines of a reality much beclouded by purely intellectual conceptions.

The "New Poetry"

The "new poetry" has become the watchword of a general tendency, and yet this tendency makes itself felt in many varied, even conflicting, forms and methods of approach. There is, moreover, something a little disturbing about the phrase so confidently and specifically applied. Surely, all true poetry is new, whether it was chanted to the lyre of the Greeks or typewritten amidst the walls and sky-scrapers of Manhattan and Chicago. The singing heart of man always takes us by surprise whenever it successfully expresses its own, and therefore our own, sincere emotion. In the profound sense all experience of reality is new. Sorrow and love and death, howsoever often relived by the millions that have peopled and people the earth, must be felt again by each of us and all who shall be after us, and come ever as fresh revelations to each individual—as something infinitely strange and overwhelming—whenever thus refelt, whenever thus relived. It is not sufficient that they be apprehended or the idea of them intellectually conveyed, they must be *experienced;* and it is exactly this experience that true poetry, as well as life, affords. Poetry offers us a universal range of experience exceeding the limits of our individual and often accidental destiny, and in a manner complements the broken circle of our opportunities: such experience of reality in the life of the flesh, or of poetry, is always new. We are not now, of course, speaking of the purely literary echoes of past living utterances, which, indeed, offer no experience to the feeling soul, but merely convey again an idea, or a form, intellectually conceived and therefore only intellectually apprehended. We are not now speaking of this so-called "poetry."

Perhaps the phrase the "new poetry" is intended to attach to an outward quality rather than to an inward spirit. There can be little doubt that the leading exponents of the movement have rendered literature a service in their insistence upon a certain concise clarity and concrete structure of image, the elimination of vague generalities and impressionistic confusion of outline, the effort toward presentation rather than description, and, above all, in their longing to get away from the rhetorical, the literary and "poetic," back to the living, breathing speech which lies at the heart of every day, and which, with its innumerable human inflections and connotations, bears a so much more vital relation to reality. Such a return to the racy, tingling language of normal utterance is as shocking and invigorating as a cold plunge into the waters of a great sea, and may well be a tonic as periodically needful to the body of any literature, but it is essentially the return that has been made afresh by every great poet from the day when Dante began to write in his "dear common tongue" to the time of Wordsworth and his poetry of familiar things in the language of familiar speech.

When we come to the emphasis, more vehemently stressed by the less significant if more vociferous members of the group—the emphasis upon expression in the free-verse forms, and the less rhythmic free-verse forms at that—the problem becomes a more puzzling one. Why this unusual insistence upon purely external character, upon the physical shape and body of emo-

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tion? Most assuredly some poetry must embody its soul in this form, but just as certainly another poetry, another complex of ideas and feelings, must manifest itself in the highly rhythmical and more familiar shape of the stanza or strophe. The feeling creates its own form-body, which is but the outward and inevitable gesture, so to speak, of an inward necessity; and just because the medium of free verse is the natural and necessary expression of a certain subjective, it does not follow that the more artificial modes are unsuited to the embodiment of other impulses. Indeed, they, too, of necessity, thus articulate themselves in accordance with their nature; nor can we believe that the followers of the new cult would so confess the meagreness and monotony of their own range of emotion as to limit its expression to any one verse pattern.

Then there is the matter of rhyme, which, in spite of Milton's attack upon it as "the invention of a barbarous age," has remained one of the most subtle and magical of agents in certain forms of verse. There has been much heard of late to the effect that rhyme is a mere jingle, a tawdry ornament tagged on at the end of each line for the delight of the childish, or as a sort of somnolent tinkling to lull the ear of those who have come to think of poetry as little else and who thus chiefly distinguish it from the larger rhythms of prose. It has recently even been defended as a kind of hypnotic measure tending to induce in the listener the trance of ecstasy toward which all poetry would lift us; yet both accusation and defense seem to fall far short of any reasonable explanation of its undeniably potent effect.

In the stricter verse forms there are, rhythmically speaking, two elements of delight: the metrical pattern of the stanza, or unit, and the varying waves of the sentence and thought rhythm within that pattern. These rhythms are eternally in conflict and at the same time in harmony with the larger pattern; periodically in conflict and ultimately in harmony, they ebb and flow elastically within the rigid form, running over here, lapsing and falling short there, but always eventually terminating in strict accordance with the metrical stride of the unit. This harmonious conflict of rhythms permits of the greatest richness of effect, analogous in many ways to syncopation in music, and it is the rhyme, ceaselessly accentuating the recurrence of the ruling rhythm, that compels the ear to follow the intricacies of this delicious interior struggle. It thus occupies the position of the bar in music, and where the sense flows on into the following line indicates the turn of the metrical tide. Swinburne has written:

"Come back in dreams, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot
Move thee no more, but love at least
And loyal heart
May move thee, royal and released
Soul that thou art."

And if by a murderous assault we remove the rhymes and get:

"Come back in dreams, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and change
And the world's doom
Move thee no more, but love, perhaps,
And loyal faith
May move thee, royal and released
Soul that thou art,"

the sense of the superb conflict of rhythms within rhythm is lost to the ear, as the vacuity of the music readily testifies.

Perhaps this matter of rhyme will help to prove the barrenness of theories where beauty is concerned; and some of the new poets are distinguished for the number and fervor of their theories and the careful manner in which their work is based upon a preconceived intellectual formula. In art and morals theories and protestations count for little, and it is performance alone that can convince us. The intellectual part of man would seem to be but a small and irritable segment of him at best, the greater part of him, like an iceberg, lying submerged below the surface of the conscious. It is there that instinct recognizes her first love, beauty, by some infallible law—beauty, the secret of which not all the conscious cells of the cortex can fathom or formulate.

The Half-Hearted Poet

YET, after all, it is not the theories and formulæ of its followers that differentiate the "new poetry"; the insistence upon certain externalities, the abandonment of familiar traditions, even the new spirit of the language employed, none of these are more than symptoms of the deep inner mood which lies at the roots of the whole tendency. This tendency is in line with the basic trend of our times, and represents the attempt in verse, as in many other branches of expres-

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sion, to cast off a certain passionate illusionment and approach the universe as it actually is—the universe of science, perhaps, rather than that of the thrilled human heart. This is the kernel of the entire new movement, as has already been clearly pointed out by several writers on the subject.

Everywhere in the new verse we are conscious of a certain objective quality, not the objective quality of "The Divine Comedy" or "Faust," which is achieved by the symbolic representation in external forms of inner spiritual verities, but an often stark objectivity accomplished by the elimination of the feeling human medium, the often complete absence of any personal reaction. We are shown countless objects and movements, and these objects and movements are glimpsed panoramically from the point of view of color, outline, and interrelation, as through the senses merely; the transfiguring lens of the soul is seldom interposed or felt to be present. To the "new poet" the city street presents itself in terms of a series of sense-impressions vividly realized, a succession of apparently aimless and kaleidoscopic pageantries stripped of their human significance and symbolic import. They have ceased to be signs of a less outward reality, they have become that reality itself—reality apprehended from a singly sensuous standpoint untainted by any of the human emotions of triumph or sorrow, pity or adoration. Love is thus frequently bared of its glamour and death of its peculiar majesty, which may now be regarded as deceitful and fatuous projections of the credulous soul, and not to be tolerated by the sophisticated mood of the new and scientific poet, for it is exactly with these beautiful "sentimentalities" that the analytic mind of science is not concerned.

Some of the "new poets" have fallen out of love with reality and therefore no longer understand it. It is as if the heart of man had grown weary of its long and unrewarded idealism and had determined to touch the quick of disillusionment. "Let us rhapsodize and romanticize about life no longer," it says, "nor believe it to be any more than it is, which is not so much at best! Let us throw off the yoke of these ecstasies, the cajolery of these comforting illusions, and in the mood of science, fearless and unappeased, lay bare the face of truth!"

There is a great courage in this attitude which would more wholly win our admiration if an equal love, an equal faith, kept pace with it; and yet many of us cannot feel that it is the real truth that is thus attained. Many of us must feel that science grasps but a fragment of the truth—that the longings, imaginings, and even fondest aspirations of the fragile human heart have their guarantees in reality, nay, are elements of that reality itself; and that the splendor which the soul casts over the fact is but a keener appreciation of its intrinsic value. Such must believe that the truth of things is only glimpsed in moments of the highest enthusiasm and exaltation, that it is hard to hold this truest vision of reality, even impossible for any great stretch of time; and that in disillusionment, in all the petty moods of critical analysis, we sink away from, and not nearer to, the real fact. The truth is only attained to, and by effort—it is not evident to the cold or the relaxed mind. It is we who are insipid and dull, and not the divine reality whose beauty and splendor, whose fulness, we are too uninspired to grasp in most of the low, familiar moments of life. We must believe that it is to the lover in the moment of his love that the true knowledge of the object is vouchsafed even more fully than to the scientist.

Only the lover understands, and the poet is the great lover. It is his function to awake and keep alive in others this clearest vision of reality granted to him through his love. Each new period of life, each new present, with its often crude and repellent exterior, its apparently unlovely jumble of materials and events, is at once his challenge and his opportunity. The new world of each to-day, like a fallow field, awaits his tillage, that it may bear to others all that sleeps within it in seed and silence. The poet is to show us "things as they are," but let him not forget all that this implies, nor let him cease from seeing with the keen and infallible eye of ecstatic love. Art is a revelation, not a mere reproduction. The real must be "poetized"—that is, it must be revealed again for what it is to those who have forgotten—for the real *is* beautiful, the real *is* poetry, and he is here to bear witness to that fact. This is the truth from which no weariness, no disillusionment, should be allowed to beat him back. It is the whole truth of which all lesser moods are but the fragments.

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THE FIELD OF ART

CHINESE GARDENS

FROM time immemorial China has been called the Flowery Kingdom, a name given by the Chinese themselves and singularly suited to the land which for ages was like an oasis of flowers of the spirit in the world desert of barbarism. In this oasis grew the arts of the bronze and stone worker, of the silk-maker and embroiderer, of the potter, of the painter on silk, of the poet, philosopher, and ethical devotee. But China was not named the Flowery Kingdom because of these flowers of the mind. Her flora is one of the most luxuriant in the world. It is estimated to consist of some twelve thousand species, nine thousand of which are known and one-half of which are indigenous and not found elsewhere.

Such being the flora of China, it is readily understood that horticulture and gardening early became a skilled and honored profession.

The Emperor Shön-nung (2737–2705 B. C.) known as the "Divine Laborer," and also as the Father of Medicine and Husbandry, despatched collectors to all parts of the empire to bring in plants of economic or medicinal value for cultivation in the imperial gardens. We have more detailed information in regard to the horticulture and gardening carried on by the Emperor Wu Ti (140–86 B. C.), whose agents brought from distant parts many plants that have been identified.

Combined with this luxuriant flora China abounds in natural landscape beauty, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, and grand and extraordinary mountain shapes and mountain scenery. The Chinese word for a landscape painting means "mountain-water picture." In their painting they were pre-eminent in landscape and in the portrayal of flowers, attaining a standard not yet reached by us, and revealing a philosophy, a religion, of kinship with nature which is only beginning to arise in the Western soul.

The painter Kuo Hsi said in the eleventh century: "Why do men love landscape? In his very nature man loves to be in a garden with hills and streams, whose water makes exhilarating music as it ripples among the stones." The flower-painting of China had the importance of figure-painting with us.

This love of nature as revealed in the writing of their poets and philosophers, and in their paintings, found expression also in their gardens.

In all their great art there was suggestion—suggestion of man's oneness with nature, suggestion of man's reaching out to the infinite, suggestion of a living cosmic spirit pervading natural things as well as man.

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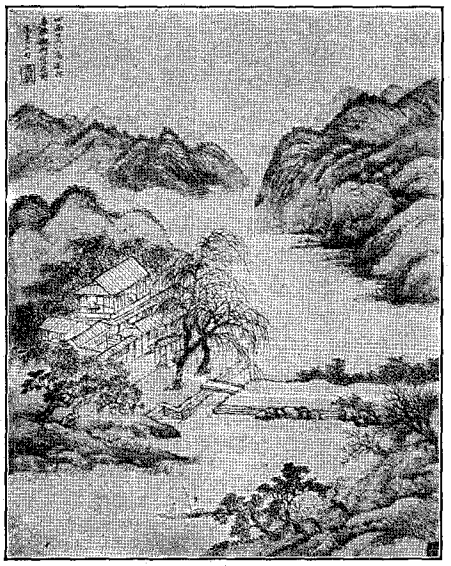
The precept of the Chinese artist was the idea presented in the following lines:

"I would not paint a face
Or rocks or streams or trees—
Mere semblances of things—
But something more than these.

'I would not play a tune
Upon the sheng or lute
Which did not also sing
Meanings that else were mute.

"That art is best which gives
To the soul's range no bound;
Something besides the form,
Something beyond the sound."



Villa and mountain garden.

As some one has said of the Japanese garden, it expresses "a mood of nature and also a mood of man."

The Japanese system of gardening was derived in the sixth century, with Japan's general culture, from China, but through the centuries following was modified to a certain extent by the native spirit of the Japanese. The underlying principles were the same. A garden should be a quiet retreat for meditation, reflecting the tastes of the owner and expressing the moods and emotions that he prefers. In Japan the gardens often reproduce on a small scale famous natural scenery celebrated in history, poetry, and story. With their low, rambling, unsymmetrical houses there is not the same need for the reproduction of architectural lines of house structure in a formal garden for the sake of harmony as is often felt to be a necessity with us. Geometrical terraces, parterres, straight paths, and straight arrangements of trees are almost never seen.

The influence of China upon the gardens of Japan is still seen in the names of famous lakes, mountains, and waterfalls of the Flowery Kingdom reproduced in Japanese garden designs. The Japanese garden, besides reproducing natural scenery, was governed in its substance and arrangement by curious symbolic ideas of religion, philosophy, and superstition, ideas of luck and ill luck, male and female attributes applied to

The sound of water in the garden.

the stones, rocks, trees, and waterfalls, occult reasons for the relation of the points of the compass to the lay of the garden, positions of buildings, and direction of flow of streams and lakes. The chief components of a typical Japanese garden are stones, stone lanterns, pagodas, water basins for rinsing the hands, ornamental water, with islands, well-heads, bridges, arbors, and trees, and shrubs irregularly though harmoniously

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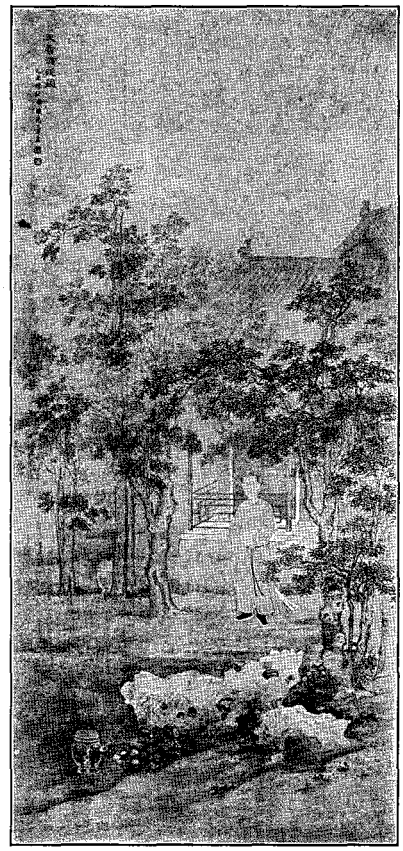
arranged. Sanded and gravel spaces lie between the stones and plantations, though turf has lately been introduced, following Western methods. The stones, all named, classified, and symbolical, are employed in immense variety. These stones, with the stone lanterns, are characteristically Japanese and not employed in Chinese gardens. They were the additions made by Japan to the old gardens of the East, and are, in fact, the skeleton of the Japanese garden. Often it would seem that the skeleton is too evident, too little embellished with vegetation, to please our Western eyes. The Japanese are in the habit of clipping and shearing and surgically shaping trees, especially the native pine, bending, breaking, and bandaging them with splints and cords, in order to create a conventional decorative design conforming to their natural fundamental qualities as exhibited under stress of age and storm.



The poet in his garden.

The Chinese method of gardening was described in great detail by Sir William Chambers, a distinguished architect of the eighteenth century, who had visited China at least once, and perhaps several times, and who was responsible, with Chippendale, for the introduction of the Chinoiseries of that period into England. Chambers has sometimes been alluded to as extravagant, even mendacious, in his descriptions of Oriental gardens, but some credence is certainly to be given to his elaborations. Perhaps his reputation, like that of Marco Polo, is only temporarily under a cloud. He tells of their winter gardens, so little known to us in the West that any landscape architect will assure you that a winter garden is a garden under glass, though Bacon foreshadowed the winter garden in his essay, and both Addison and Wordsworth have left us descriptions of the winter gardens they had made. He goes on to describe the summer scenes as the richest and most studied parts of their gardens. They abound with ornamental water of every kind. In the centre of these summer plantations there is generally a large tract of ground laid out in close walks and colonnades, with many intricate windings to confuse and lead the passer astray. These are separated by thickets of underwood, intermingled with large trees, or by clumps of high rose-trees and other lofty towering shrubs. "The whole is a wilderness of sweets adorned with all sorts of fragrant and gaudy productions. There are gold and silver pheasants, peacocks, partridges, bantam hens, quail, doves, nightingales, deer, antelope, etc." Every walk leads to some delightful object, to groves of orange and myrtle, to rivulets whose banks are clad with roses, woodbine, and jessamine.

This description of Chambers's indicates a large tract of land, and we know that large parks and gardens were common among the Chinese even in the time of Mencius, who was contemporary with Plato, for in the works of Mencius it is written:

"The King of Ts'e asked: 'Was it so that the garden of King Wan contained seventy square li?' (A li is one-third of a mile.)

"Mencius replied: 'It is so in the records.'

"'Was it so large as that?' exclaimed the King.

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"'The people,' said Mencius, 'still looked on it as small.'

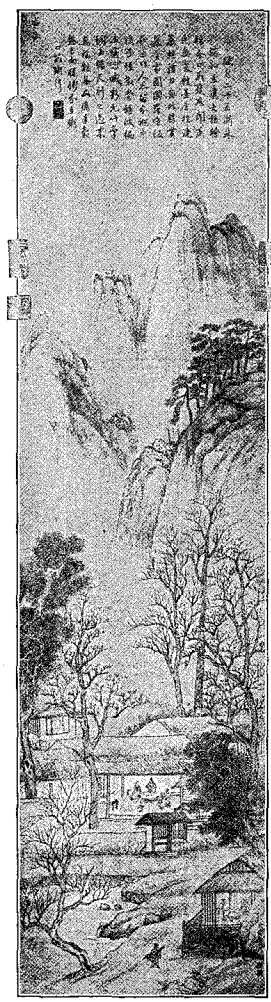
"The King added: 'My garden contains only forty square li, and the people still look on it as large. How is this?'

"'The garden of King Wan,' was the reply, 'contained seventy square li, but the grass-cutters and fuel-gatherers had the privilege of entrance into it; so also had the catchers of pheasants and hares. He shared it with the people, and was it not with reason that they looked on it as small?'"

Later the Sung dynasty (960–1277 A. D.) was distinguished for its vast and luxurious gardens, and it is said that in the Sung capital alone (Kinsay or Hangchow) there were a thousand gardens of enormous size.

We have still later the descriptions of the great parks of Kublai Khan at Xanadu, and Cambaluc (Pekin) by Marco Polo.

We thus see that for millenniums the Chinese have been great gardeners. The profusion of their flora and the beauty and grandeur of their "mountain-water" scenery were the environment in which grew a racial mind which flowered in arts filled with poetry, religion, and philosophy. Serenity of soul, meditation on the problems of life and conduct, contemplation of the mountains, rivers, waterfalls, trees, flowers, and stars—these were the spiritual elements that entered into the creation of a garden.



At the foot of the mountain peaks.

Thus in provinces remote from some wonderful natural picture that had made a memorable impression upon the mind, the builder of the garden would sometimes reproduce in harmony with the rest of his grounds a mountain scene, a cascade, a lotus lake with the three Elysian islands, or a bit of wild seashore. He would build therein arbors, or summer-houses, where the best views could be enjoyed secure from sun and storm. Sometimes the rockeries representing mountains in miniature were as high as one hundred or even two hundred feet. Many-storied stone towers or pagodas were an essential part of the Chinese garden, and these have persisted in the gardens of the Japanese since they took over their landscape art from China by way of Corea. The Japanese call them Corean towers. The Chinese preferred meandering paths to straight, formal ones, and solid, enduring stone bridges where these paths led across brooks or streams. They were expert stone-masons, as is shown by some of their indestructible bridges over wide rivers and the five hundred leagues of the Great Wall. Their favorite garden bridge was the so-called full-moon bridge, a semicircular arch of stone, the shadow of which in the water makes a complete circle suggesting the full moon. Though sometimes there were elaboration and magnificence in arbor, bridge, pagoda, wall, fence, gateway, and exotic planting, the usual aim of the landscape-gardener was simplicity and restraint, with little architectural formality, a close imitation of nature, to the end that the garden might be a quiet retreat for meditation and contemplation and thus attune the mood of man to the mood of the spirit of the earth.

FREDERICK PETERSON.

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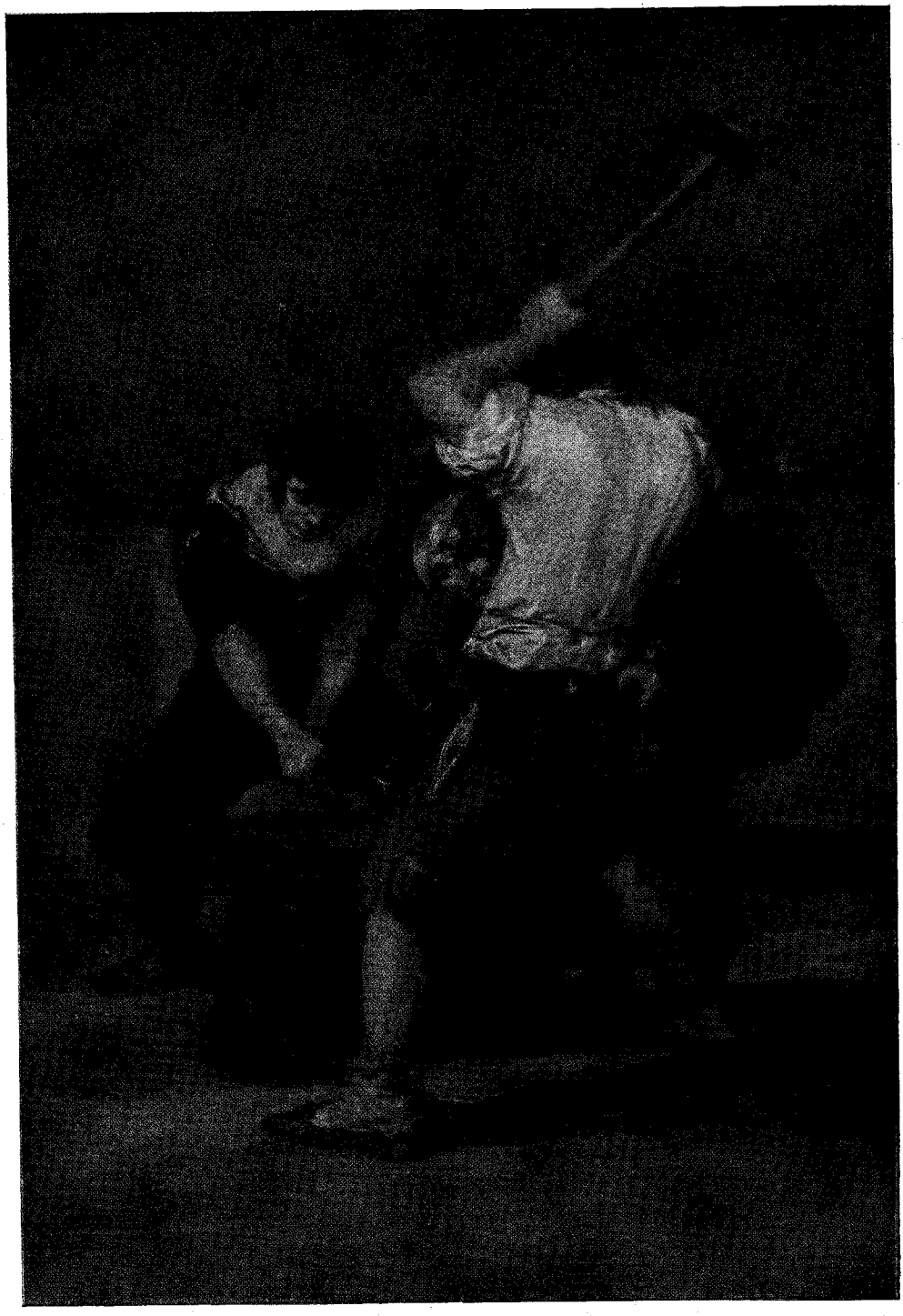

THE FORGE. BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES.

Spanish, 1746-1828. Reproduced by special permission from the original painting in the collection of Henry Clay Frick, Esquire.

The vital and fecund Goya may be rightly termed the last of the old masters and the first of moderns, for he outlived eighteenth-century traditions and was the immediate precursor of Delacroix and the French romantic school. This picture, which represents the interior of a Spanish smithy, was painted about 1818, and at one time belonged in the Galerie Espagnole of Louis-Philippe.

—"The Field of Art," page 513.

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